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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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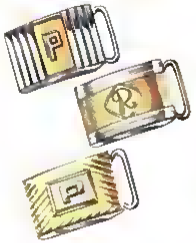


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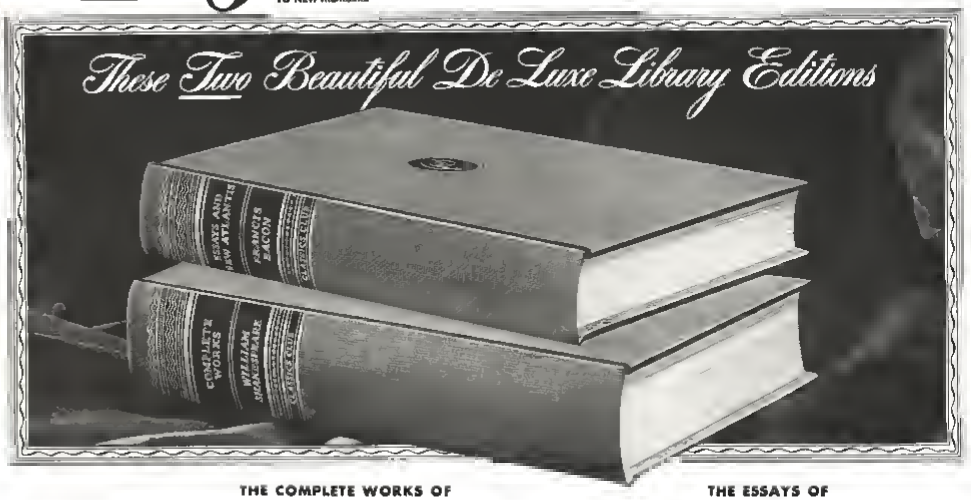
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East on the Sealed Express, by Joseph Wechsberg. The influential lady from Washington had one question as she boarded the through train for Berlin: Would they make it through the Soviet Zone?

The Big Moustaches by Richard Gehman. A profile of Mr. Integrity — Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy.

The Care and Feeding of Executives, by Gaylord Hauser. Even the busiest of taxpayers can look better, live longer, on this Executive Diet.

The Big-Game Boatman, by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Power, beauty and service in five fishing dreamboats.

The Campbells Are Still Coming: Some of the shrieks and sugar daddies that E. Simms Campbell has been drawing for Esquire since the first issue.

The Sheriff Deals in Facts, by Will F. Jenkins. That whole country had gone afoul of the law at some time — they wouldn't want to hang a man just because he'd been caught.

Candidate, Sound Your "A", by Reinhard H. Luthin. Star clowning in our electoral circus.

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Esquire

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AT HOME and ABROAD



Bargain in Seoul: only 32,000 won

THE picture you see up above was enclosed in one of the more joyous letters of the year. This was from one of our editors on leave who happens to be continuing his publishing career under conditions only slightly calmer than those in our own beleaguered office—he is in fact in the Far East Theater as Editor-in-Chief of the Army's *Stars and Stripes*.

His letter opens with a bit of sheep talk concerning cosines, coninuists and cheesecake, and we take grim satisfaction in noting that the relation of the Editor to his contributors and his production plant seems to be constant whether within earshot of the artillery or Madison Avenue traffic. Our man mentions a scouting trip to Korea which as we might touch on a safari to Staten Island and continues:

"While in Seoul a devastated and deserted city, I had an afternoon with nothing to do and spent it in the thieves' market, a vast plateau along the river covered with shacks, shanties and vendors plying their wares in the mud. Just before leaving the area and on the edge of one of the main streets I stopped to look at an early Chinese scroll painting and was dickering with the dealer as to whether I should pay 12 or 20 thousand won (the rate is 6000 won to the dollar). While doing so a rather intelligent man in what looked like a recently acquired overcoat came up to me and tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the brief case which he was carrying. I said to myself 'This must be something really good.' So I turned from the dealer to the contents of the brief case. Out of it the man pulled the framed picture shown in the attached photograph. It was wrapped in a piece of silk. As you will see on close scrutiny it is an article of the greatest value. As the gentleman was demanding a price of 32 thousand won I declined to buy it, feeling assured that I knew where I could get a copy for less money.

Readers of *Esquire* will undoubtedly recognize the article of the greatest value as an *Esquire* cartoon by Howard Baer, suitably framed and obviously worth 32,000 won to any Oriental with a good sense of humor. We have no doubt but that tear sheets from many an issue of *Esquire* are plying a plentiful trade in the Seoul thieves' market at this very moment.

* * *

Not long ago we boarded a plane in Miami to wing us back to our deadlines. By the curious fate reserved only for editors and others in the strait-jacket area, we were visited with what may well have been the most painful and exacting experience which could possibly be devised by a fickle fate and her even more fickle assistant—the airline hostess. In the seat next to us was a character thumbing through *Esquire*. Trembling slightly, we looked at him: this man whose smile or the lack of it would shortly drive darts into us whose casual thumb might flip past the agonies of months and whose flaccid eye might rest approvingly on the one item of our indecision which we detested most heartily.

He was a well-dressed young man we noted with a rather keen face, sharp eyes and serious demeanor—a difficult subject to nudge into merriment or enthusiasm. He started with the deliberation of a mandarin or a cover-to-cover reader, an encouraging sign in itself if only because it might indicate that he had an intention of perusing our other air-borne competitors during the trip. We will not take you paragraph by paragraph through the purgatory that followed. It was excruciatingly painful at 350 miles per hour to see one's life work handled with the shoulder and pointed to the brief

Continued on page 8

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Continued from page 6

the same incidental disinterest as the tray dinner. Suffice to say that a moment later when the plane ran into what the hostess fondly called "turbulence" and shook itself like a wet dog, rolled down a flight of thousand-foot steps, bounced along a heavenly way paved with cobblestones as big as manhole covers, our Esquire reader sprang to his feet with a shriek; and as we soothed him we surreptitiously took our beloved latest issue away from his shaking hand. We had both been through a shattering experience, and we found no pity in us for him.

Simultaneously our research department was conducting a more comprehensive if less poignant survey of Esquire's readers. It has been a while since we looked into the refrigerated play of light under our family tree, and the sharpened image of our man—Mr. Esquire—delights us since he is also you. We hand you the mirror with this two-way vision for your contemplation, with a guarantee of no turbulence ahead. Regardez:

Mr. Typical Esquire is 32 years old and a business executive (62.2 per cent are Executives, Professional or Business Owners). He has taken the plunge (83.7 per cent are married) and the pitter-patter of tiny feet about the house adds up to 6.4 feet of 3.2 children, not counting monsters. If we may wave the old school tie, 60.5 per cent went to college, and brighten the old dean's eye with an income three times the national average—nearly ⅓ of Esquire's readers (31.6 per cent) have incomes over ten thousand dollars or better.

With tongue in cheek, one Esquire salesman once averred that "Esquire is never thrown out—it's worn out." Mr. Esquire's family and guests give it a thorough thumbing (an average of 6 readers outside of his family see it every month), and 45 per cent of Esquire's subscribers pass along their copy of the magazine to another family each month. Mr. Esquire in another mood likes to hang on to his copy, and by and large keeps from five to ten issues on hand. Only ¼ of our sentimental family destroys a copy of Esquire in the housecleaning fury which usually sends back numbers to the guillotine or the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Esquire, a good-looking dame if we ever saw one with the pesky alertness of her sex, is always peeking into her man's domain and sneaking a look at Esquire. Seven out of ten wives read every issue of Esquire, and another 2½ classify themselves as occasional readers.

Among the smart coterie who make America's club life, Esky's followers are well up front. Every fifth reader is a member of a golf or country club at average cost of $357. Every fifth reader out of 804,948 circulation means 160,989 with an average expenditure of $357, totaling over $57,000,000 (if applied to subscribers only, roughly half the expenditure is in excess of $28,500,000).

College or university club membership is held by 14.2 per cent, hunting or fishing by 8.0 per cent; J. P. Morgan, you recall, said that if you have to ask what it costs to operate a yacht, you can't afford to own one. Almost 5 per cent of our readers report boat or yacht club membership at an average annual cost of $471.

At any given day in any given week, Mr. and Mrs. Esquire are apt to be out-going places-doing things, dining at their favorite restaurant, discovering a new bistro, seeing the season's hit show, keeping up with the latest from Hollywood and abroad, etc.

In a typical 30-day period, nearly 9 out of 10 subscribers dine-out-partyed outside their home, averaging 5.8 dinners out—or a vacation from home cooking once every five days. Add to that 5.3.7 per cent who average 3.7 movies, 30.3 per cent who went night clubbing, and 24.1 per cent theatre-goers, and it becomes apparent that Esquire readers are a prime market for entertainment and everything that goes with it.

(P.S.—On the nights they are home, the social rounds continue. Three out of five of our boys had guests in for dinner in the last 30 days with an average of 6 guests. One out of three entertained in the last 30 days at cocktails—with an average of 13 guests.)

There you have the Esquire reader (and his family). Taking leave of him for now, you carry away this impression:

You will think of him as good company, a gay and pleasant fellow you enjoy being with. In your mind's eye you will see a figure of sufficient dash and virility to fit into the active, maturing "younger man" bracket, old enough to command substantial position and income.

He is a man whom the community recognizes as superior in both talent and application; home-making interests would seem paramount in his thinking since 62.1 per cent of Esquires own the house they live in. The average value of these homes is about $23,000.

He will take shape in your thoughts as a man out to enjoy the many-sided wonders of life on this dizzy globe. He is content to let the chrome worrier fret about a "rainy day." His he will take now, thank you—trips, new cars, better housing, superlative wardrobe (the palate-delighting wonders of bar and pantry). He will settle gladly for a simple parcel like that.

Clearly, a man with dash and fervor with taste and demand for the Pleasures of Living, and with the means to provide them—there is your subscriber to Esquire.

Mr. Esquire is the kind of guy we happen to like. ✠



A loud note

So much depends on who does the blowing and where. You will find a loud note, to be sure, in many a famous British pattern. Think of the vigorous blue in a Lovat mixture . . . the greens, the vibrant yellows to be found in the handsome new slubbed wools.

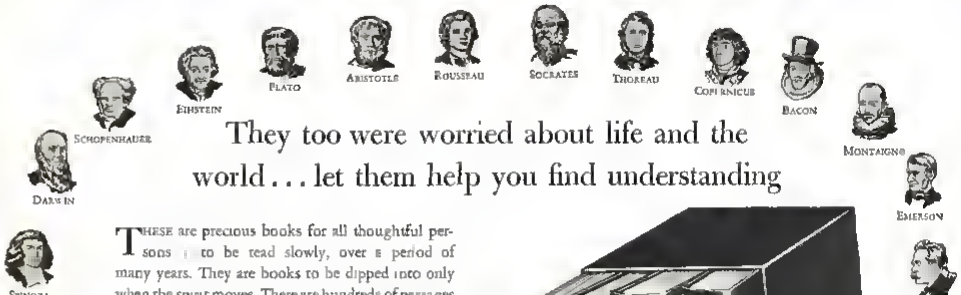
Remember, the ruddy warmth of a luggage tan could only come from the forthright red yarn that is in it. It is color that gives a man's coat its character and there is a telling sense of drama in the way these vital, virile colors are used in all the patterns that British weavers have devised.

Yr's in

British Woollens

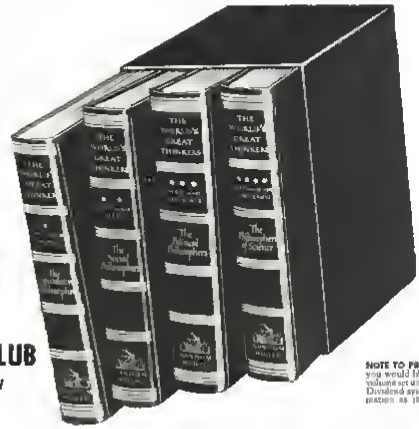
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

art appreciation

Thought I'd steal a li'l time between salvos just to rave, rave, rave about a li'l somethin' or other you slapped into your July creation of Esquire.

The li'l somethin' or other that has me, or rather us all "worked-up" is that *gorgeous* full-page color dream thing of Janet (slurp!) Leigh!

If there ever was a beautiful hunk of sex appeal she is it!!

Honest Esky, we guys nearly went "mad" over that sweet li'l ole gal just standin' there as dear as ya please!

Much grass to Mr. Philippe Halsman for making it possible for us guys in Korea to appreciate that slurpacious, drooolable, sex-oozing tender piece of art!

LEONARD PAZ
a/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

clay feet

All that I am today, I owe to having read about Frank Merriwell when I was growing up. But I never read anything about the man who wrote these books until I saw your August issue (*The Return of Frank Merriwell* by Irving Wallace). It was disillusioning to hear that he played poker and married three times. I am glad that I didn't know that when I read his books!

ALFRED LEBARON
El Paso, Tex.

another formula

What barbarian had the temerity to twist lemon peel into a scotch mist? (Toastmaster's Drinktionary, August Esquire.) A scotch mist is pure scotch and crushed ice. And that's all.

JAMES NYLAND
New York, N. Y.

conservative California

Congratulations on printing a short story from a far-western point of view. Ken Kolb's *Elvine* (July) is an excellent depiction of the native Pacific Coaster attitude toward the rest of the nation. Our more romantic conception of courtship and its secrecy is, I believe, not so evident in any other section. *Elvine* was a well-written expression of the regard, perhaps disgust, a Californian or an Oregonian feels for the bulk of the U. S.

VINCENT ZWELOUGHI
San Gabriel, Calif.

local defense

Elaine is not a typical Chicago girl, and I never encountered a Chicago mother like hers.

NED MCKENZIE
Evanston, Ill.

un-mesmerized

I read most of the June issue, enjoyed much of it, wasn't affected by a small segment of it, and skip-read only a little. Remarkable.

I noted one sentence in the story, *Dr. Romeo and Juliet*, by Ben Hecht, which caused me to wonder about the broadness of my background. Apparently "Sho was his Trilby" is supposed to be descriptive of something or other, but the significance and etymology of the name "Trilby" is unknown to me. I hope someone can enlighten me. Thank you.

N. BLAINE BELNAP
Provo, Utah

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hecht referred to George Du Maurier's novel,* Trilby.

don't hide his face

What with Richard Gehman's hilarious reporting of the background and general funetsons of TV's pride and joy, Irving Mansfield, how is it you neglected to use a photograph of that fabulous impresario?

RALPH COLLIER
Rochester, N. Y.



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here is Mansfield at work.*

fish story

An octopus can't kill a shark (*Killer*, August). Lt. Rieseberg has sold you an interesting story, but you should have listed it with your fiction. Any shark hunter can tell you an octopus is too slow.

WILLIAM JOHNSON
Miami, Fla.

* * *

I would like to congratulate Esquire for presenting to its readers Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg's wonderful article titled *Killer!* in the August issue. I have read a great many underwater stories, but never any quite as good as Lt. Rieseberg's story. But what really tops his fine story off right is the picture of the underwater killers. I would like very much to know how and where the picture was taken to satisfy my own curiosity. Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

B. PINKSTON, Jr. USN
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The photo was taken by Lt. Rieseberg from the safety of a diving robot sphere mechanism.*

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESKY

A. B. GUTHRIE JR., the author of *Bargain at Moon Dance* page 72, has hundreds of friends all of whom call him Bud. One of these friends was describing him the other day. "He has a steady eye. He is quiet and medium-sized. You'd pick him for your side if you were fighting nasty other people. He looks like an amateur middleweight champion, handles himself well. He has that inbred physical awareness. Moves that way.

He doesn't smile often—maybe because he thinks other people believe what they say. Because he believes everything he says.

Mr. Guthrie lives in Lexington, Kentucky, where he used to be executive editor of the Lexington *Leader*. He resigned to write fiction. Now he occasionally teaches a course in creative writing at the University of Kentucky. He fishes and camps and rides. He appreciates old guns and good bourbon. And in the summer, he goes to Choteau, Montana, where both he and Mrs. Guthrie were brought up. But most important, he writes fiction about the West.

Mr. Guthrie lived in Montana for his first twenty-two years. His father was the first principal of Teton County High School and ran the Choteau *Acantha* besides. Bud worked as a printer's devil at the *Acantha* and decided to be a newspaperman. He went so far as to get an A.B. in journalism from the University of Montana. But all of this left the editors he approached uninterested.

So he worked in a grocery store and he went to Mexico to work on an irrigation project in the Yaqui Valley. In California, he worked for Western Electric, then back to Choteau to take a Federal agricultural census. He had soaked up the West in all kinds of ways, having given a disproportionate amount of his undergraduate attention to the history of the West. Summers he worked on ranches, got to know Indians, worked for the U.S. Forest Service. Having absorbed Montana all his life, Bud decided to chase his second love again—newspapers.

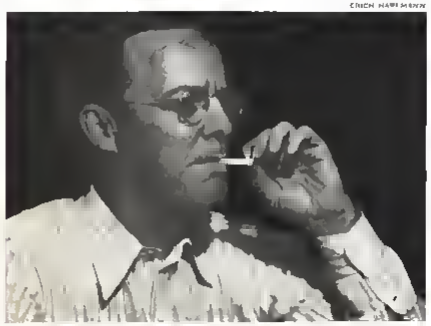
He got a job selling flour and feed for a mill in Attica, New York. They let him write ad copy, too. Then the mill burned down and he went to Lexington, Kentucky, to visit his uncle. He dropped by the Lexington *Leader* to talk to the editor. To his astonishment, he got a job! Then, like so many alleged drifters, he steadied right down and worked in the same office for twenty years.

This may not sound like the career of a Pulitzer Prize winner. Bud Guthrie's friends are always saying, "He isn't the author type, whatever that means. But he is the only type who can write Westerns authentic enough to win the Pulitzer Prize, because he has the only kind of experience from which one can know and talk and imagine the West and the Westerners.

Mr. Guthrie has finished two parts of his four-novel project, *The Big Sky* and *The Way West* (Houghton Mifflin). There's a lot more to do. And Mr. Guthrie doesn't like to write. He's a bleeder—and writing fiction causes him to drink too much coffee, smoke too many cigarettes, lose too many pounds, tortures his stomach. But it's a pleasure when it's done. And this month the pleasure is ours.

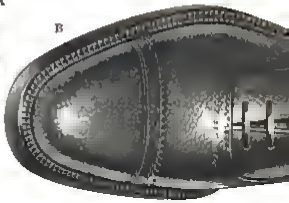
Continued on page 16

ERICH HARTMANN



A. B. Guthrie, novelist, teacher, newspaperman—and ex drifter

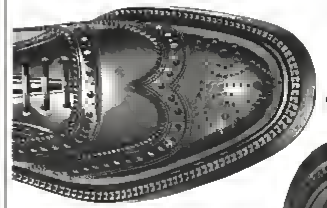




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Backstage with Esky

Continued from page 15

As they'll tell you at the Art Students League—at great length—William Zorach is a patient teacher and a modest man, besides being the best of the American sculptors.

Before the Twenties, William Zorach was a painter showing the influence of the French moderns. When he returned to New York after two years of study in Paris, he was called "wild irresponsible" as he fought for an American showing of the work of Matisse and Picasso. Now it is as hard to imagine Mr. Zorach as a wild man as it is to remember when Matisse and Picasso were frowned upon from the offices of art galleries. For Zorach's sculpture reflects his unassuming calm—no agneazed, abortive deadline work. No when-can-it-be problem. He works patiently, sometimes for years, to turn out a piece of solid, beautiful sculpture.

Mr. Zorach was a painter and a respected one. But one day while making a block print he found that he preferred carving. And he has been a sculptor ever since. He is an old-fashioned craftsman, carving granite, marble and wood, rather than modeling in the softer materials, as other moderns tend to do.

Mr. Zorach believes that art must be accessible to everybody. So he takes time from his work to explain sculpture through books, classes and just talking to anybody who is interested. When his son and daughter were of school age, he got into the Progressive School movement. And he says he is still interested, especially in children's art.

For as you will notice when you read *The Nude in Photography and Art* page 77 sculptor Zorach is fundamentally a teacher. As such, he does not expect that everybody will be possessed of his own attitudes.

He is a modest man and a mature artist. But maturity can't be pushed. And the steady Mr. Zorach would no more try to force

Continued on page 18



Self-portrait, by William Zorach

what your mirror tells you about

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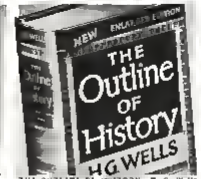
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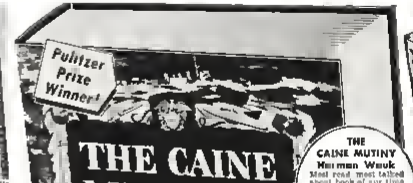
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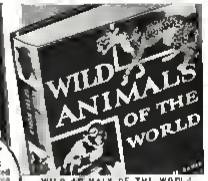
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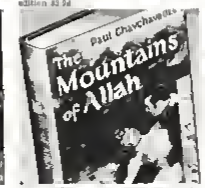
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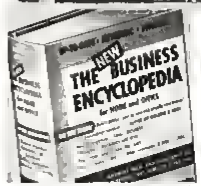
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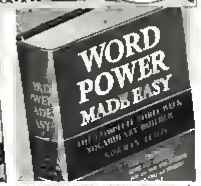
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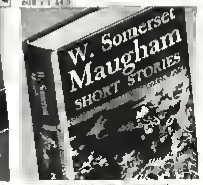
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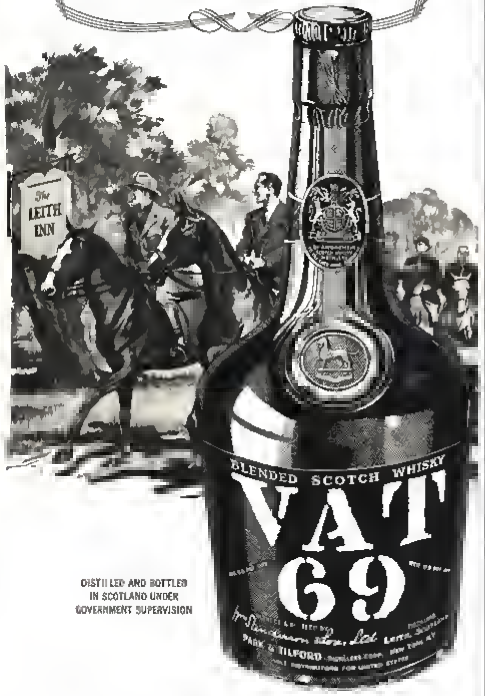
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Backstage with Esky

Continued from page 10

the growth of his students or his readers then he would attempt to hurry out a half-baked monument.

The sculpture of William Zorach is big and quiet and simple. It is reassuring especially to those who were alarmed by the sculpture shown at last season —alarmed by the sacrifice of beauty without compensating strength, and by a bewildering, confusing sameness. It is good to know that Mr. Zorach is still tranquilly carving out massive, understandable forms. ✠



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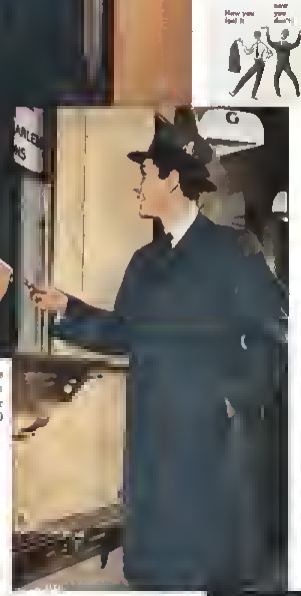


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The Bulldog and The Tiger

Princeton is a good place for a football coach to be right now. Princeton's coach, Charlie Caldwell, made it that way. He has developed his football plant, according to Yale coach Herman Hickman, "to a point where a boy's got to be exceptional even to make the team before his senior year."

Caldwell himself admits that "We're working mostly with seniors," a system which brought him Coach-of-the-Year honors in 1950 and, at season's beginning, had him riding the nation's longest major winning streak (22 straight). But even with a winner's prestige, twelve regulars returning from last year's two first-string platoons, and plenty of talent rising from the undefeated 1951 freshman team, Caldwell has, after the manner of football coaches, a measure of discontent.

Focal point of his annoyance is the new Ivy League ban on spring training and any other out-of-season activities by its players and coaches.

"Why the hell did they stop spring training?" demanded the bull-shouldered Caldwell... "Our boys were for it, the faculty was for it. Yale was the first one to drop it. If they hadn't, we'd still have it. Did Herman tell you why he didn't want spring training?"

Herman did not. As a matter of fact, he seemed to view the ban as a visitation from the devil. "All I've got this year is a mess of freshmen. I don't know anything about," mourned the 300-pound Hickman. Another deprivation brought upon him is the cessation of his All-Star coaching activities. The de-emphasis drive caught Hickman holding nine years of a ten-year contract to coach the North in the annual North-South All-Star game at Miami.

It also caught him at a time when he and his players could use all the out-of-season work they could find. Since he came to New Haven in 1948, Yale has had only one winning season, and the 1951 team wound up the year wallowing dismally at the bottom of the Ivy League. The Old Blues howled, and Hickman had to give up, among other things, a lucrative spot on CBS's nation-wide TV panel, *Celebrity Time*, to concentrate on Yale football.

"I don't think those other activities ent'r in at all," he complained, "but with a losing season, that's the obvious thing." Another obvious thing is that the ten-year contract he presently holds at Yale isn't going to help him if he doesn't start winning. "This is a very critical time for me," he admitted. "Ten-year contracts or not, if things get rough you don't want to be around."

Caldwell, on the other hand, is upset only by the loss of his spring workouts. He has turned down invitations to coach All-Star teams ("All they are is a preview for the pros"), and is aggressively aware of the success of the building job he has done at Princeton.

"I don't have any contract here," he snorted. "All they do is write me and say, 'We want you to coach,' and I write back 'Okay.' I think I could stay here the rest of my life if I wanted to." ⊕

NEW YORK TIMES



Caldwell "... the rest of my life"



Hickman "If things get rough..."

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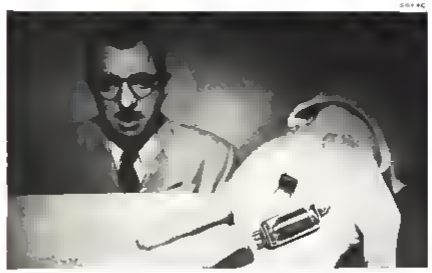
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Million Dollar Bug

From comic-strip fans the ideas were old stuff. As far back as 1935 Flash Gordon was sending radio-controlled tanks against Ming the Merciless and Buck Rogers was fighting off Killer Kane's remote-control robots with whatever he could muster. The most recent and pedestrian of comic-fantasy inventions—a two-way wrist radio—has been part of Dick Tracy's equipment since 1946. Old stuff or not, the comic-strip mechanisms are about to become realities.

The enabling device is a black bug called a transistor which was released for commercial consumption last April by the Radio Development and Research Corporation of New Jersey. The bug is a tiny fragment of the metal germanium specially activated and encased in a coating of plastic from which protrude three wire

Continued on page 24



Weiss and the transistor: How big is the little bug?

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Million Dollar Bag

(Continued from page 23)

leads. It is in short a minute, tremendously efficient and almost indestructible radio tube.

Whereas the old vacuum tube measured about 1½ cubic inches and required ½ watt to heat it to operating temperature, the transistor can be worked up to operating pitch by the heat energy from the human body.

And for size it measures 1/48th of a cubic inch, about the same bulk as a fully-size hearing aid.

For scientific warfare its possibilities are fortunate and frightening. Radar-controlled tanks and planes which formerly were impractical because of the mass of radio tubes and heating equipment they would require are now an immediate probability. And Dr. Irving Wess, the gentleman who learned how to mass-produce the transistor, is this month finishing work on a transistor-equipped "brain machine" that is so fantastic his colleagues have urged him to "destroy that damned thing."

He won't, of course, because as he puts it, "There is no reason to think we've got a corner on ideas. We've got to develop them before somebody else does."

Happily, the transistor's properties are not limited to the advancement of man's effort to destroy himself. The same brain machine which has such horrible possibilities for warfare may be used to help cure diseased minds. More familiar devices like the hearing aid can be, by substituting transistors for tubes, be made to last until their batteries rot from old age. And for the common consumer, wrist radios (Dr. Weiss has already listened in on a ball game in one) and portable TV sets are just around the corner.



Transistor radio runs by headlight

"We still don't know all about this little gadget," says Weiss. We know it should last at least 70,000 working hours (roughly eight years)—it may last for infinity. We know what it can do, but none of us are sure how it works. We do know that for total effect on our civilization it could be the most revolutionary invention of our era."



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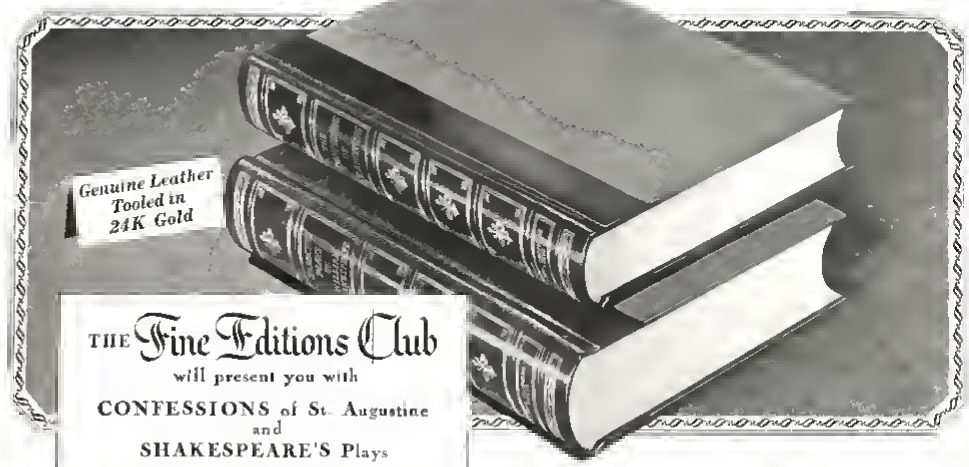
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KERIMA: with the eyes

WHEN British producer Carol Reed decided to film Joseph Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands*, he needed an Aissa. Conrad's story concerns the moral disintegration of a British trader, and Aissa, a beautiful native girl, is the reason he disintegrates.

The search lasted a year, and ended in a medical school in Algiers, where Reed found a 23-year-old French-Arab girl named Kerima. But Kerima was doubtful.

"I don't think is possible I play in film," she recalls. "Besides I don't speak English. But Carol, he want just me. So I say O.K.

"We go to Ceylon where picture is made. We are there a week, and still I don't know English, so I learn Malay one week—is easy language—and try the part. But Carol say no Malay, no English. He say, 'Kerima, you play Aissa with eyes only. Don't speak.'"

So she didn't. With her eyes alone, she destroys the British trader. This, in itself, is not surprising since there was never much doubt what her eyes had in mind.

She admits there were a few times when "the action is so fast and I am so excited I feel I must speak. But it is good for me this part. Very hard. I think the next ones will be more easy."

The "next ones" will be any of "four propositions made me by beeg actor from Hollywood. But no one know what I do next. If I fail in movies—I don't see how this is possible—there is much to do. I am not like movie star. I am *calme tranquille*. When I am working I like the cinema. Otherwise I don't. Anyway, we will see." #



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EVERY so often—mostly when we write about Africa—we wish somebody would invent rubber type so we could jam more copy into our allotted monthly space. There's so much to say about this second-largest and in many ways most fascinating and least-known continent. We hear the word Africa and immediately a hundred memories march across our mind.

There was Bou Saada, an Algerian oasis on the northern edge of the desert where the Ouled-Nails tribeswomen came down out of the mountains to dance at a "Diffa" or feast. Their dances had only two themes: fighting and love. And who wants to fight on a night like this?

Once you've seen him and talked to him you'll never forget Alilita Belhadj, a wrinkled little man who won the *Legion d'Honneur* for his service as a perfumer to the Bey of Tunis. Sitting on a low stool in his little shop in the native *Souks* of Tunis, M. Belhadj will tell you of an irresistible aphrodisiac, a perfume called *Amber Antique* and made, he says, of the perspiration of Persian cats, gazelle glands, the liver of a sick shark and ambergris, which the dictionary describes as "a morbid secretion in the alimentary canal of the sperm whale."

"Wear this," M. Belhadj told a woman in our party (a schoolteacher from Syracuse) "and a man will want you so badly you can name your own price."

The word Cairo brings back the rocking motion of the camel you ride to the Pyramids, the squad of crowded streets, dancing on the roof garden of the Semiramis Hotel with the Nile a silver ribbon in the moonlight, and trying to fall asleep in a high-ceilinged room of the old Shepheard's with a scratchy Bing Crosby record booming *Ghost Riders In The Sky* from a loud-speaker in a café just under your window.

Trying to cover all of Africa in one article is like trying to write about Alaska, Canada, the United States and Mexico at the same time, and you'll find it just as difficult to visit all of Africa on one trip, unless you've got several months for leisurely travel and sight-seeing. If you're on your first trip to Africa you'll probably want to combine a visit to South Africa (see *South African Adventure Unlimited* on Page 60) with stopovers elsewhere in English-speaking Africa: Northern and Southern Rhodesia and British East Africa with perhaps a side trip to the Belgian Congo on your way down or back. Handling your itinerary that way, you can save the northern parts of Africa for another trip, combining them, perhaps, with a Mediterranean tour.

For your big-game hunting you'll want to go on safari in the Rhodesias or British East Africa. One of our truly unforgettable travel memories was a safari arranged by British Overseas Airways, the East Africa Tourist Travel Association, East African Airways and Safariland, Ltd., of Nairobi. We flew from Nairahi, capital of

Continued on page 51



Have a Coke. Traveler Joseph finds a softening in tribal ferocity

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 28

Kenya, in an East African Airways twin-engine Lodestar. For us tenderfoot, or whatever the African equivalent is, a camp had been assembled on the dried up bed of an old salt lake in the heart of the big-game country. There were only nine of us, yet the camp consisted of eighteen tents, three 3-ton truckloads of supplies and three hunting cars, and was manned by twenty-five African boys: tent boys, drivers, gunbearers, cooks, porters and sweepers.

Our white hunters were among the outstanding young members of their dangerous profession. Mark Howard-Williams, senior hunter, and Owen MacCullum were both African-born, bush-reared, ex-tankers from the British armored forces; and Peter Young was a Londoner who had found civilized life in England too tame after twelve years as a paratrooper. White hunters, professional big-game hunters, are members of one of the most exclusive and exciting crafts in the world and only thirty or so are still practicing the profession in all of British East Africa.

We stalked lion, elephant, rhino, leopard, giraffe, zebra, wildebeest, wild pig, buffalo, impala and gazelle, me with a camera.

One day a procession of Masai tribesmen passed by within a hundred yards of our camp. The women and children were tending the cattle, and the men were carrying spears and looking fierce, but doing no other work. With the Masai the fierceness is no act. They're known as one of the bravest tribes in Africa, and other tribesmen will step back off the sidewalk when a Masai walks the streets of a town.

Once three Masai warriors walked up to the mess tent and regarded us with what looked like disapproval. The Masai's diet is supposed to consist almost exclusively of milk curdled with blood drained from the jugular veins of cattle, but still we would all have felt a lot better if they hadn't been there. They were carrying their traditional spears, which are about six feet long; big wire rings were hanging through their pierced ears, and they had red hair and faces from the clay which they plaster all over their heads. They were also well anointed with sheep fat.

They just stood there, and we didn't know whether to invite them in for a spot of tea or do an off-to-Buffalo into the woods. Finally one genius in our group advanced on them with a placating bottle of Coca-Cola. The Masai took it, tasted it in turn, broke out into grins and signaled for more. Soon everybody was

Continued on page 32

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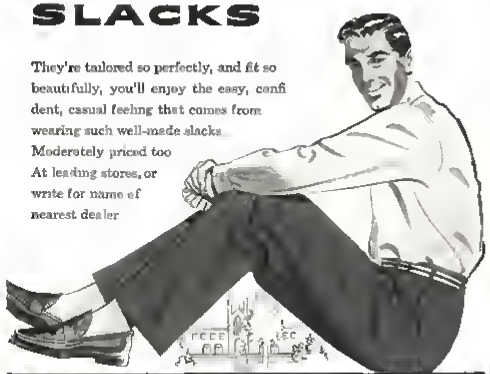
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Vacation Now

Continued from page 31

buddy-buddy and the big-game hunters who turned out to be just plain tourists at heart were having their pictures taken with their arms around the Masai.

Facts of Life for Your African Vacation

Right after returning to Nairobi from the safari we figured out that it would cost you something like $3200 for a five-week visit to Africa including your half of the expenses of a two-man thirty-day safari, round-trip air fare between New York and Nairobi, hire of rifles, hunting license for more than forty varieties of game including elephant, lion, rhino, giraffe, leopard, cheetah, hippo, zebra, buffalo, waterbuck and impala, preparing your trophies for shipment, buying two hunting suits and safari boots, shopping in town and all the foreseeable miscellenies.

You can enjoy three weeks of superlative hunting for $1750 on one of the safaris organized and conducted by the government of Northern Rhodesia. The safari originates in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, and price includes air fare between Livingstone and the safari region, air freight on the same flights, flight insurance, motor transport to and from game camps, bed and board in game camps, all catering charges and personal services on safari, services of game rangers, four scouts and four skinners, all permits and licenses, field preparation of trophies, etc. If you want to go along and take pictures the price is exactly half, $875.

Safaris are made in the Luangwa Valley, one of the finest big-game regions in existence particularly for elephant and buffalo. The Luangwa River threads its way through an immense valley from north to south deep in the Central African bush, in one corner of Northern Rhodesia that has defied white settlement. The Luangwa Valley is a section of the Great Rift Valley which all but cuts Africa in half. Sparsely settled even by Africans, the valley is one of the last remaining strongholds of primitive life on earth. Yet it's only a little more than three days in the air from New York. Game is abundant along the river, especially between July and November, when most of the other rivers in the neighborhood dry up.

BY PLANE! From New York to South Africa you have your choice of BOAC (British Overseas Airways Corporation) El Al Israel Airlines, K L M Royal Dutch Airlines, Pan American World Airways and Sabena Belgian Air Lines. Fares are the same on all lines except El Al which quotes only a tourist fare between $1 00 and $3 50 lower than other tourist rates.

First class fare from New

Continued on page 34



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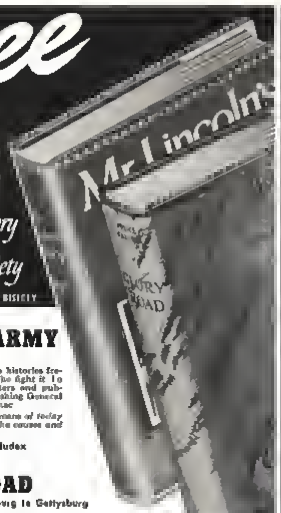
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Continued from page 32

York to Johannesburg is $800 one way, $1440 round trip on-season, $1337.50 off-season. Tourist fare is $769 one way, $1368 round trip on-season and $1299 round trip off-season. On-season fares for transatlantic travel are effective from April 1 until October 31; off-season from November 1 until March 31.

BOAC will fly you from New York to Johannesburg via London, Rome, Beirut, Khartoum, Entebbe and Livingstone. You fly from New York to London on one of their double-deck Stratocruisers if you travel first class, or on a Constellation tourist class. There are daily flights to London on both services. In London you change to much-publicized BOAC's Comet Jet liner, which covers the 6724 miles in eighteen hours and forty minutes.

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From London you can also fly to Johannesburg by South African Airways, via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi in about 27½ hours. The one-way fare is $490 and round trip is $882. South Africa has no off-season rates.

Pan American World Airways is the only line that will take you through from New York to Johannesburg in the same plane. A Constellation via Lisbon, Dakar and Leopoldville. The entire trip takes 49 hours.

El Al Israel Airlines flies from New York to Johannesburg via Tel Aviv and Nairobi in 47 hours, in a Constellation specially equipped for the long run. This line specializes in tourist travel and has one flight a week to Johannesburg.

K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines flies you there via Amsterdam, Rome and Brazzaville, and makes the trip in about 46 hours.

Sabena Belgian Air Lines will take you, every day but Friday, to Johannesburg via Brussels, Tripoli and Leopoldville, in DC-6's, in about 40 hours.

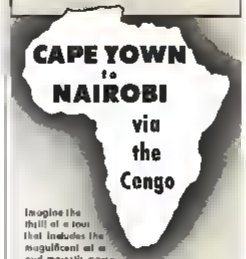
Fast, safe and regular air services are maintained between key points within Africa by the various national airlines — Ethiopian Airlines, Misrair S.A.E. Airlines (Egyptian), South African Airways, Central African Airways, East African Airways and Sabena Belgian Air Lines.

If your destination is Nairobi alone there are three other routes from the United States to East

Continued on page 35

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 34

Africa. Air France will fly you to its Constellations from New York to Nairobi via Paris and Cairo. Fares are the same on all lines: $786 one way and $1414.80 round trip first class no-season, or $1313.80 off-season.

Another way would be to take a Trans World Airlines Constellation from New York to Cairo, and change to a Convair of Ethiopian Airlines, a TWA Associate, for Addis Ababa and Nairobi.

BY SURF. The only passenger ships sailing direct from New York to South Africa are the *African Enterprise* and *African Endeavor* of the Farrell Lines. They are modern passenger-cargo vessels each with accommodations for eighty-two passengers all in first class. They make monthly sailings to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Durban and Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa, and also occasionally at East London and Mombasa. It's a seventeen-day trip to Cape Town, fifty-six days for the complete cruise (including an overland tour of twenty-two days). Complete cruise rates start at $1950. Port-to-port minimum rates one-way from New York to Cape Town $650, Port Elizabeth $670, Durban $705, Lourenco Marques $730. Round-trip port-to-port fares are twice the one way rate.

The same line also operates cargo ships, each with accommodations for twelve passengers, leaving New York every ten days. Minimum one-way fares from New York to Cape Town, $550.

Another good steamship bet is the combined cruise offered by the Cunard-Union Castle lines, on which you sail from New York on the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary* to Southampton and there take one of the Union Castle mail liners. You can reach Cape Town in twenty days down Africa's exotic east coast. Minimum first class one-way fare $668; minimum cabin class $424, New York to Cape Town.

The Union Castle Line also has cargo-passenger vessels that sail about once a month from New York to Cape Town via Trinidad. Minimum one-way fare is $260.

Several lines operate twelve-passenger freighters between New York and South African ports. The Robin Line has twelve such ships providing service every ten days between North Atlantic ports and South African ports, and every twenty days to East African ports. The trip to Cape Town takes seventeen days. Minimum rates from New York are $560 to Cape Town, $570 to Port Elizabeth, $585 to East London, $605 to Durban and $620 to Lourenco Marques. The Robin Line also has agreements with K L M Airlines, Pan American Airways and B O A C whereby passengers may book passage one way by steamer and the other by air.

Ellerman & Bucknall Steamship

Continued on page 39

College men wear hats again!

A recent survey made among students at a leading university turned up some interesting facts on what well-dressed college men hated as wardrobe "musts." One noteworthy fact was that hats are now *essential* in every complete college wardrobe. The style must well-dressed college men specified is the new narrower-brim, tapered-crown hat with a simple center crease. That's why the new Lee Trendlee (shown in color on the opposite page) is being accepted on campuses from coast to coast.



The hat you wear protects your hair

Scalp experts know that one of the best protections against grime and dirt and dry hair and scalp is to cover the head. In addition, a hat shields your head and your hair from exposure which leads to colds. A hat helps retain body heat, guards against drafts that cause serious illness. Smart men knew it's wise to wear a hat. They know, too, that it's wise to select a hat that has been chemically treated for water repellency. The Lee Hat people, working with DuPont, have perfected a process called "Arridex," which enables a Lee hat to shed showers and retain its shape. All Lee hats are being treated with this unique new process.

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 36

Co., States Marine Corporation, American-African Co. and the South African Marine Corporation have sailings of cargo ships once or twice a month depending on cargo requirements. One-way fares from New York to Cape Town run from $485 to $650.

Kerr Steamships Ltd.-Christensen Canadian South African Line also has freighter service between Montreal and Cape Town during the spring and summer months and between St. John and Cape Town during the fall and winter months. They make the crossing in twenty-one days. They are modern Norwegian vessels and offer single and double stateroom accommodations all with private bath with fares beginning at $500.

Packaged African tours can be arranged with a number of tour operators in the United States among them American Express and Thomas Cook, each with offices in principal cities, Van Wyk Travel Service, Congress Hotel, S.W. 6th & Main Streets, Portland, Oregon; Peck-Judah, 435 West 8th Street, Los Angeles and 672 Market Street, San Francisco; T. J. McGuire Travel Co., 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; and Hemphill World Cruises, 727 West 7th Street, Los Angeles. Your travel agent will be able to give you complete information on those various tours, or you can write to the tour operators for descriptive folders.

You can get a good idea of the variety of organized tours by looking over the African tour program of American Express. These trips range all the way from a thirteen-day short tour of South Africa to a sixty-one-day tour that takes you clear across the African continent south to north on a Cape-to-Cairo safari.

The short tour starts from Johannesburg, takes you to Kruger National Park, Mbabane, the capital of the Protectorate of Swaziland, to the Hlohluwe Game Reserve where you'll get some magnificent views of many varieties of game, including the very rare white rhinoceros; Eshowe, capital of Zululand; Durban; Pietermaritzburg for a view of native life and a tribal dance and back to Johannesburg. The cost of the tour, from Johannesburg, is $309 from June 1 to November 30 and $375 the rest of the year.

Another interesting itinerary is a thirty-four-day tour of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Mozambique (Portuguese East Africa). Points covered along the way include Johannesburg, Kimberley, Cape Town, the Garden Route, Transkei Native Territory, Durban, Zululand, Swaziland-

Continued on page 40

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Continued from page 39

Hlubiawe Game Reserve Kruger National Park, Lourenco Marques capital of Portuguese East Africa; Bulawayo and Victoria Falls. The tour starts at Cape Town and winds up in Johannesburg. Cost not including transportation to and from Africa is $1020 off-season, $1187 on-season.

One of the finest tour possibilities is the Six Countries Tour, covering South Africa, Southern and Northern Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo, Uganda and Kenya, and featuring visits to Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bulawayo, Victoria Falls, Elisabethville, Lake Tanganyika, Albert National Park, Kampala, Lake Victoria, Nyeri and Nairobi. This tour costs $1488 off-season, or $1719 in-season, not including transportation to and from Africa.

The dream of every African traveler is to make the Grand Cape-to-Cairo Tour, and there are many versions and many variations of this dream itinerary. The American Express tour begins in Johannesburg, flies you to Kimberley, the diamond center, from which you take the celebrated Blue Train for Cape Town.

Next you drive by private car on the Garden Route along the Cape to Ouditshoorn. Wilderness, which despite its name is a lovely coastal resort, and Port Elizabeth. You take a plane to Durban, spend a few days there, then drive through Zululand, the Hlubluwe Game Reserve, the Protectorate of Swaziland, two days in Kruger National Park, and back to Johannesburg for a visit to Pretoria and a flight to Victoria Falls, the world's greatest waterfall, where you'll spend three days and visit the Livingstone Game Reserve.

You fly from Victoria Falls to Ndola in Northern Rhodesia, then drive into the Belgian Congo, stopping over at Elisabethville, Jadotville, Miwaba, Kapona and Albertville. Here you take a lake steamer and spend the night on Lake Tanganyika.

After a couple of days cruising Lake Tanganyika you drive through the country of the mysterious Watussi, whose men average seven feet in height. Albert National Park, the Pygmies in Ituri Forest, and cross the border between the Congo and Uganda.

A few nights later and you're in Nyeri, the famous Tree Tops hotel, a little place—accommodations for ten guests—built in the branches of a great tree overlooking a water hole where all the big game in the vicinity come down at night to drink. The present Queen Elizabeth was staying here when she got word of the sudden death of her father, George VI.

From Nyeri you drive to

Continued on page 42



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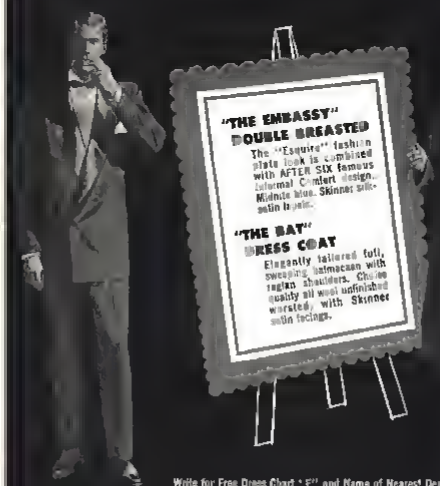
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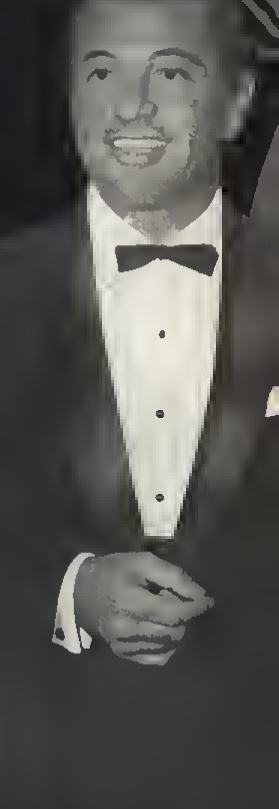
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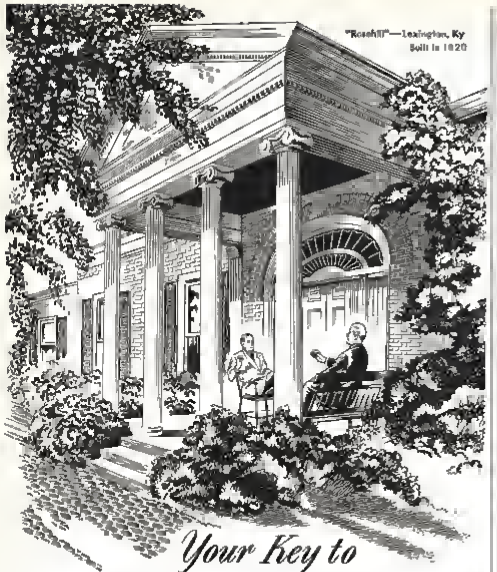


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Vacation Now

Continued from page 40

Nairobi, capital of Kenya; then fly to Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia; fly to Aden, south of Arabia; to Khartoum, capital of the Sudan, at the junction of the White and the Blue Nile; then to Luxor and Cairo.

Your trip ends after three days in Cairo visiting the Sphinx and Pyramids and the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen and you hop another plane this time for home. Should you prefer to return home by ship you have your choice of the famous "Four Aces" ships of the American Export Lines or the American President Lines' *President Polk* and *President Monroe* or Egyptian mail ships of the Khedivial line or many freighters all sailing from Alexandria.

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Don't let all this talk about packaged tours give you the impression that Africa is too rugged for you to go out on your own. The South African Tourist Corporation and all the other governmental and non-official African tourist information offices are ready with all kinds of suggestions to help you and your travel agent plan an independent trip tailored to your individual specifications. And fine transportation facilities will make your planning easy. The South African State Railways and State Airways, for example, operate excellent passenger trains and de luxe road coaches for your trip through South Africa.

The following are excellent sources of information on Africa:

South Africa Tourist Corporation, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York City 17.

East Africa Tourist Travel Association, 535 Fifth Ave., N Y C 17.

Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 422 Madison Avenue New York 17 (for Belgian Congo information).

Casa de Portugal, 630 Fifth Avenue New York 20 (for information on Portuguese Africa).

French Government Tourist Office 610 Fifth Avenue New York 20 307 North Michigan Avenue Chicago Illinois, 305 International Trade Mart Building New Orleans Louisiana 1014 Kohl Building San Francisco California, 1170 Drummond Street, Montreal P Q Can (for information on French Africa).

Egyptian Government Bureau of Commercial Information & Tourism, 29 East 69th Street New York City 21 ##

—Richard Joseph

(For answers to your questions about travel or help in solving your vacation problems send stamped addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.)

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BERNARD BARUCH, ESQ.

PROPHET WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

BY ROBERT C. RUARK



Part I

Some time ago a few reasonably enlightened people were sitting around a post-dinner brandy in the city of New York and one of the party—the president of a major broadcasting company—mentioned the name of Bernard M Baruch It was a trivial remark, but one of his dinner companions halted him.

"This Baruch," he said "I see his name in the papers all the time The other day I was on an airplane and I was reading something about him in a magazine, and the man sitting next to me asked me the same question 'Who the hell is this Baruch?" he asked me 'Oh, I know what he looks like and that he spends a lot of time on a park bench but what I want to know is what did he ever do to get so famous? His is called an elder statesman it says Where did he ever practice as a younger statesman? I mean, what is his past record of achievement?

"Now " the man said to his friends "I'd like to know the same thing What did Mr Baruch actually do? What jobs did he ever hold? What services did he perform? You tell me I couldn't tell the man on the plane, because I didn't know."

There was a short babble in which it was ventured that Bernard Baruch had worked as adviser with several Presidents of the United States, that he was several times a millionaire, that he was 82 on his last birthday in August 1952, that he had prepared the famous Rubber Report during World War II that he had written the naked essentials of two reports on the Atomic Energy Commission; that he was an old and trusted friend of Winston Churchill's and that he had been known to crystallize the economic, political and foreign policy of many editors and publishers.

"I know all that," the persistent questioner said "But let me ask you one thing more Why would people—say editors and publishers—go to him for advice? Why *him*? Why not somebody else?"

One man of the group who had not spoken before said softly "I think I can answer that It's because Bernie Baruch has made a career of being right His track record is with him You know anybody else 82 years old who has a clear-cut record of never being wrong according to historical vindication on any important subject?"

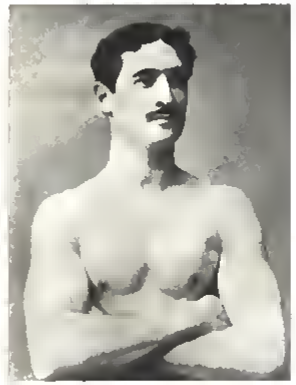
There is no real nutshelling of Bernard Mannes Baruch apart from that accolade All his adult life he has played the prophet in business and national and international affairs, but he has been a prophet without portfolio He has been backstopped in judgment as often by the mistakes of others as to the practical usage of his remarkable faculty for stripping the husks from problems and laying bare the kernels of truth This faculty has made him what he calls 'a great deal of money," a great many famous friends and a normal quota of enemies over a lifetime which may well have been more replete with living than the life of any contemporary

Mr Baruch's success as a financier, as an adviser to Presidents, as a diagnostician of the world's ills, has been in a heavy measure the result of a stubborn realism which has seldom been befogged by sentimentality Mr Baruch is dogmatic about black and white about right and wrong, about smart and dumb 'Dumb is one of his favorite words He can preach it with more scare than the aver- (*Continued overleaf*)



BERNARD BARUCH, ESQ.: PROPHET WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

.. MUSCLES AND BRAINS



The battler, at 22, with biceps and fierce mustache—six feet four, a Wall Street runner, and a terror



The student, at 19, starched and a little prim, after graduation with honors from City College, New York

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD LITVIN

age man achieves with far more extravagant terms of execration.

Quite a few years ago Mr. Baruch was being roundly censured for being dogmatic in front of his friend, the late Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

"Yeah," said Senator Glass, in his rich Virginia accent. "They say Bernie's dogmatic. He's dogmatic, all right. He's dad-burned dogmatic about *two* and *two* making *four*." Baruch still recalls the story with considerable relish. He has founded a cult of adding two and two and getting it to come out as four instead of what he scornfully considers the modern method of arriving at a sum of three-and-one-half or four-and-one-half according to the wishful mood of the ciphерer. This scorn is frequently directed at the would-be world molders and scatter-witted economists who in his opinion, wear pointed hats and seek concrete counsel from the signs of the zodiac.

A swift box score on the skeletal career of the old gentleman would run roughly thus:

He was born in Camden, South Carolina, in 1870. His father, a doctor and an officer of the Confederate Army, moved to New York in 1881. The young Bernie went to public schools, and later to C.C.N.Y. in New York. He took a job at $3 a week in Wall Street in 1890 and had purchased his own seat on the Stock Exchange by 1897, when he was only 27 years old. He made a million dollars in speculation by the time he was 30.

He was Woodrow Wilson's extra eyes and ears from 1916 to 1918, and served on the World War I War Industries Board. He was one of Wilson's advisers in 1919 at Versailles, and he served on Warren G. Harding's Agricultural Conference in 1922. He remained wealthy in the hungry 1930's because Baruch was one of the relative minority to scent the monumental crash of the stock market in 1929. He sold early, and pulled out with his hoard intact. He accurately predicted every major depression from 1900 on, and never failed to get out well ahead of the decline. He maintained an unusual intimacy with the White House for most of the Roosevelt years, drawing up a plan for general industrial mobilization before the outbreak of World War II, serving as adviser to the Office of War Mobilization, despite a growing enmity on the part of the late Harry Hopkins who endeavored to engineer a break between Roosevelt and Baruch. But as Robert Sherwood once remarked: "Every time they get in trouble, they send for B.M.B." At the end of the war he served vitally in the United Nations Atomic Control Commission and drew most of its bylaws himself.

Baruch's hardheaded suggestions ran almost directly in opposition to White House policy after the war's end. In 1948 he departed favor after a brisk exchange of letters with Harry Truman. Truman had asked Baruch to serve actively in a campaign-fund drive, and Baruch refused. Truman wrote him a short rude letter, accusing him of ingratitude—fully mindful of the fact that Baruch's personal funds had literally fed the Democratic Party in the starvation years between Wilson and Roosevelt—and the proud old boy broke off relations by clamming up. For most of the last four years, there has been strained rapport between Truman and Baruch, and during that time Baruch operated mostly in an "underground" capacity as the senior statesman of his land.

The underground activity must have been irksome to the stubborn pride of Harry Truman, because, while enjoying active disfavor with the President, Baruch never ceased his constant function as Mr. Fixit for the President's aides and confidantes. The outbreak of the war in Korea is an example in point.

The day after the trouble in Korea started, Baruch was up and dressed before eight a.m. and his phone was rattling merrily. Mostly it was Washington calling. Louis Johnson, then Truman's defense chief, was one of the callers. Baruch spoke at some length to Carl Vinson about the advisability of immediately extending the draft act. He talked some more with Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, and at length to General George Catlett Marshall. In between calls he was busy dispensing advice to editors and publishers of newspapers, men who wanted his calm appraisal before they took a stand on the conflict. His advice was entirely *ex officio*—there was no call from the White House. This marked the first time since 1917 that a major national or international crisis had occurred without immediate Presidential communication with the man Woodrow Wilson named "Dr. Facts."

Although Bernard Baruch has never held public office or served in a cabinet, his indirect influence on the governing powers—even when he experienced the active disfavor of Truman and a lessening of intimacy with Roosevelt—has been so great that there is no figure of comparable stature in the United States today. He has served roughly as the brain of his country, and his guidance to the press, his statements before committees of Congress, his public speeches and his occasional magazine articles and pamphlets have contrived to serve as signposts to sanity at times when readiness seemed the popular route. His position of prestige in America has been and is roughly the position of Winston Churchill in England, except it's unofficial. Even when he's off-stage he writes penetrating lines for his country's script.

And speaking of Churchill, there is no accurate yardstick to the amount of influence Baruch exerts and has exerted over our relations with England and through England Europe for the past quarter-century. The Prime Minister if not his dearest friend, is one of them. Whether Churchill is here officially or not, he always stops at Baruch's home in New York. On his last trip considering the tension between himself and Harry Truman, Mr. Baruch pointedly reframed from seeing Churchill until all Winnie's business in Washington was at an end. Baruch quietly shot quail at his home in South Carolina while Winnie was taking the intimate talking tess with Truman. When they wound up the money discussion and the other matters, Mr. Churchill waved good-by to the White House and moved into his old diggings at Baruch's apartment.

It is difficult to explain why Baruch should be calmly accepted as the typification of his country, since the exact amount of his influence is difficult to compute. People high and low seek his advice on matters ranging from horse races to Presidential candidacies. He has the attentive ear of Ike Eisenhower, for instance, and General Omar Bradley is a constant commuter with the Baruch quail, as is Roy W. Howard, Jimmy Byrnes, and a wardly mixed bag of writers, executives and politicos. It is possible that the old man inspires complete trust. His passion is facts—he deals in weaknesses as well as strengths, and somewhere hits the average that makes as much sense as is possible at the moment. It is unnecessary to say that his comment is eagerly invited by the nation's press when any sizable catastrophe comes along to claim front-page attention.

Baruch looks like a statesman, for a start. He is six feet four, weighs 200 pounds, and has a face that fits a fellow who has been a gigantic intellectual and practical success since his young manhood. His hair is still thick, and is almost blue-white. He has a pair of eyes that snap wickedly behind his rimless (*Continued on page 104*)



The fiery Judge, Keneaw Mountain Landis



John J. McGraw, most ferocious of managers

The Heavenly World Series

by Frank O'Rourke

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this season of climax, Esquire proudly presents the climax to all baseball: a firsthand report of the immortal ball game, puffed to perfection in an old hot stove

JOHN MCGRAW came politely into the Lord's presence and explained his problem with forceful eloquence. When John finished the Lord smiled thoughtfully. "And this argument cannot be settled in another fashion, John?"

"We've tried," John said. "Lord, we've tried." Thereupon, John talked for forty minutes, telling the Lord exactly what he thought of those American League upstarts who, for many years had tainted the superiority of their league. Following a heated discussion that had nearly ended in a disgraceful fight, all parties agreed there was only one way to settle the arguments: hold an all-star world series between picked teams from the two leagues.

"Can this be done?" the Lord asked.

"Yes, sir," John said. "Judge Landis approves. I'm to manage the National League, the American picked Huggins. We'll submit rosters to the Judge he'll bring them to you for final approval. After that it's up to you, Lord."

"How so?" the Lord asked.

"You select the starting date," John said. "Honor us with your presence in the dugout box, threw out the first ball. You sit with us one game, then with the Americans, and so on. We'll play five out of nine for the championship. It oughta be a sellout."

"That it should," the Lord agreed. "Have you picked a squad, John?"

"Not complete," John said. "I'm sure of Christy and Pete and Three Finger on the mound. Bresnahan will catch. We'll have Wee Willie and Big Jim Delahanty in the outfield. At short second, and first we naturally will start with Tinker, Evers, and Chance."

"Naturally," the Lord said. "Has Huggins picked his men?"

"The Big Train for starting pitcher," John said, frowning at the thought. "Waddell, Plank, and some other bushers."

"New John," the Lord said.

"Sorry, Lord," John said. "Well, they'll have Lou on first, Eddie Collins at second, with Lazzeri backing up. They've got the Babe and a bunch of other—"

"John?" the Lord said.

"Faith," John said quickly, "and a fine group of young men they are. When can we start, Lord?"

"Patience," the Lord said. "There are several details to iron out. For instance, umpires."

"I suppose we got to have 'em," John said gloomily.

"You must," the Lord said.

"Well," John said. "We've got Bill Klem behind the plate. Lord, but there's the catch. We can't locate another umpire in heaven. I guess—"

"I know," the Lord said sadly. "I know, John. Perhaps we can arrange a short option deal and bring up some more. Bill always said he never called a wrong decision in his heart."

"Humph," John said. "I remember once in Chicago—"

"John," the Lord said. "I remember once in Chicago, too, and other places where you, shall we say, were not regarding your opponents with good will."

"Sorry, Lord," John said penitently. "It'll never happen again. Why with the team I'll put on the field we'll be so good I'll find no cause to argue."

"Humph," the Lord said.

"Well, Lord. Can we play the series?"

The Lord pressed a button and a new group of visitors entered: Judge Landis, Miller Huggins, Ban Johnson, Abner Doubleday, and other old-timers. The Lord said, "I took the liberty of inviting the interested parties, John. I wish clarification of certain points. The type of ball, uniforms, rosters, pass lists and so forth. Can these details be worked out?"

"They are," Judge Landis said proudly, presenting a thick sheaf of papers. "All points settled satisfactorily—" The Judge coughed humbly and added, "I made final decisions on certain small points. If you'll give us the go-sign we're ready."

"Think of it, Lord," John McGraw said eagerly. "To see them all again on the same field!"

"You are persuasive, John," the Lord said, "but remember, you are in eternity. Time does not exist. We could not have a good ball game without the proper time element. Batters would be off their swings, umpires call wrong plays, many things might happen."

"Lord," Judge Landis said, "I can read your thoughts. You're thinking that if you proclaimed a short period of temporality, so that players might return to their peaks within the bounds of earthly time, someone might commit a sin."

"Exactly," the Lord said.

"Lord," Judge Landis said humbly, "we have seen you, you are our friend. Nothing could swing us back into the sinful ways of the world again. Could it, John?"

"Huh—" John said. "Oh, no, sir, Judge. We've learned our lesson."

"No one is infallible," the Lord said crustily. "I recall a young couple who saw their Lord and then saw an apple."

"Oh Lord!" John McGraw said.

The Lord smiled. "Tinker to Evers to Chance," he murmured. "Ruth and Gehrig. What a sight to see. Gentlemen, we shall have our series. For the duration, all players will be in a time atmosphere similar to their very best season on earth. Thus, each man will be at the peak of his skill."

"When do we start?" John McGraw said happily.

"One week from today," the Lord said. "We'll use the new stadium. I regret that it seats only two hundred thousand, but we'll heavenise all games so that every fan can watch. Also, I'm thinking of Graham McNamee to do the commentary."

"The only one," Judge Landis said. "Sid Mercer and Hype Igoe will be official scorers. Runyon in charge of the press box."

"Good," the Lord said. "You have a week to practice. I will see you all at the first game." As they filed away, the Lord added softly, "With misgivings."

When the news spread, excitement bubbled up in every corner of heaven. The squads assembled and began practice (it was reliably reported that several players had held out for a regular spring-training season in Heavenida, but nothing came of that). Ticket holders were chosen by lot from the districts of heaven. The National League players would occupy the third-base dugout, the American League the first-base dugout, and each team's fans would sit behind their own club. The center-field bleachers were reserved for Dodger fans, as the Lord knew their volatile temperament. The new ball would be used, but pitchers might employ any special methods practiced during their earthly careers. Concessions were in charge of Mr. Stevens, medical aid assigned to Drs. Lister and Hyland, assisted by Florence Nightingale. Five combined bands under Sousa would play, but there would be no pre-game clown tricks or pinch-hitting by midgets. Fans who did not get tickets would view all games on the twenty-foot heavenizing sets throughout the kingdom. Game time was two o'clock and the lights would be turned on if necessary.

The stadium was packed at noon on opening day. When the teams appeared a great roar of applause filled the air and continued throughout practice. Uncle Wilbert Robinson, resplendent in a tan gabardine suit, plumped on the Nationals' bench, took a generous chew and made mysterious marks on a large pad. Writers and photographers crowded behind the batting cage, high above, in the press box, old-timers batted out lead paragraphs of local color. Irwin S. Cobb arrived and took his reinforced chair. Runyon and Mercer ate a lunch of cheesecake while Hype Igoe prepared the scorebooks. And down on the field, batting practice moved along as the great men took their turns at the plate. When the Babe stepped up the stands roared.

Over the wall! and the Babe drove the white balls far, far out across the green field into the distant bleachers. Charley Comiskey counted three balls, added the total, and frowned over the cost. The gong rang and the groundkeepers moved out to prepare the field for play. Christy Mathewson began throwing to Chief Zimmer, and Walter Johnson and Gabby Street warmed up on the other side.

Judge Landis and the Lord entered the dugout box behind the National League while the stadium rose to applause. The Judge gave them all a wave and first of his long white hair, called McGraw and Huggins over for the box picture and cleverly stole the scene from the Lord with chin-on-hands pose against the rail. Then Bill Klem came from the tunnel with his umpires and the P.A. system called out the starting line-ups and the crowd fell silent as the names rolled across the clear blue sky.

"Starting for the National League," the huge speakers blared. "Leading off and playing second base, Johnny Evers; center field, Wee Willie Keeler; left field, Jim Delahanty; third base, Jim Collins; right field, Hack Wilson; first base, Frank Chance; catching, Roger Bresnahan; shortstop, Joe Tinker—and pitching, Christy Mathewson!"

The applause rose and died away expectantly, and the announcer spoke again: "For the American League: at second base, Eddie Collins; center field, Fielder Jones; right field, Babe Ruth; first base, Lou Gehrig; left field, Harry Heilmann; shortstop, Ray Chapman; third base, Ed Foster; catching, Gabby Street; and pitching, Walter Johnson!"

The Lord turned to Judge Landis. "It seems the Americans have a preponderance of hitting power."

"Maybe a little," Judge Landis said cautiously, "but don't value that too much, Lord, this will be speed against power."

"And I see we are commencing much as I suspected," the Lord said dryly, glancing toward home plate where McGraw and Huggins were arguing heatedly. Bill Klem finally cut off further talk and approached the Lord's box with a shining white ball as McGraw turned away wrathfully. The Lord stood and made a perfect throw to home plate; the players scrambled for the ball and Pongo Joe Cantillon came up with the prize. Bill Klem dusted the plate, moved behind Bresnahan and called, "Play ball!"

Eddie Collins stepped to the plate and Mathewson took his sign for the first pitch; the ball was a white streak on the inside corner for the called strike. Collins grounded out to third and entered the Americans' dugout shaking his head. Christy was fast today. Jones fanned on three pitches and Ruth flied deep to center field. John McGraw barked at his men as they came off the field, his face red with pride in their beginning. And on the mound, Johnson faced the first National batter. Evers fanned, Kesler grounded to second base, and Delahanty flied to left field.

"They're both fast," the Lord said. "I've a feeling this will be tough."

"Both throwing birdseed," the Judge said. "Might go on forever."

As the teams changed, Huggins came over to the Lord's box and said apologetically, "Lord, my right fielder just complained of the sun, so I guess it must be you."

"I'm sorry, Miller," the Lord said. "I'll fix it at once."

So the Lord dimmed his radiance and the outfielders doffed their caps in appreciation, and then the game was moving with gathering intensity. McGraw shouted to his men and Huggins spoke quietly, and the coaches barked on the baselines as the batters came and went. Up came the great hitters, and down they fell as Christy and Walter dueled through the seventh without a hit. Then the eighth, and the ninth, and the press box nodded with wondrous approval.

"What do you think, Judge?" the Lord asked.

"I don't know," the Judge said. "Two perfect nine-inning pitching jobs. What else can happen, Lord?"

"Whatever it is," the Lord said, "it will."

On they went through the extra innings while the crowd roared at great catches and beautiful pitching. Now McGraw and Huggins were bringing in new men, trying to change their luck. Runyon wrote a lead and ripped the page from his typewriter as innings passed and destroyed its meaning. They entered the fifteenth and both ball pens boiled with activity as McGraw and Huggins faced the facts. They had to jerk Christy and Walter for future games. Three Finger Brown and Eddie Plank were ready to go, and pinch-hitters were loosening up at the bat racks. The Lord said, "Judge, this surely can't go on," and the Judge answered, "You never know, Lord. I just hope no one loses his temper."

"Humph," the Lord said. "You're hoping."

The sixteenth inning found Brown pitching against the Americans, holding the scoreless tie; then Eddie Plank went out and mowed the Nationals down. In the seventeenth Ruth led off and growled, "Now walk me you bushers," and smashed the first pitch high and far above the right-field wall for the first hit and run. The Babe cavorted around the bases while McGraw glared in helpless agony. Gehrig singled sharply, but a fast double play from Tinker to Evers to Chance erased that threat. Foster grounded out to end the inning and the Lord said, "This will surely end it."

"I don't know," the (*Continued on page 131*)

ILLUSTRATED BY FAIN SUMMARY



"We're just seeing how the other half lives"

FIVE TIMES AS SERIOUS AS DROWNING



If he didn't die today—somehow, anyhow—he would never be happy again—never

by Gordon Cotler

EMMET AMORY BENTHAM watched the last golden patch of sunlight drift off the paper on his desk, reminding him that he ought to take his life. He thought about it for a few moments and then directed his attention back to the paper, which was an actuarial table of the life expectancy of farmers who use contour plowing. He had just completed work on the table and he was proud of it. It represented the accumulated experience of his life as an actuary applied with particular care, since he firmly expected it to be his last work. Bentham's wife had died three years before (at a reasonable age for a mother of three from a rural family with an intricate cardiac history) and ever since he had devoted himself entirely to his profession. As Chief Actuary for the company and Past President of both the North American Actuarial Association and the International Actuary Federation, he was one of the most respected men in his field. He wanted that respect, the respect of other actuaries, to live a long time after him.

Two years before, as a form of relaxation, Bentham had prepared a table of the life expectancy of actuaries. The table indicated the probability that he would die in this present year of his life. He had found the information interesting, but his interest was purely academic. He had often explained the matter to laymen, actuarial tables show probabilities, they don't tell fortunes. However, during the next several months curiosity had prompted him to check his life expectancy whenever he examined a table that encompassed him: city dwellers from Maine, active businessmen earning more than $45 000 per annum, widowers who dine at home—in all fourteen tables. Everyone of them agreed acutely and finally with the first. Probability had piled on probability until a practical certainty had been reached. There could be no error in the tables; he had supervised the preparation of every one of them, and they were the finest of their kind in the world. Try as he would to rationalize the figures, his mathematician's mind could allow no greater chance than one in a hundred million—that is, no chance at all—of living through the year.

The realization that he was soon to die had depressed him, but soon his depression had turned to deep contentment. The so-called Mystery of Life held no fascination for him, he drew satisfaction from the inevitability, the predictability of life, so he drew his livelihood from the predictability of death. His ability to figure out what was going to happen had given him his profound sense of well-being. He had known the prospective mate of each of his children before there was any proposal and he had known when the proposal would come. He had always known when his salary was to be increased and by how much. He had known what there would be for dinner and what he was going to get for his birthday. He had never missed a train. Of course Emmet Amory Bentham would know when the end was at hand! How right that the work of his lifetime inform him of it, cross-check it and prove it for him a dozen times over! When death came it would finish as complete, as satisfying a life as anyone could wish.

When his last birthday finally arrived he was actually looking forward to learning how the end would come. The company's chief doctor examined him on his birthday and pronounced him fit: heart, lungs, arteries, digestive system—everything in good order for a man of his age. His eyes were beginning to go, but it was unlikely that he would die of nearsightedness. Almost certainly an accident would claim him. How many men of his age slipped in the bathtub, stepped from between parked cars, stumbled on a dangerous pavement? He knew the figures backwards. For years he had had to be careful to avoid a worn spot in his office rug, the result of his habit of swinging around in his chair and scuffing his feet absently on the floor. The rent could give him a nasty spill and the Maintenance Division had often asked to patch it. He wouldn't hear of it. Many years ago, when the rug was two years old, he had made some calculations about its life expectancy; the calculations would have been thrown off by repairs. He preferred to watch for the danger spot.

As the year progressed he began observing himself. On crowded street corners in plunging elevators, on hurtling trains he would be seized by a moment of panic and think, *Is this it? Is this it?* It was never even close to being it, and after some months he started searching around for other ways he might die. He even toyed briefly with the ludicrous possibility that one of his children might do away with him for an inheritance. He watched the months then weeks, then days go by. Tomorrow was his birthday and this year of his life would be over. Nothing had happened. That one-in-hundred-million chance that cares nothing for actuaries was about to claim him. He wasn't going to die. After today every sun would be an affront to his life's work, every meal would be gall.

The idea of suicide had come to him this morning, when he had finally abandoned hope of any other end. It was repugnant to him, but it was a solution and he had delayed it long enough. The contour farmers' *(Continued on page 144)*

Ginger's the Name

The great sophisticated dancer recalls his trips with the lady in the whirl of the light fantastic by Fred Astaire

That Ginger Rogers is a lucky girl—yes she is. Fifty movies, they tell me. Lots of dancing and the Academy Award for *Kitty Foyle*, and tennis (tournament tennis, too) and front decking and a little ranch and Broadway plays, radio and wicked practical jokes and politics—that Ginger girl has plenty of activity.

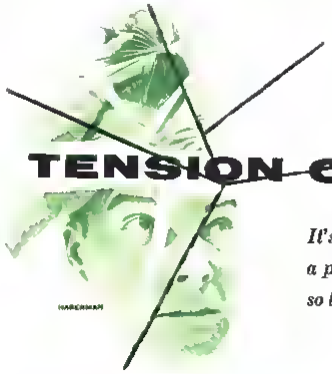
She's been around for a while, too—now, I'm not going to tell you how long because then you might ask how long I've been around. Anyway, the first time I met her was back in 1930 when she was getting ready to collect a thousand a week as the star of George Gershwin's *Girl Crazy*. She was just a kid then and my sister Adele and I were sort of young stars ourselves, with—shall we say?—just a touch more dancing experience. Anyhow, Ginger had to do a dance to a tune called *Embraceable You*, little number, and for one reason or another she wasn't getting it right. So the producers called in Adele and me, the way you might call in a plumber when the tap's leaking, and we helped her make it work. Matter of fact, that's the first time I danced with Ginger—on the big, thick, ugly, awkward rug in the lobby of the Alvin Theatre while the stage was cluttered with scenery in the process of construction. It's always that way in dancing—you could live to be a thousand and you'd never find the right conditions.

Anyway, I checked back a little on the little girl. She'd got started in professional dancing when she was just fourteen—she won a contest that made her Charleston champ of Texas *and* Oklahoma, and gave her a six-week vaudeville tour. She stayed in vaudeville for four years, and then Broadway grabbed her for the musical *Top Speed*. Presto, *Girl Crazy*. I took her out on some dates, gay blade that I was. Checked a little further, you know. We did a lot of dancing.

So I didn't have too far to look when Adele fell in love and left the act—in favor of marriage. Ginger and I made our first movie, a small splash called *Flying Down to Rio*, in 1933, and then we made nine more, like *Top Hat* and *Roberta* and *Gay Divorcee*. Then she got out of musicals for a while into straight acting (pretty dreary goal too—in fact sensational) and we made our eleventh movie, *The Barkleys of Broadway*, only a couple of years ago. All told our eleven movies pulled more than twenty million dollars into the box office—which is, you might say, very nice indeed.

Ginger got to be a top dancer because she was a top athlete, and because she took it pretty seriously. And she always looked so pretty because she took that seriously, too. I remember when we started *Top Hat* she insisted on wearing a fancy ostrich-feather dress—couldn't see me at all when she whirled around, and I couldn't see, either. We had a two-day spat before she saw I was right. But she wore the ostrich anyway. (They're all like that—always worrying about clothes, and wanting to wear spikes like Eddie Stanky's, fit to wound a man. But what, I always say, would we do without 'em?) Anyway, there's more to dancing than work. There's a lot of kicks (no pun) in it too. And we've had a lot of kicks. ✠

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE PENDE



TENSION CAN KILL YOU

It's not just a pain in the neck, it's a pain in the liver and lights; so take it easy by Walter Ross

"We've discovered that when a man tells his wife 'You give me a pain in the neck,' he's telling the literal truth," the doctor said. "The back of the neck is often the place that hurts when a man's under tension. It hurts because, unconsciously, he's tensing that set of muscles."

The doctor was describing one aspect of a new medical finding which some physicians class with the discovery of germs: namely, that tension can make you sick; tension can even kill you. Or, in medical terms, that life stress—arising out of a job, business worries, marriage difficulties or any of a dozen other problems—can create permanent emotional tensions which actually cause dangerous bodily changes, can make a man more susceptible to infectious diseases and even to accidents. If the tensions are not relieved, they will make him chronically ill and may wind up killing him.

It starts with the fact that an emotion is not just a feeling; it's a bodily process. Fear and anger make your heart beat faster, raise your blood pressure and change your metabolism. When you're happy, your facial and diaphragm muscles contract and you laugh; when you're sad, your lachrymal glands make tears; and when you get mad, your adrenal glands and circulatory system get into the act.

All these are normal body reactions. But in some people certain emotions become persistent. These people are what the doctors call "ever-mobilized"—always ready for trouble. Pretty soon they find it inside themselves.

Dr. H. G. McGregor describes the process: "Normally we feel a sense of well being . . . but let something upset the even tenor of emotional life, let it be protracted from day to day and from week to week, let there be no end in view but only a featureless waste of anxiety, then . . . the victim becomes conscious of the beat of the heart . . . he feels and hears movements in his stomach . . . anxiety exaggerates the sensations so that they become converted into pains. Often the pains serve to divert his mind from the original anxiety to the worse one of ill health, by which he is enabled in some measure to escape from his difficulty."

Tension affects different people in different ways. In some men the colon is the sensitive organ, in others the nose, in still others the heart, the blood vessels, the stomach, the skin. Each group will get a different disease under the same set of stresses; some who are never called on strongly for a protective reaction, will never get sick at all.

Much of this knowledge traces back to an odd accident that happened in 1895 to a nine-year-old Irish-American boy named Tom. He had just come in all hot and sweaty from a street game, and he eyed the family growler on the kitchen table. He was alone in the room and he decided to steal a swig of the ice-cold, forbidden beer. But it wasn't beer, the pail was full of piping-hot clam chowder, a gift to his father from the local bartender.

Tom gulped a huge mouthful of the scalding chowder and then was afraid to spit it out onto the kitchen floor. He swallowed the steaming liquid and burned his gullet so badly he was never able to use it again.

They took him to the hospital and tried unsuccessfully to open his esophagus with surgery. Finally the surgeon was forced to suture part of Tom's stomach to the outer wall of his body, just below the chest. Tom has lived with this open stomach for the last 49 years. He has had a full life—wife, kids, a good home. He even takes a glass of beer occasionally, tasting it first and then letting it into his stomach through a funnel and rubber tube.

His stomach became more than a curiosity in 1940 when two Cornell University doctors, Stewart Wolf and Harold Wolff, began to study it. After numerous tests with drugs, poisons, alcohol and strong language, they proved that Tom's stomach was an accurate barometer of his emotions: his mental state and his entire life situation.

One of the results of the Wolf & Wolff study was to establish the soundness of the bilateral vagotomy—the operation which cuts the vagus nerves connecting the stomach to the brain—as a cure for peptic ulcer. On the more general level their research connected human emotions and stomach disease in a thoroughly scientific way.

They found that Tom's stomach swelled up with blood when he was angry. They watched it as it tried to eject and neutralize a poisonous substance, then they watched an identical reaction as Tom tried to reject an unacceptable life situation. From this work and other experiments doctors have deduced that vomiting and diarrhea are the physical evidence that a person has taken on more than he can handle—his body goes through a "riddance pattern." If this pattern is repeated often enough it can lead to such diseases as peptic ulcer or ulcerative colitis.

Other specific diseases have been linked with attitudes. Psychiatrists say that migraine, which is one of the commonest types of headache, is definitely associated with hostility. They believe that in the majority of painful illnesses arising out of tension situations the victim has a deep-seated desire to hurt someone and that the pain is subconscious self-punishment.

Sometimes the pain has no real physical cause. A lady once complained of a frightful pain. "Doctor, it begins down in my ankles and moves up my legs into the knees, then up to my thighs and catches me in the groins. It keeps on through my stomach and chest, rolls up into my neck and throat and ends up as wind." The doctor to whom she confided these engaging symptoms comments: "There can, of course, be no doubt that in such a case what terminates in a belch can only originate in wind from one quarter or another." And Dr. Walter Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic says that the objectivity of a pain is inversely proportionate to its description.

Nevertheless, pains rooted in tension are often very real. Life situations can cause hypertension (high blood pressure): the blood vessels constrict, and the heart must work harder to pump blood through them. This condition comes to men and women who are "constantly in a state of conflict in which they feel a strong need to repress their aggressive drives and to gain approval by maintaining peace." People with this kind of high-blood pressure are known as hypertensives. Their "emotional conflicts," says Dr. Franz Alexander, "may cause continued fluctuations of blood pressures which, in time, overtax the vascular (circulatory) system finally cause organic vascular changes and end in irreversible malignant cases of hypertension."

Nobody knows exactly how many cases of malignant hypertensions are linked with emotional tension. Some doctors think that most of them are. Several have even attempted to classify a number of diseases as "caused" by emotions. Dr. Flanders Dunbar says that cardiovascular disease, accidents and nephritis (kidney disease)—which, together, cause more than half the total deaths in this country—are diseases in which emotion is either the cause or a complicating factor. Others place hypertension, peptic ulcer, mucous colitis, diabetes and migraine on the list.

To cure a typical stomach case, for example, Dr. Alexander investigated the patient's history from childhood on and found that every time the patient had been forced on his own he had suffered stomach trouble of one sort or another. It had begun when he was weaned, plagued him again in grade school, when a favorite teacher was replaced by another who was less sympathetic, and again in high school, when he was faced by a strenuous exam.

Maturity was no help. He did so well in his job that he was promoted, given more responsibility; the result was a siege of vomiting and stomach pain. Finally, the young man was drafted and, under the

(Continued on page 112)



"The way things are today I'm beginning to wonder if it's wise to bring a child into the world"

Don Juan Miscarried



His greatest pleasure came from the moment of expectation, when he had the lady—so to speak—in the palm of his hand by Christopher La Farge

The change in the weather came on the first of September, and by the thirteenth, which fell on a Wednesday, a new season had arrived. The days, rather suddenly, seemed much shorter and the wind sharper, although the sun still had considerable power to warm. In the Hôtel de la Mer at St. Jean de Horne some of the few remaining guests continued to bathe in the ocean on the occasional fair days, but the beach seemed deserted after the crowds of July and August. St. Jean itself became again a Brittany fishing village.

The effect of this change on Jefferson Connolly was to increase his restless sense of isolation, and he gave notice to the hotel that he would leave on the following Friday. He wanted now to return to Paris, and although Paris would at best be more expensive, he had saved enough money by this dull rustication at St. Jean to assure him at least the superficial appearance of well-being, without which there could be little hope. Here in this almost unpeopled spot, he was becoming uncomfortably aware of the passage of time, as though time itself were hurrying out, to leave at its expiration the void of an ultimate defeat. It was not a defeat he was willing or able to define.

As he was leaving from his lunch on Wednesday, he was greeted by a Mrs. Grayson who was seated at her table with her companion. He was a little surprised, since they had hardly spoken to each other before, but he was quite pleased.

"Oh, Mr. Connolly," Mrs. Grayson said. "We hear you are leaving us."

"Good afternoon," he said. "Yes. I'm off in a few days. I've relaxed here long enough—too long. I'm afraid. I must get home to Paris."

"This is Miss Hoppner," said Mrs. Grayson, smiling pleasantly and running her delicate hands back over her pretty grey hair.

"How do you do?" he said.

"We leave ourselves on Monday," Mrs. Grayson said. "One day en route to Cherbourg and then home to New York. We envy you because we shan't even have time for a final fling in Paris."

"What a pity," he said, and he wondered what sort of a fling two women—and one of them as plain as Mrs. Grayson's companion—could have in Paris.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Grayson. "But the reason I spoke to you was to suggest that you join us for dinner this evening, if you are not engaged. We're so few here now, aren't we? We can't bear to see our only compatriot—our only male compatriot, too—wasted in solitude. Do keep us company."

"Thank you," he said. Thinking fast, more sure of himself now, he continued, "Very lucky for me. I was to have dined with French friends at their château near Plouénan, but my hostess has taken ill. This will be a splendid recompense."

"How sad for you!" said Mrs. Grayson, and Connolly could see that she was impressed. "The sort of thing that mere tourists like us don't aspire to, even. But then your bad luck is our good fortune. Let's see, shall we say seven-thirty?"

"Excellent," said Connolly. "Let us meet in the café for a cocktail."

"Cocktails!" said Miss Hoppner. "I didn't know you could get cocktails here." She sounded a little put out, he thought.

"I mix them myself," he said. "I'm afraid I'm a bit of a sybarite."

"We'll look forward to it," said Mrs. Grayson. "I'm even gladder I screwed up my courage to ask you."

"It shouldn't take courage," he said. "You're merely giving pleasure."

"Oh, good," said Mrs. Grayson. "Till seven-thirty, then."

Up in his room, Connolly was aware that he was pleased and fortified by the episode. Mrs. Grayson, for all that she was forty or more, was still definitely attractive, with the typically American unlined face of protracted youth. The other one—what was her name?—didn't matter. Younger but plain and—was he imagining things?—not too pleased by the invitation, she would be easy to eliminate. Then he could be alone with Mrs. Grayson. Everything had to have a beginning. If it went well—he didn't make this thought in the least precise, it had grown now to have too great an importance—he could not risk precision in advance—if things worked out, he could stay on till the Monday. And then she would have to leave. It was entirely too good, too perfect in its conditions to have been expected at such a place and such a season. If it didn't go well—and here, because such a rare outcome had dropped into an almost unmanageable past, his mind took him swiftly past precision—he could leave on Friday, as he planned. Leave for Paris, called back there by an undefined enviable obligation. Played skilfully, with the skill his experience could muster, there could not even be the implications of pursuit. If it came to that, who was pursuing whom so far?

He smiled and went to the mirror and brushed his thin hair carefully back over the small bald spot on the crown. Lucky that it was on the crown, where it was not easily evident in a tall person. Looking carefully *(Continued on page 115)*

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY PETE HAWLEY



SCUTTLEBAIT

Miss Friday, the gal with the vegetable trousseau,

Requires a wreck and a Robinson Crusoe,

And many a sailor'd be happy to do so.

From Capetown to Cherbourg, from Mobile to Natchez,

Captains in flannels and deck hands in patches

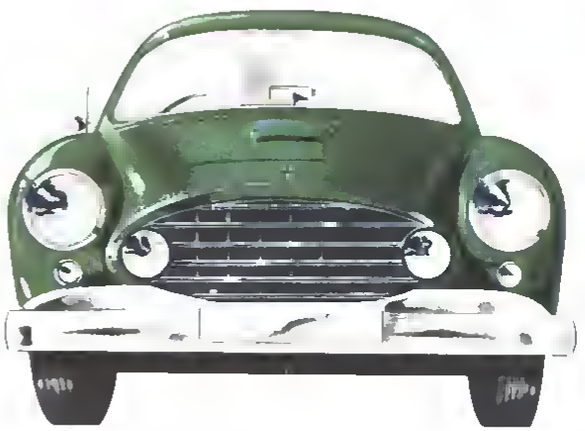
Would unman the pumps and unbatten the hatches



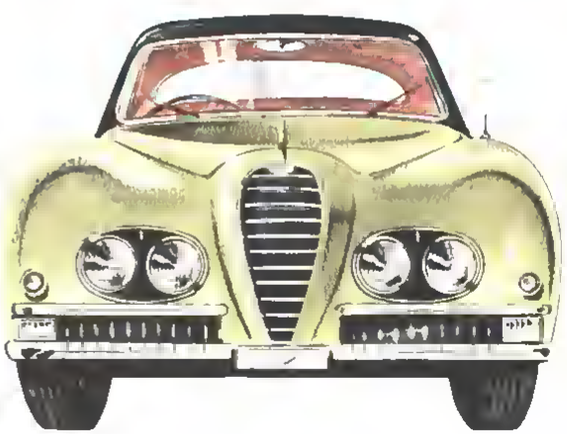
THAT CONTINENTAL KNOW-HOW



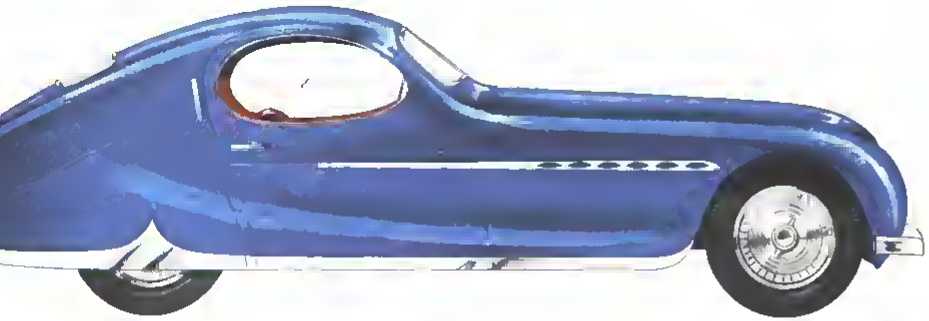
British front end. Typical of Aston-Martin, Allard and others



Italian front end No. 1 Alfa Romeo with body by Pinin Farina



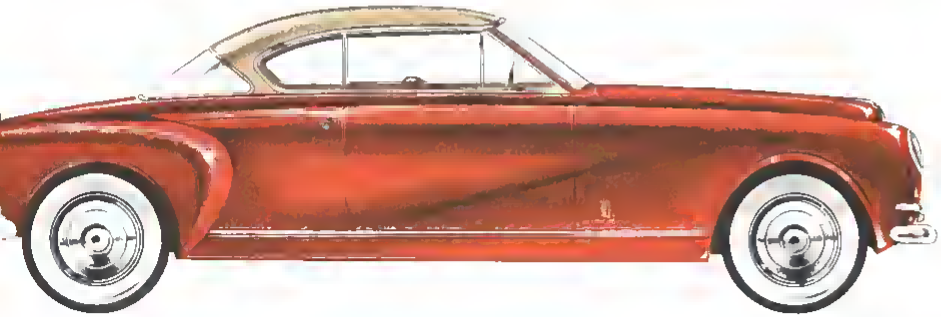
Italian front end No. 2. Typical of Farina, Vignale, Ghia and others



Typical French design Talbot with body by Figoni & Falaschi



Typical British design Jaguar type XK120



Characteristic Italian design Lancia with body by Pinin Farina

The U.S. Car Goes Continental

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Ever since the Depression wiped out the American custom-automobile market, there has been a spreading segment of the car-owning public that has felt like the kids with the fewest toys. Over in Europe a two-car man could put a slinky roadster in his garage alongside the family sedan; but in the United States he could go no farther than a convertible that had basically the same lines as the sedan his wife drove to market. American manufacturers for a long time ignored the demand, content to ride along with their tested patterns. By 1952, however, the restless segment had grown to a nation that is sports-car conscious, and Detroit is tooling up a line of native and half-breed roadsters that is putting the Continental flair in pre-fab garages as well as twelve-car menages everywhere the macadam leads.

If the manufacturers' answer has seemed slow in coming, it is because the consumer has been slow to question the old methods. Until very recently, the American who could afford a second car still tended to think in terms of function: size for the family; speed to cover the country's broad distances; rugged construction; and a price tag that would keep him within a reasonable budget.

In Europe, designers have been allowed more latitude. For years there was a heavy custom demand from the sprinkling of sub-royalty whose tastes ran to low, slinky coupés with vast amounts of hood. Out of this market evolved the Jaguar XK120, the Frazer-Nash, the Allard, the Ferrari, the Cisitalia, and a collection of land cruisers of challenging if not of revolutionary design.

American buyers got a look at those models and wanted more of the same for themselves. They were also intrigued by the economy and miniature charm of the Austins, Hillmans, Morrisses, and Renaults, and by the perky novelty of the MG, the Riley, the Healy, and the Simca. Many drivers went further than intrigue. They bought—enough to raise the sales rate of foreign cars a whopping one hundred per cent in the last four years.

They would have been buying the same type of car from American makers years ago if Detroit's more imaginative designers had had their way. However, as auto architect Howard Darrin said recently, "The European cars are custom-built. The designer designs one and builds it and it is on the road. When we build a car in America, it costs about a hundred million dollars, and if that car isn't what the public is going to buy, we are really sunk."

In spite of that sinking feeling, an Englishman named Railton tried, way back in the Thirties, to combine the roominess of the American car with the sporty lines of the Continent. Railton's ideas were too advanced for the period, but he marked out a trail which many of the moderns are following.

During this same period, American custom-designers were going through an evolution all their own. Men like Dietrich, Murphy, Le Baron, and Willoughby led a native movement called American Classic. Here was the first instance of America turning out cars without any great borrowing from abroad, and so impressive was the product that their characteristics could be detected in automobiles on both sides of the water right up to the beginning of World War II.

The long life of their ideas, unhappily, was not matched by long life in their producing facilities. The custom market disappeared with the Depression, and manufacturers had to fall back on designs which would lend themselves to inexpensive mass-production. The result was the great American automobile—roomy, efficient, but woefully similar to itself from maker to maker and from year to year.

Under these conditions leadership in unique design reverted to postwar Europe, but to only half the continent. France, which had contributed so much with the full, almost feminine curves of her automobiles, was not in a creative mood after the German occupation. German design, source of the 1952 Le Mans road race winner, Mercedes Benz, was still dormant. The other two major sources revived more quickly.

Great Britain, though remaining square-cut traditional with her sedans, made quite a splash in the Western Hemisphere with her racing designs, notably the Jaguar and the Allard. And though very few Americans could put up $4000 for an impractical racer, there were a number who would go halfway and buy a functional sedan with European lines. British motorcar manufacturers, plagued by the dollar shortage, were more than willing to make the compromise. They responded with a line of family models: the Austin Atlantic, the Jaguar and Allard sedans, and the Javelin Jupiter, all of which served as intercontinental connecting links in design.



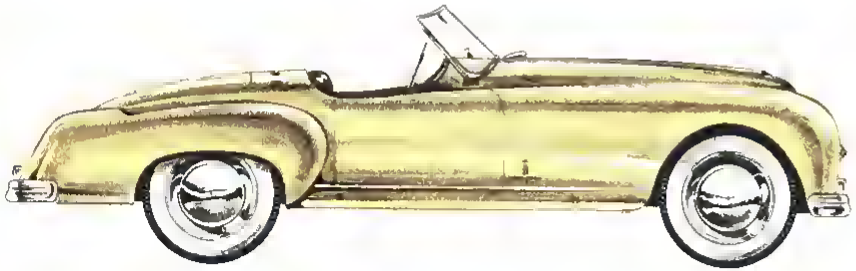
An Allard slams into trouble during the twenty-four-hour racing test at Le Mans



No place for beginners: Wet cobblestones make dangerous driving at Monaco, Italy



Transmission trouble slowed this Allard at the finish of the French Grand Prix



Nash-Healey, body by Farina: The fine Italian hand



Buick XP300: A classic revival

Nash (left) has made the slickest of the half-breeds. Farina's touch can be seen in the flared curves and impression of action given by the car even while it is at rest. Buick's all-American brain child suggests the Italian oval grille but still manages a dollar grin



Chrysler K310 (Ghia): Horizontal emphasis



1952 Mercury: Power bulge from the Castalia

Ghia made the K 310 his first masterpiece for Chrysler. The exposed wheels and flatness of the long body give away its European derivatives, but the squared-off rear fender and bubble-type canopy are American. Mercury keeps its chrome bars but adds sophistication with the clean space between its wide eyed headlights



Henney's Packard Pan American: Open and sporty



Willys: Another of the new breed

Packard and Henney went halfway with the Pan American. The exposed front wheel, inset spare, and regent flatness of the body seem Continental, but the square-fendered rear wheel kept its pants on à la Detroit. Willys has come out with a flaring fender and has kept its grillework to a single conservative bar

European elegance in American creations

Italy, the fountainhead of postwar inspiration in automobile design, was not so willing to give way to American tastes. And, for a handful of her custom-builders, stubbornness brought a handsome payoff from Detroit, where manufacturers were casting around for an answer to the threat of foreign competition.

One of the most successful answers was found by Nash, which dipped into the Italian pool and pulled out prize-winning glamour architect Pinin Farina. For years his subtle, delicate grilles, sweeping horizontals, and smooth curves had been getting raves at motor shows in Europe. Now Farina and his talents have been imported and put to work for Nash. The company's imagination is already being repaid. In February, their Nash-Healey (body by Farina) was released to the public, and the public finally has the American sports car it has been wanting. Chrysler is moving in the same direction with the experimental K 310, a hard-top "convertible" whose body carries the stamp of Ghia, an Italian with talents rivaling those of Farina. Ford and Willys, with a little from here and a little from there, have just folded a pair of good-looking cars, and Packard's experimental Pan American (body by Henney) has much to recommend it.

There is a rival faction which has decided to stand and fight with its own weapons. General Motors told its Art & Color section to leave out the foreign lines but to create something to challenge the European invasion. Among its experiments are Le Sabre and the XP300 Buick, both so new and so loaded with electrical gadgets that commercial production for the time being is out of the question. The Ford group is another with futuristic tendencies. Recently they ran tests on the Continental Nineteen Fifty X, an automobile with the same production failings as Le Sabre and the XP300 but with similar virtues in its originally American design. There are other indications that an American Neo-classic school is forming, but the current source of change is the European designer.

Some of their more radical creations are still too much for American drivers to swallow. For instance, the multiple headlights suggested by Farina, Ghia, and Vignale or the sweeping voluptuousness of the canopy and hood in the French Talbot. DeSoto, however, is moving out this year with a "power bulge," an adaptation of the direct-feed air cleaners in the Castalia and Ferrari. (Mercury has a similar design but on the Mercury it is strictly ornamental.) Others are substituting flattened hoods and delicate grilles for the kind of front ends that Europeans formerly called "dollar grins" and described more specifically as a pile of "scrambled eggs with a chrome-plated mustache."

Even to the untrained observer, it is apparent that America's roads are playing host to the forerunners of a strong new trend in automobile design. To the average consumer, the effect of the movement will be relief from conventional appearance with no loss of conventional comfort or the customary high standards of performance. To the manufacturer, it means a new approach and new competition, and a nervous interlude between the expense of retooling and public reaction to the experiment. And to the sports-minded two-car man, it means that he will at last be getting what he wants. Thanks to the ingenuity and daring of the plants along Detroit's automobile row, a new and exciting face has appeared in the automotive world: the face of the American sports car. ##



"What gripes me is that I draw 68 years right in the most exciting times in history"

The Gipper Didn't Die



The Irish still win 'em for the legendary George Gipp, Rockne's first giant

by Al Slump

Classes closed at Notre Dame as the word spread. Students knelt in the snow to pray outside the campus chapel. From early evening until three-thirty in the morning grieving South Bend townsfolk stood at the St. Joseph's Hospital gates. The next day, sports pages across the country bordered the story in black, and Knute Rockne, the tough-spirited Irish football coach, went into seclusion. "It's the first time I've seen him break," said an assistant. "Nobody can talk to him."

At the little mining town of Laurium, Michigan, mourners bucked eight-foot snowdrifts to follow a horse-drawn sled bearing the coffin to a cemetery on a hill overlooking Lake Superior. The state's leading citizens came to pay last respects. Fifteen years later, in 1935, a fifteen-foot monument to the fallen native son was dedicated in the memorial park named in his honor. Today a bronze plaque marks the spot.

"*George Gipp, All-American, 1895-1920.*"

They've never forgotten the Gipper. He was one of the most dazzling, dramatic, idolized athletes of all time. His running, passing, kicking and generalship lifted an obscure Indiana university to fame. In 32 games the cleated fury scored 53 touchdowns, riddling Army, Nebraska, Indiana, Purdue and Northwestern and stunned thousands with his 60-yard drop kicks. Fans didn't observe when the Gipper left the game. They sat in silent awe.

"They felt any demonstration would be a kind of sacrilege," says Lawrence (Buck) Shaw, coach of the San Francisco Forty-Niners and a tackle on the unbeaten Gipp teams of 1919-20. "It was eerie. I've never known another who got people that way."

Against Purdue in 1920 Gipp loafed through the first period without a long gain. A Boilermaker lineman made a sneering remark. On the first play of the second quarter Gipp fielded a punt with one hand, showed half-a-dozen tacklers a hip, pulled it away and halted 92 yards for a touchdown. Minutes later, a trainer was sponging the unconscious Purdue forward. Gipp had knocked him kicking on another scoring gallop—this one for eighty yards.

In the 1919 Army game at West Point the hurly Cadets piled up a 9-0 second-quarter lead before a grimly surprised crowd of fifteen thousand, many of whom had traveled by special train from New York to see the Gipper. Then Gipp switched into his "wild-horse" running style and carried 22 yards with three tacklers clinging to his pants. Another rush was good for fifteen. With the defense pulled in, he threw six straight passes, and completed every one of them, to a first down on Army's ten-yard line. As quarterback Joe Brandy barked signals, Gipp broke in with a sharp "Pass me the ball!"

Rockne called it the fastest piece of thinking he ever saw. Gipp had caught a flash of the head linesman lifting his horn to signal the end of the first half—and had yelled at center Fred Larson to get a play legally in motion. As the horn sounded he took the ball and head down, shoulders heaving, hulled into Army's end zone. Notre Dame, 12-9 victor, returned to South Bend on a tide of publicity.

Once, against Nebraska, Gipp decided to give an unsung third-stringer the glory of a touchdown. Twice the boy was thrown for a loss, then Gipp told him: "Grab onto my belt—and don't let go."

A human tow truck, Gipp plunged from the 10-yard line and hauled the ball-carrier across. The boy didn't get his touchdown though—an alert field judge caught the trick and handed the Irish a fifteen-yard penalty.

Rockne won much of his reputation as a raconteur and humorist telling stories about Gipp on the banquet circuit. His favorite was about a 1919 game in which Gipp ran 80 yards but had the play called back on a penalty, broke away for 68 yards but lost it on another whistle, ghosted 70 yards—and had the toot go again.

The Gipper came up to the referee and said quietly, "Let's get together on this to save time. From now on, give me one whistle to stop—and two to keep going."

Gipp was made for the sport. Six-foot-two, weighing 185 pounds, he had the build of a heavyweight fighter, with sloping shoulders, a long, sinewy torso and immense thigh muscles. He could cover 100 yards in 10⅘ seconds—in football pads. Combining brute force with tigerish speed and a cold calculating approach to the game, he was the complete ballplayer. He was a defensive genius—in four years not one pass was completed in his territory. He perfected the trick of herding a runner toward the sideline, then knocking him out of bounds with a diving shoulder block. A born showman, he taunted rivals with drop-kicking demonstrations before the games.

"There was that time at Army that Gipp challenged Cadet Red Reeder," recalls Ed (Slip) Madigan, another teammate. "They started at the twenty-yard line and backed up. At the forty, Reeder missed and dropped out. Gipp then called for four balls, booted two of them over one crossbar, turned and slapped the others over the other goal—four perfect 50-yard drop kicks!"

He was a great passer, but he loved best to run, and he ran when he could—and sometimes when he couldn't. Notre Dame brought a fifteen-game winning streak to the 1920 Indiana game, and with only a few minutes left the Hoosiers led 10-0. Gipp, on the bench with a dislocated shoulder, threw off his blanket. "I'm going in," he told Rockne.

"Not today," Rockne said.

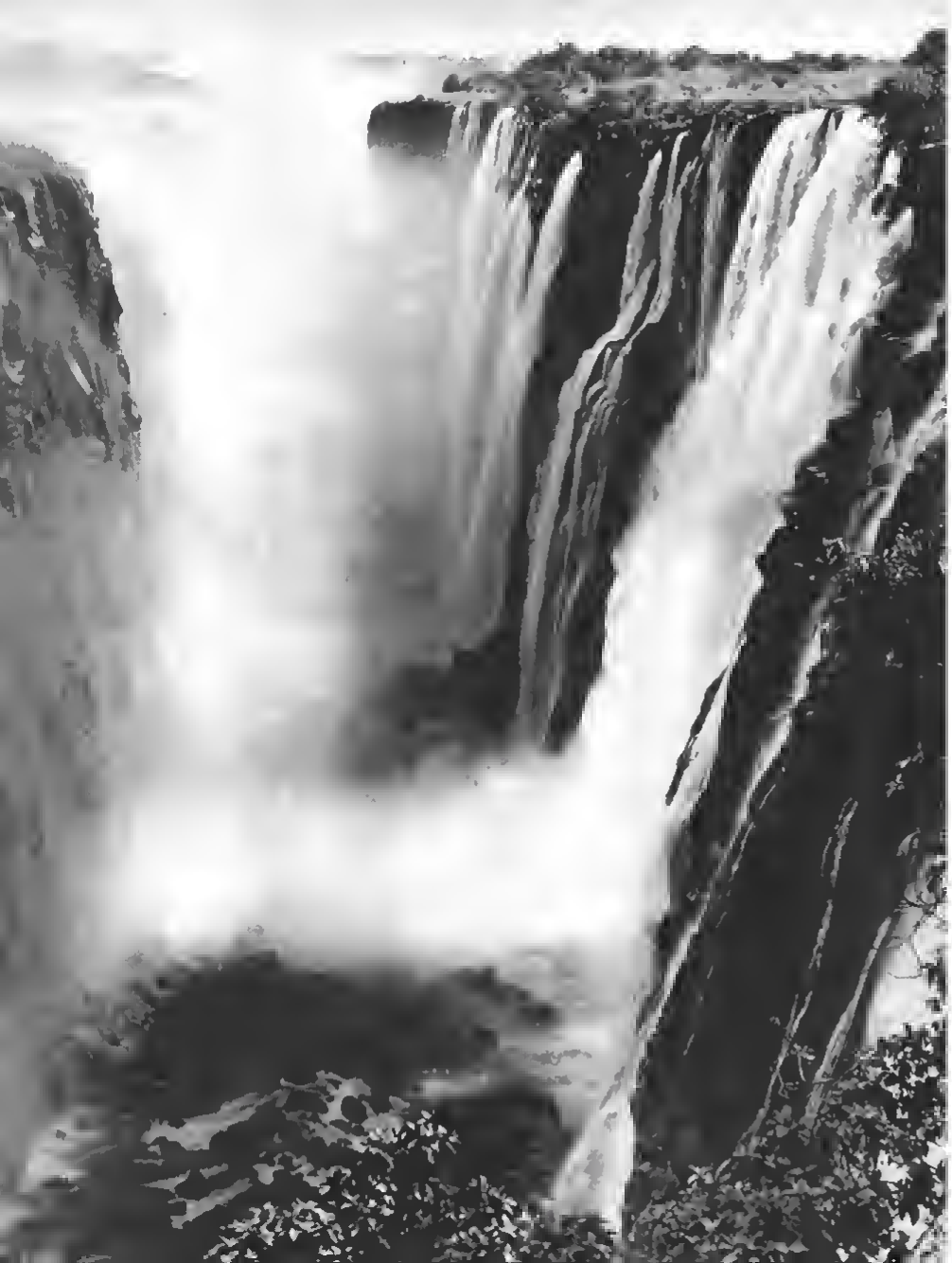
Gipp stared at the fiery Norwegian, picked up his helmet and trotted out to the crowd's hysterical roar. Rockne was a taskmaster, a martinet, a dictator, he could rule anybody else, but he couldn't handle Gipp.

Carrying tacklers on his back, hammering straight downfield, ignoring passes, Gipp went 60 yards in seven plays. On the final smash at massed Indiana he tore his shoulder from its socket—but scored over the bodies of two groggy defenders.

Notre Dame won: 13-10.

Gipp was the leader of a cocky, fun-loving crew and a national celebrity, but nobody knew him well. He disliked personal publicity and rarely mixed socially with his mates. "An enigma that we never solved," wrote Father Charles O'Donnell, later

(*Continued on page 100*)



SOUTH AFRICA: ADVENTURE UNLIMITED

Taking the big trek, to a new world of mysterious wonders

A Travel Article by Richard Joseph

The truth is that Tarzan wouldn't know the old place. If he went swinging through the trees with his old partner, the anthropoid ape, and hurled himself on the back of a lion and then throttled it with his bare hands, he would find himself slapped with a summons from a game warden. In modern South Africa molesting lions in the bush country is as much of a misdemeanor as parking your car overtime in downtown Johannesburg.

In tribal *kraals* in the Transvaal witch doctors still walk among the thatched huts wearing shoulder and chest bands of animal skin, their long hair decorated with beads and bladders. They cure mysterious ailments, exorcise evil spirits, foretell the future and read good and bad omens by throwing "bones" or native dice—but at the same time they're completely accustomed to the sight of the jet transport planes that whoosh overhead on the regular service between London and Johannesburg.

It's a country of contrasts, a fascinating combination of the very old and the ultramodern. It's a mixture of what used to be called darkest Africa and an Anglo-European culture flowering in a sunny climate. South Africa blends the mystery of the Congo, the push of pioneering Texas, the space of the Australian bush, the white beaches of the South Pacific and the delicate colors of a flower garden in Kent.

It's usually considered a "new" country, but the Dutch East India Company founded its first settlement at Cape Town in 1652, exactly three hundred years ago and only twenty-seven years after the Dutch West India Company had founded a similar settlement at New Amsterdam. Cape Town's founder, Jan van Riebeeck, was a contemporary of New Amsterdam's Peter Minuit. As the South African Dutch moved into the veld to become farmers, or "Boers," their American counterparts moved up Manhattan, and New York's Bowery, originally "Bouerie," was named in their honor.

This other U.S.A., the Union of South Africa, actually came into being only forty-two years ago, with the political junction of four provinces (the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal). It's a bilingual country, with sixty per cent of the European population speaking Afrikaans, a flexible language of Dutch origin, and the rest speaking English. A good part of the population is bilingual; however, and your American English will be understood practically anywhere in the Union.

Only two and a half million South Africans are of European origin, and the other nine million are officially classified as Non-Europeans or Non-Whites. They include a great mass of Africans, mostly of the Bantu tribes; a group of mixed European and African descent, called "Coloureds"; and some Indians, Malays and Chinese.

Although the Bantus are usually referred to as "natives," they're not really native to this part of Africa. They invaded South Africa by land from the north about three hundred years ago, at just about the time that the Europeans were arriving by sea. The original inhabitants—small, yellow-colored Bushmen and Hottentots—were pushed aside, and today only a few of their primitive settlements remain. The Bantu people, who conquered South Africa until their advance was stopped by the line of white men moving in from the sea, were drawn from many racial strains and cultures. Those from the west were pure Negro, others, coming south out of Egypt, were of Hamite origin.

You'll see their descendants all through South Africa today. The "de-tribalized" Africans live in the big cities and wear European clothes, but in the native reserves you'll find the distinctive tribal life that the romantic word *Africa* brings to mind. You'll see native dances and you'll hear native music and you'll shoot pictures of native costumes and scenes until your fingers are sore or you run out of film.

And at night, when (*Continued on page 136*)

Looking up the high gorge to a world-famous spectacle: the Zambesi River dropping over Victoria Falls

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EATOUR

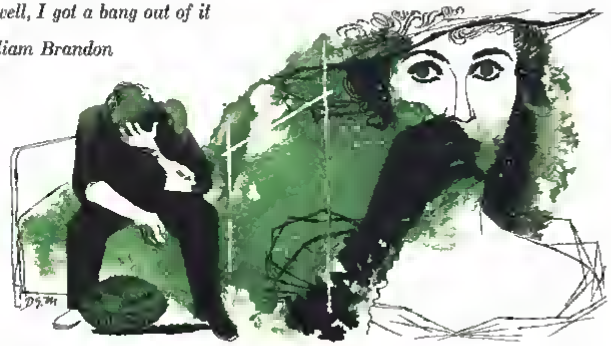


Clifton Beach seen from Marine Drive near Cape Town; then the ocean stretches southward to Antarctica

Pongo

He was such a big guy then, All-America, and now—well, I got a bang out of it

by William Brandon



BECAUSE it was their anniversary Lucille was treating him in town for dinner and a show. Harry showered and shaved and changed clothes at his office and walked downtown to Luigi's, where he found her in the bar. She was wearing a new black and white outfit. She had never looked lovelier.

Harry said, "Well, shucks, here I was thinking I'd make a play for this gorgeous babe and it turns out it's only my old woman." He gave her a one-armed hug and kept his arm around her waist. He ordered an Old Fashioned from the bartender.

"You're glowing all over," Lucille said. "Have you been prambling?"

"Not a drop since lunch. Cub's honor."

"You're all hopped up about something."

"I happened to run into a guy today. It's left me feeling good ever since, by comparison. You know him, or you used to."

"I can't imagine. Who was it?"

"In college. You know him pretty well." She bit her lower lip in thought. She said, "Not Pongo Kelly?"

"Pongo Kelly."

"Not really? Here in town?"

"He's working in town. Living over in Queens."

"Honestly? In Queens? I thought he went out West someplace. Don't you remember? He was going to marry Ellen — Ellen Frazer, wasn't it? And he was going to go to work for her rich father." She reached in Harry's pocket and got out his cigarettes. "I hated her terribly, because she took Pongo away from me."

Harry struck a match for her cigarette. He sang, "She took Pango away from me." Lucille laughed, then said, "Well, she did. I was so brokenhearted. And he didn't marry her after all?"

"Maybe he did and it didn't cook. This one is a stringy party with a long jaw and a windblown haircut. I think he said her name was Amy."

"It must be someone he's met since. There wasn't any Amy. Tell me about him. How is he? Has he changed?"

"He's a little fat guy, bald back to his ears. I didn't know him, but he recognized me."

"Oh, no!" Lucille looked with horror at the picture he had called up. "No wonder it's made you gloat."

"He's selling used cars at a lot over on First Avenue," Harry said. "I had to go over there today with Mr. Fleming to check the Miller properties again, and Pongo was in a bar where we stopped for lunch."

"Wouldn't you think he'd have something better than that?"

"He says there's good money in it."

"Did Mr. Fleming meet him?"

"Sure. He was impressed."

"Mr. Fleming was impressed? Don't tell me Mr. Fleming ever had any interest in football."

"Well, Pongo told him."

Lucille looked at him in amazement. "Told him? You mean just told him?"

"When Mr. Fleming said, 'How do you do, Mr. Kelly,' Pongo said, 'Pongo Kelly,' and when he saw that didn't register he said, 'You know football?' and then he gave Mr. Fleming one of his cards. They're sort of business cards. He's got it printed on the cards. 'Pongo Kelly, All-American Quarterback.' It hasn't got the year he made All-American, but it's got the school and the letters of his fraternity. Mr. Fleming looked at the card and said, 'I'm very impressed.'"

Lucille said in a whisper, "Why, that's incredible."

"Maybe it helps him sell cars."

"It was cruel of Mr. Fleming to say that, that he was very impressed. I know just how he must have said it."

Harry drank the last of his cocktail. Lucille put her unlighted cigarette in an ash tray. They were silent for a time.

Harry said, "Kids all right?"

"Glued to television when I left, early as it was. Does Pongo have children?"

"One boy. Pongo said they call him P. J. He was named Pongo John, and Pongo says they're going to call him Pongo as soon as he goes to college and earns the name."

"I think you're making these things up. They actually christened him Pongo? And do you mean, earn the name by playing football?"

"I suppose so. The kid looked on the frail side in the picture, doesn't look like he'll make too hot a footballer. Pongo said when the kid started to school he gave his name as Pango instead of P. J., so Pongo went to the school and had it changed and gave the kid a licking."

"He whipped the little boy for using his own name?"

"Pongo says it isn't his until he earns it."

"What can have happened to him, to make him like that? I think it's tragic." Lucille looked down at her hands. She said, "I remember that last game, when his knee was broken. Everybody was absolutely quiet, all the crowd. All the time while they were taking him off the field. And then everyone called out, 'Pongo!' almost all at once. Do you remember?"

"That's why I mean I felt good in comparison when I saw him today, because he was such a big guy then. It isn't often something comes along that makes you feel contented with yourself."

"A revelation," Lucille said. Her tone was ironic, but Harry was counting his change on the bar and did not notice.

He said, "That's right, a sort of revelation. It's a real hoot. Let's go in to dinner, they're holding our table."

"I'll just powder my nose," Lucille said. She jumped down from the stool and hurried away before Harry could see that she was crying. ###



Bargain at moon dance

Mr. Baumer, an educated man, weighed 135 pounds; he had no chance against Freighter Slade. So he made his peace with him and waited

by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.



MR. BAUMER and I had closed the Moon Dance Mercantile Company and were walking to the post office, and he had a bunch of bills in his hand ready to mail. There wasn't anyone or anything much on the street because it was suppertime. A buckboard and a saddle horse were tied at Hirsches' rack, and a rancher in a wagon rattled for home ahead of us, the sound of his going fading out as he prodded his team. Freighter Slade stood alone in front of the Moon Dance Saloon, looking up the street, maybe wondering whether to have one more before going to supper. People said he could hold a lot without showing it except in being even ornerier than usual.

Mr. Baumer didn't see him until he was almost on him, and then he stopped and fingered through the bills until he found the right one. He stepped up to Slade and held it out.

Slade said, "What's this, Dutchie?"

Mr. Baumer had to tilt his head up to talk to him. "You know vat it is."

Slade just said, "Yeah?" You never could tell from his face what went on inside his skull. He had dark skin and shallow cheeks and a thick-growing mustache that fell over the corners of his mouth.

"It is a bill," Mr. Baumer said. "I tell you before it is a bill. For twenty-vun dollars and fifty cents."

"You knew what I do with bills, don't you, Dutchie?" Slade asked.

Mr. Baumer didn't answer the question. He said, "For merchandise."

Slade took the envelope from Mr. Baumer's hand and squeezed it up in his fist and let it drop on the plank sidewalk. Not saying anything, he reached down and took Mr. Baumer's nose between the knuckles of his fingers and twisted it up into his eye. That was all. That was all at the time. Slade half-turned and slouched to the door of the bar and let himself in. Some men were laughing in there.

Mr. Baumer stooped and picked up the bill and put it on top of the rest and smoothed it out for mailing. When he straightened up I could see tears in his eyes from having his nose screwed around.

He didn't say anything to me, and I didn't say anything to him, being so much younger and feeling embarrassed for him. He went into the post office and slipped the bills in the slot and we walked on home together. At the last at the crossing where I had to leave him he remembered to say, "Better study, Al. Is good to know to read and write and figure." I guess he felt he had to push me a little, my father being dead.

I said, "Sure. See you after school tomorrow," which he knew I would anyway. I had been working in the store for him during the summer and after classes ever since pneumonia took my dad off.

Three of us worked there regularly, Mr. Baumer, of course, and me and Cally Coleman, who knew enough to drive the delivery wagon but wasn't much help around the store except for carrying orders out to the rigs at the hitch post and handling heavy things like the whisky barrel at the back of the store which Mr. Baumer sold quarts and gallons out of.

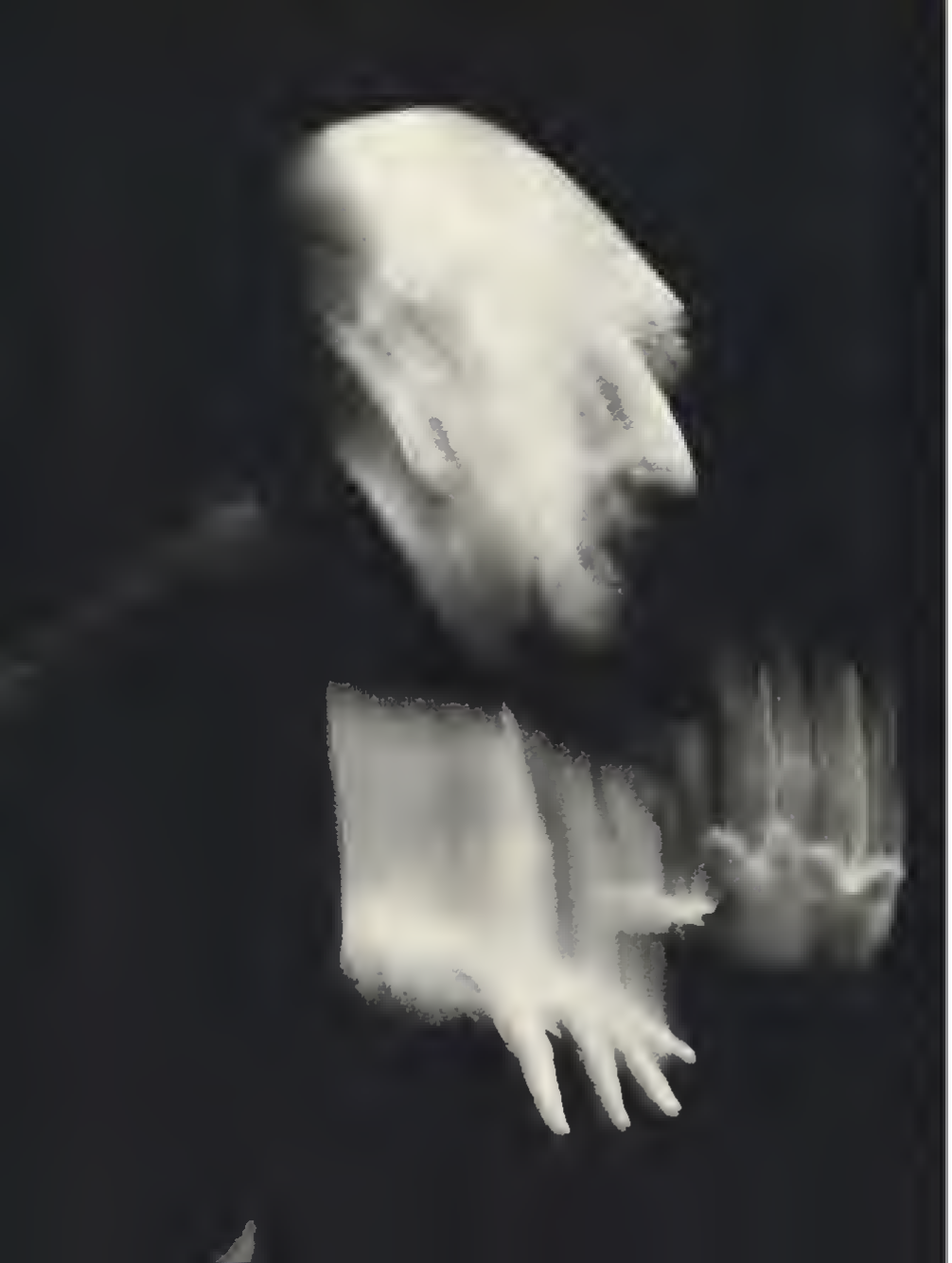
The store carried quite a bit of stuff—sugar and flour and dried fruits and canned goods and such on one side and yard goods and coats and caps and aprons and the like of that on the other, besides kerosene and bran and buckets and linoleum and pitchforks in the storehouse at the rear—but it wasn't a big store like Hirsch Brothers up the street. Never would be people guessed, going on to say, with a sort of slow respect, that it would have gone under long ago if Mr. Baumer hadn't been half mule and half beaver. He had started the store just two years before and, the way things were, worked himself close to death.

He was at the high desk at the end of the grocery counter when I came in the next afternoon. He had on eyeshade and black sateen protectors on his forearms, and his pencil was in his hand instead of behind his ear and his glasses were roosted on the nose that Slade had twisted. He didn't hear me open and close the door or hear my feet as I walked back to him, and I saw he wasn't doing anything with the pencil but holding it over paper. I stood and studied him for a minute—seeing a small, stooped man with a little paunch bulging through his unbuttoned vest. He was a man you wouldn't remember from meeting once. There was nothing in his looks to set itself in your mind unless maybe it was his chin, which was a small pink hill in the gentle plain of his face.

While I watched him he lifted his hand and felt carefully of his nose. Then he saw me. His eyes had that kind of mistiness that seems to go with age or illness, though he wasn't really old, or sick, either. He brought his hand down quickly and picked up the pencil, but he saw I still was looking at the

(*Continued on page 127*)

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV HENRIKSEN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HALLEY RESNICK



He leads and everybody follows



he shushes them with a hand,



he cautions them with a stern look,

Conductor Dmitri Mitropoulos: high voltage for a sagging podium

Small Wonder

Reviving a dying orchestra is like revivifying a dying man: it takes some doing. And in 1949 the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra was just about dead. It had lost its intellectual following under Arturo Toscanini, who never played any modern music worth hearing. Then it had lost its purely musical listeners by gradually disintegrating under a succession of weak conductors, guest conductors, sick conductors and conductors with Philharmonic-brand knives in their backs. By 1949 its audience was reduced to maiden aunts and tourists: it had one foot in the grave.

The legendary, estimable Dr. Miracle was clearly needed, and the Philharmonic found him in Dimitri Mitropoulos, a small, wiry, egg-bald Greek with a nose like Jimmy Durante. An intensely peculiar man who gets up at five in the morning, climbs mountains for relaxation, conducts without a baton and draws immense pleasure from his Greek Orthodox priestly ancestors, Mitropoulos took the impossible job with a growl of satisfaction and worked at it. In three years under his direction the Philharmonic has become the nation's most interesting orchestra, it even makes people mad, which is the first sign of really fine musicianship. And last year, in a recording of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, it gave a display of orchestral brilliance and precision to send a deaf man dancing.

Mitropoulos worked these wonders in many subtle ways. He had the boys hop it by giving them unfamiliar music; he got the band talked about, which gave them new pride; and he restored by various means the steely, rather vicious discipline necessary to make a hundred men reflect the conceptions of a single intelligence. These actions don't explain the enormity of the change, like most miracles, it's even more bewildering when all the facts are known. But one element is on this page so any fool can plainly see: he did it by being vigorous.



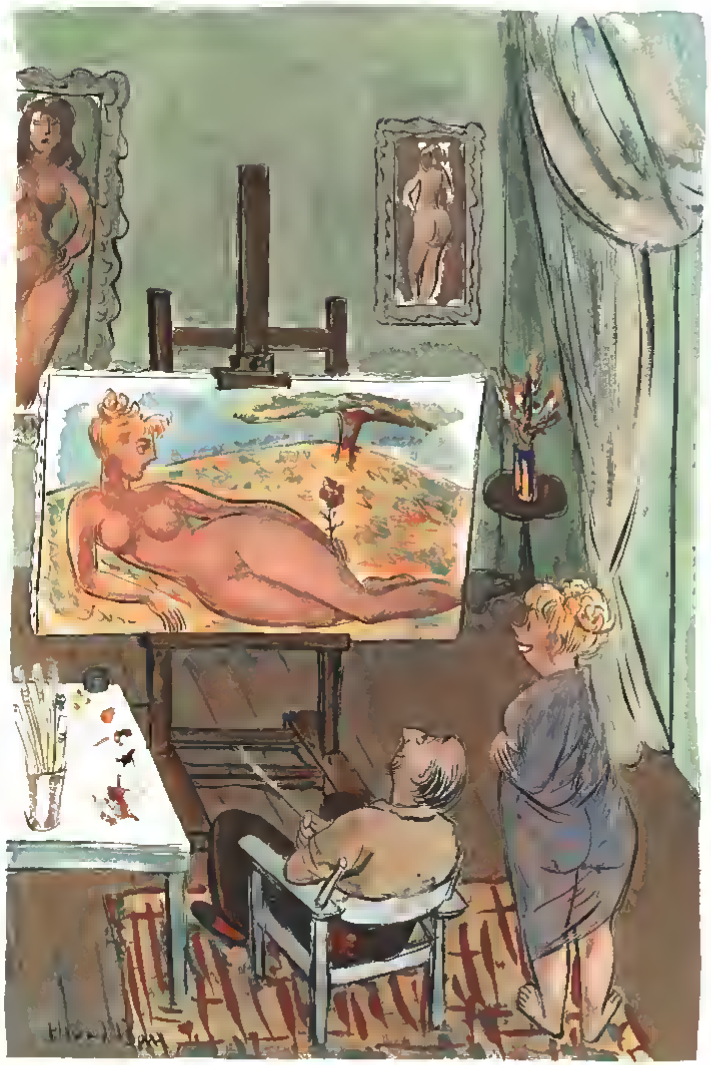
he freezes them with a ferocious glare;



he listens, carefully,



then signals an entry for the brasses



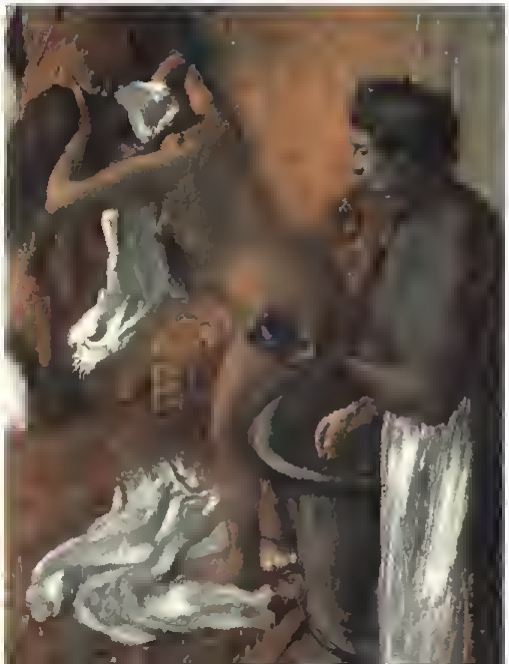
"I don't know anything about art, but I like that"

THE NUDE IN PHOTOGRAPHY & ART



Esquire presents a seven-page portfolio of pictures by John Rawlings—plus a discussion of art, censorship and photography by William Zorach, teacher and internationally honored sculptor, whose statues are owned by eleven leading American museums





THE NUDE IN PHOTOGRAPHY & ART

by William Zorach

In his earliest beginnings man opened his eyes to the world about him and became aware of the miracle of creation. In his awe he used the human body as an art form to express his worship of nature and to satisfy his love of decoration.

Nothing is so dated as yesterday's clothes and the day-before-yesterday's clothes are merely quaint or abstractly decorative. But the human body is timeless. It has been used in art since the beginning of time but it is always new, always inspiring.

To me as an artist the female figure in the nude is the most sublime creation of nature.

Man has had trouble with the nude ever the day Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden. In the early years of this century Anthony Comstock had the clerk of the Art Students' League of New York arrested for distributing League catalogues with classic drawings of the nude. A few years ago some character accused Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt of sponsoring immorality because her name appeared on the list of honorary sponsors of the Sculptors' Guild Outdoor Show. My aluminum figure "The Spirit of the Dance" which now stands in the lounge of Radio City Music Hall—and has been viewed with no ill effect by millions of people in the past fifteen years—was denounced by Roxy as too nude and was still hidden in the cellar when the Music Hall opened. My monument "Pioneer Family"—which won the $25,000 award at the Texas Centennial competition—was vetoed by the Texas Centennial Board of Control who said that Texas pioneers in such lack of costume would have been hanged on the first tree, and that it was an insult to the State of Texas to show a pioneer woman without a wedding ring on her plaster finger.

But the nude is still with us and will stay with us as long as we are here.

Nobody has ever found a complete answer to the question "What is Art?" but I like to say that art is feeling—feeling felt so deeply that the artist can convey it to others. At various times in history art has been created to express religious emotion or to register the impact of life and nature on the artist. It has been used to make monumental records of human achievement. And it has been made for sheer love of the beauty of form and color in itself.

By themselves simple shapes and simple colors —triangles, squares, cones, spheres, yellow, red, blue, green—are just shapes and colors without aesthetic content. Arranged juxtaposed, intermingled, graded in subtle ways they become beautiful. But I feel that there must be a human meaning to these arrangements before they can become great works of art. The works of the masters are built of many (*Continued overleaf*)

BREAKFAST AFTER THE BATH, by DEGAS

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF MR. & MRS. LEIGH B. BLOCK, CHICAGO



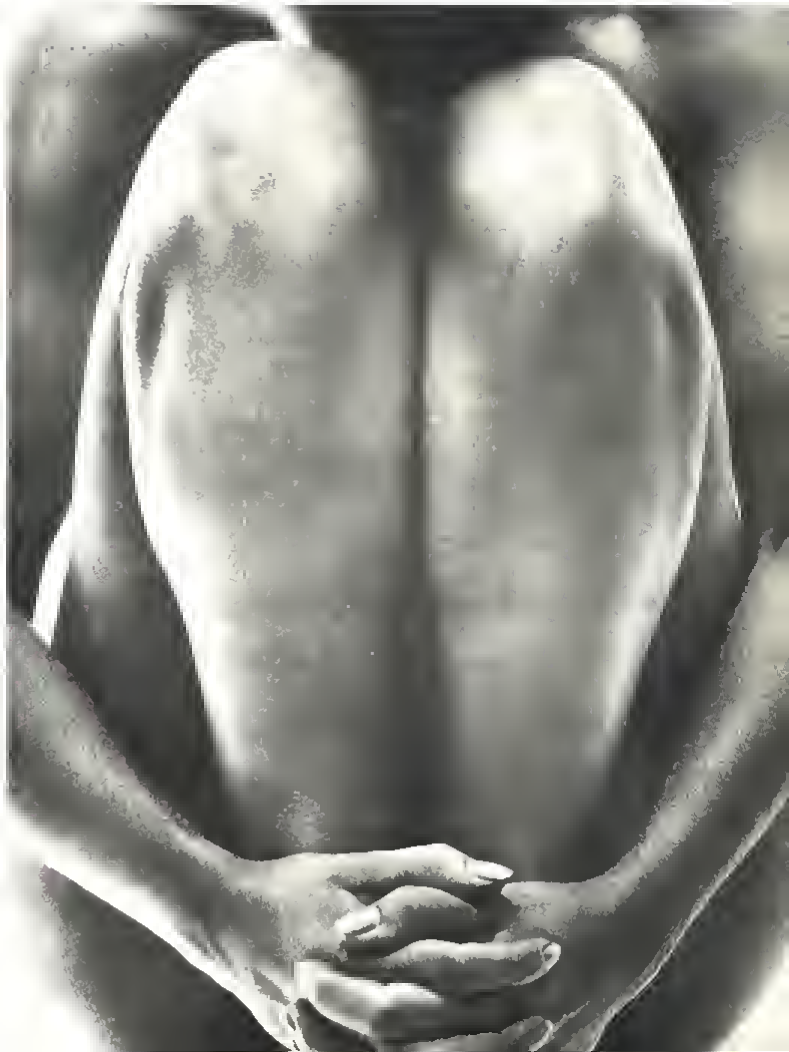




THE NUDE IN PHOTOGRAPHY & ART



NUDE RECLINING, by RENOIR
PRIVATE COLLECTION OF DR. & MRS. HARRY BAKWIN, NEW YORK



facets molded into one and many problems solved.

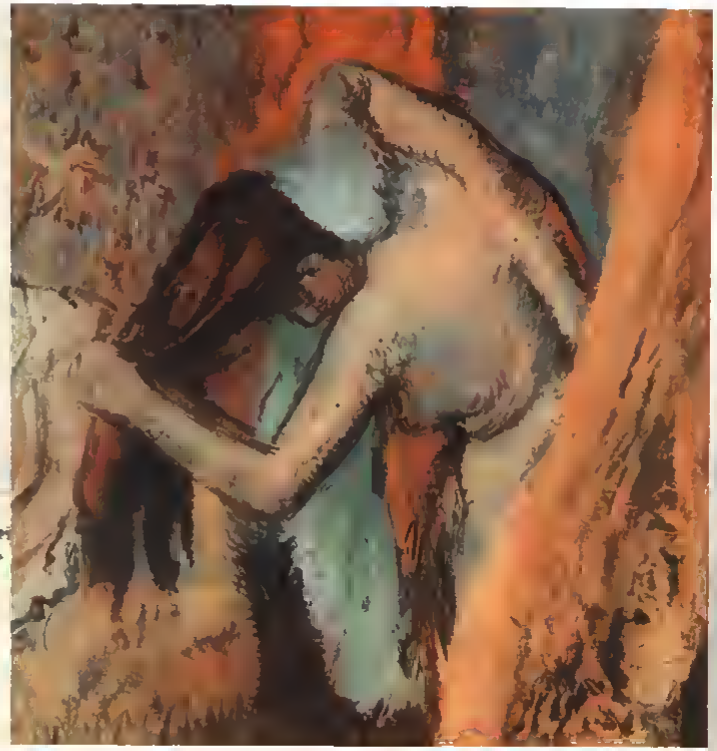
Art is not merely a copying of nature, the artist sees in nature an element of power a magic which comes to us in moments of receptivity. The artist is the antenna catching these vibrations of emotional vision. He sees with an inner eye and he works on his picture or his sculpture until he gives back his vision in concrete and permanent form.

Ancient Chinese artists were trained not only to look but to see; to know and to understand the form and to register their impressions through knowledge as well as memory. Like the Chinese artist, Degas worked from memory, showing the fleeting impressions of dancers in various moods and postures. But unlike the Chinese artists he believed that he needed models and he was so conscientious that he often modeled his figures in clay and used the clay sketches as models for his paintings—just as Cézanne sometimes used artificial flowers for his still lifes, because the real flowers wilted before he could finish his work.

The artist interprets and translates his subject until the work exists apart from any reference to the model, so that today the painted or sculptured nude is offensive only to hypersensitive or artistically illiterate people. With the photographer there are still the old objections. Everyone knows there was a model— *(Continued overleaf)*

THE NUDE IN PHOTOGRAPHY & ART





WOMAN AT HER TOILET, by DEGAS

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

no photographer yet has claimed to work from memory or to create his picture out of his imagination. Nevertheless if the photographer is an artist his picture is a work of art interpreted and translated from the subject as much as the painter's portrait or the sculptor's statue.

These photographs by John Rawlings are the work of an artist interpreting and using the beauty of the human form through the lens of the camera. The camera does not see with the eyes of the painter but it has its own viewpoint which the photographer must use to express his art. Like the artist he selects and discards waits for the moment when the light and form and expression create a work of art and seizes that moment. Depth and beauty and arrested motion as in Degas, voluptuousness and warmth as in Renoir, form abstracted into planes as in Cézanne, purity of line and simplicity and clarity—all are within the field of the camera when used with an artist's vision and sensitivity. I have heard painters say that photography is just a question of pushing a button. It seems to me that the photographer who makes an art of his work has solved a problem even greater than the painter's. He has to achieve artistic quality through mechanical means. He has to humanize the machine. As an artist I have a great admiration for good photography—when it is pure photography—when the photographer uses his camera as a tool in the same sense that the painter uses his tools.

Photography will never produce a Goya a Cézanne or a Renoir. The magnitude and depth of their art, the oneness of the man with his medium are beyond any camera. But it has produced such men and women as Rawlings, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Barbara Morgan and Margaret Bourke-White—artists who can see the pattern of the universe in the leaves of an iris after rain and in the grain of ancient timbers, who reveal in the turning of the human figure the painter's abstract beauty, the artist's potential of meaning. The truly perceptive human being is deeply moved by the beauty and creative vision of their work. ■

From 100 Studies of the Figure, *by John Rawlings, Studio-Crowell, New York, Publishers, Copyright 1951 by The Studio Publications, Inc. in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.*

LIMELIGHT FOR JOE



He was in forever anyway, and they wouldn't fry him; they couldn't

by Jane Whitehead

Joe Petzke saw the photographer approaching and lifted his manacled hands to smooth his hair. He smiled nastily at the camera, then moved closer to the troopers as the photographer muttered, "You dirty bastard," under his breath and turned away. Below them in the water men were dragging the river for the little girl's body.

"Farther downstream!" Joe called to the men in the rowboat, and they moved slowly with their hooks. He grinned at a trooper. "Might've drifted a little. That hunk of rock wasn't so heavy."

The trooper stared into the water and said nothing. Joe turned to another trooper, fumbled in his pocket and brought out a crumpled cigarette. "They'd never've found her. I fixed the whole thing pretty good. Ya got a light?"

"No."

Joe grinned again. "You can't do nothin' to me," he said. "What's another life sentence when I already got one?"

There was a shout from the rowboat and Joe looked down. "Yeah, they got her," he said. "I told you I remembered just where—"

"Get going—back to the car," said the trooper, shoving his gun into Joe's back.

Joe winced and walked between the troopers toward the end of the bridge. He saw the crowd that had gathered to watch. They were farmers, mostly, big rawboned men in overalls. Many of them had come to the river right out of the fields—just the way they'd come out of the fields one afternoon almost a year ago to search grimly and desperately and despairingly for the little girl who hadn't come home from school. There was loathing in their eyes and as Joe neared the car he heard a muttered curse. He quickened his step; the troopers opened the back door and pushed him in to safety.

The men crowded around the car as it turned onto the highway, and for a minute Joe thought they wouldn't let him go. He cringed down between the burly troopers and his heart thumped heavily; then the driver turned on his siren, and before the rising growl the crowd parted. The car rolled through and down the road toward the state's prison.

Joe's courage returned as the powerful engine steadied to a hum. The crumpled cigarette was still in his hand. He put it into his mouth and begged a light from the trooper beside the driver. The man tossed him a book of matches, and Joe lit the cigarette. He leaned forward to return the matches, but the trooper shook his head. Joe dropped the matches into his jacket pocket, settled back in the seat and took a deep drag on the cigarette.

Not bad, he thought. Big car with a driver. Big news story. Sensation—that's what it was—and Joe Petzke the center of it. Little boy Joe right in the limelight again, where he liked to be. He liked to have people look at he walked by, and nudge each other and say, "That's Joe Petzke."

Joe Petzke the kid who got expelled from school because he snatched a girl's jump rope and tied her to an iron post on the playground and cut off her pigtails with his big, ugly knife. Joe Petzke the guy who got drunk and jealous and carved his initials in his girl friend's neck. And then begged the judge to keep him in jail long enough for her two brothers to cool off.

But Joe was out of circulation now. No limelight for Joe after that big gate clicked behind him. Some boys hiking in the woods with their dog, had stumbled on a woman's body in a shallow grave. The police had found a bloody hammer and a cap near the body. They'd found bloodstains in Joe's car and on the little bundle of clothes he hadn't had time to burn. Then, quickly, the trial was over and Joe was sentenced to life imprisonment.

"Away from society," the judge had said, "where you can't hurt anyone else."

That had been six months ago. Joe hated the other prisoners who either ignored him or showed him contempt. They couldn't realize what a big shot he'd been on the outside. One night when he'd been boasting about a fight he'd won a tough little Irishman had jumped up and called him a liar. "You're a woman-killer," he'd sneered. "I could whip you with one hand." And they'd all laughed when Joe turned around and walked away.

Their laughter and jeers had done it, finally he'd boasted about his perfect crime, confessed it to the warden and offered to show where he'd hidden the little girl's body.

Joe leaned forward to toss his cigarette butt out the car window. He'd showed them, by God! They never would have pinned it on him if he hadn't confessed. They never would have solved it. And he had nothing to lose. There was no capital punishment in this state—there wasn't a thing they could do to him.

A siren shrieked behind them, the driver pulled the big car to the side and slowed down while two motorcycle police and a big black limousine flashed past. One of the troopers swore softly under his breath.

"That's the governor's car," the driver said, picking up speed. "Maybe he's going the same place we are."

"How about that?" Joe grinned. "Maybe he's going up to see me."

No one answered him.

"Ed, what do you make of those cars behind us?" the driver asked, glancing up into his rear-view mirror. The trooper in the front seat turned to look back. "They been following us all the way from the bridge, five or six of 'em."

"Just don't let 'em pass," the trooper replied. "They don't look friendly, but I don't think they'll give us any trouble."

Joe felt a heavy thud of fear as he remembered the crowd—eyes that burned at him and hands that reached for him. He was sweating by the time they pulled up in front of the prison's main gate. But they didn't drive through. The big black limousine was parked before the gate, and another silent crowd was standing around. A motorcycle policeman walked over and spoke to the trooper on Joe's right.

"Bring him over to the gate. Hold your guns ready and watch this mob."

Joe stumbled out of the car and stood as close to the troopers as he could. As they walked him toward the gate he saw other cars slowing and pulling in to stop, and men pouring out of them. They joined the sullen, silent crowd of watchers.

In front of the gate, by the limousine, stood the warden and another man. Joe guessed he was the governor, and raised his shoulders a little and caught a swagger into his step.

Met at the gate by the governor himself. Not bad.

The governor looked at him coldly. "I wanted to see you," he said. "You're an unusual type of criminal, Petzke."

Joe smiled broadly.

"I should like to hang you personally," the governor said, "but I haven't the power to do so." He turned to the warden and nodded. The warden motioned to a guard beside him.

"Unlock the handcuffs."

Joe's jaw dropped in surprise. They didn't usually let desperate criminals get their hands free outside the wall. He glanced uneasily at the crowd as the cuffs slipped off. He rubbed his wrists and wished he was inside, anywhere but out here.

The governor spoke again. "I've given your case a lot of consideration, Petzke. I've reviewed your criminal record from your first appearance in juvenile court. And I've discovered that there's one thing I have the power to do. I've made a special trip here today, to sign your pardon. Joe Petzke, you're a free man."

The governor turned on his heel and stepped into his car. The warden followed, and the escorting officers mounted their motorcycles. The two limousines drove through the big gate. The troopers, with their guns, followed on foot.

Joe stood paralyzed, he watched the gate swing shut, and in the emptiness after the roaring engines he heard a rising murmur behind him.

Joe screamed. He threw himself against the gate and beat it with his fists. He beat it for a long time. Then he stopped. He was sobbing as he turned slowly to face the mob. ✠



"Everything all right, soldier?"



Marguerite of TV



The producer-director of Your Show of Shows tells the story of his most surprising star

by Max Liebman

WHEN Marguerite Piazza and I met, a couple of years ago, we were all even. She'd tried a couple of television shows and hadn't liked them. I'd tried a couple of opera singers for television and hadn't been exactly thunderstruck myself. So we were both of us a little touchdaloot when she came in to audition for a spot on my new program, *Your Show of Shows*.

At the time I didn't know about her attitude—she told me later. I'd never heard anybody sing the way she sang that first song at that first audition. And she wasn't even trying. What she can do when she *does* try you can see for yourself almost any Saturday night.

I'd been more or less forced into opera. Before *Your Show of Shows* I'd produced and directed *The Admiral Broadway Revue*, an hour-long program, and I'd worked out a nice format, neatly proportioned as to music, comedy and simple song-and-dance production. *Your Show of Shows* takes an hour and a half, and I just couldn't stretch the pattern to cover the extra time. I had to have opera.

I ran into a little objection here and there—people said opera wasn't popular, and they brushed off the surprising audience ratings garnered by the Met, Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic. So I argued that an art which had flourished for three centuries deserved representation in our newest entertainment medium. The speech had a nice ring, and it spared me from admitting that necessity was twisting my arm.

The decision to put opera on the show spawned a whole family of new problems. We needed a personality to carry the operatic burden—a handsome personality, too. Whoever it was had to mix with the rest of our company. And we had to find some way to blend the opera scenes into our batter of comedy and light musical entertainment.

Miss Piazza solved the first two problems immediately, and we solved the third ourselves by programming a group of familiar arias, poulticed four-times-round with landmarks. The operatic novelty emerged from a popular production number and hastened into the comedy of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. We gave our audience as little reason as possible to get worried.

Meanwhile, we had a little trouble with Marguerite. Her big number on our first show was a production called "Main Street, U.S.A.," and her job was to sing a song, then speak some lines while typical Main Streeters (vintage 1900) paraded before the camera to illustrate what she was saying. We rehearsed the number, and her singing was fine, but her narration was flat and pale. I pleaded with her to get some life in it, but she just couldn't do it.

Finally she told me, "Without my face before the camera," she said, "I simply cannot put life in my voice. If I am to act I must be on camera."

"Oh, that's all right," I said, wiping the last drops of perspiration from my face. "We can manage that. We'll have you fixed onto one corner of the screen, while the people walk by."

So we trained one of our cameras on her and the narration was perfect. When she reads these words she'll know for the first time that her camera was dead.

For our first operatic excerpts we borrowed the Met's Robert Merrill, a fine baritone with a lot of experience in the lively arts. He and Marguerite sang a program of solos and duets from Verdi's *La Traviata*, and we were on our way.

We stayed with the pattern of popular arias and duets, and as we got experience we improved our staging. It was always exciting to adapt opera's gamut of moods to such new masters as brevity and close-up affect. We testfished in the lyrical, the dramatic, the romantic, always looking for an atmosphere that would give the songs a new cinematic dimension. And we found that any audience will listen to good music well sung and well produced.

We've had many operatic guest stars—Graziela Rivera, Patrice Munsel, Jan Peerce, Robert Rounsville, Felix Knight, Gino Bechi and others—all from the Met or the great opera houses of Europe. As a matter of fact, we've had to watch the quality of the singers we sign, because Marguerite won't sing with just anybody.

Her quickness in partners saved us once when we thought we'd lost her. She received a movie bid from one of the big film companies, and asked me whether she could take it. I told her that if the script was really (*Continued on page 110*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUY GILLETTE



"Robert, if I tell you something, will you promise not to giggle hysterically?"

the soft touch

for weekdays for week ends



Photography by Richard Litwin

SOONER or later, you were sure to see the easy-going approach we Americans have toward practically everything shown up in clothes. It seems to be a basic trait with us, this penchant for the soft touch, and first to take advantage of it are small children and willful women. But we enjoy it—even insist on expressing this character quirk in autumn's newest things to wear. And the eminence of soft fabrics, the feel for flannels and trend toward tweeds, is entirely in sympathy with our desire for well-balanced wardrobes of casual and comfortable clothes.

But mistake not this predilection for the soft touch with a lessening of character. Far from it. Flannels and tweeds and soft-finish worsteds offer warmth without weight, have a strength and fiber bond that make harder finish fabrics envious. For instance, slip into a raglan topcoat like the one shown here. It drapes around your shoulders easily, has a flattering flair and ease that's readily distinguishable. Soft-feeling as it is, there's a body and firmness in the knit fabric that belie its looks, and when the first chill blast of winter comes scurrying around the corner, you'll be glad you're cocooned inside it.



Not since the spread collar added considerable interest to the shirt on your back has ingenuity in this classification of clothes been more apparent. Esquire predicts a hectic and happy life for shirts with striped collars on solid-color bodies and striped cuffs on solid-color sleeves. For not only does this departure in shirt design make sense, it adds color and line to what is all too often an indifferent item in wardrobes. And since jewelry is to the shirt what the olive is to the Martini, Esquire predicts tooled designs in pin-through tie holders of handsome shapes and forms, all dominant and manly.

esquire predicts | *the soft touch*





A "Former Naval Person" called it his siren suit, tankers who rattled around inside Shermans called them coveralls, and Esquire calls it terrific. What's more, we predict a bright future for the "Idler," because this one-piece tropical worsted lounging affair is as comfortable as it looks and as easy to get into as sliding a zipper. Entertain in it, watch television in it, or simply hang around doing nothing in it. Wear the Idler open at the neck or dress it up with an Ascot under the collar. Belted, and in Midnight Blue, with a monogrammed pocket (if you like), it fills the gap in your indoor wardrobe that called for something less formal than a suit, more formal than sleep clothes.

"IDLER" FROM CHIPP INC., NEW YORK CITY

Meet the man who probably has had more to do with making life easier, more comfortable and less complicated than any other human. Raymond Loewy, industrial designer, reduces things to their essentials, believes in simple motifs, eliminates the unimportant so facilely you wonder why you hadn't thought of it yourself. There's a fluidity of line, a neatness, a chaste design to his work, and evidences of it are around you everywhere. And on him, too, for he designed his shirt collar to be low at the sides and overlapping onto the lapels of his pencil-striped worsted suit.

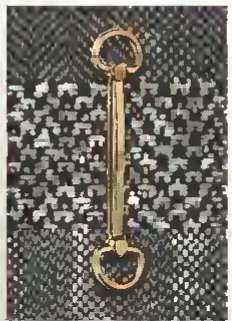


high notes on the soft side



There have been many changes made in the approach to a week of work, and you see some of them here. Staid, solemn dignity gives way to the softer touch of flannels and soft-finish worsteds. With these gentler fabrics comes a trend to somewhat smaller collars and shorter points, a swing to hand-woven ties, crisscrossed with confetti. Hats, too, have come under this more casual outlook, and you'll find crowns are smaller in shape and worn with the brim in cavalier fashion. And their colors complement the soft suitings. Something else you'll approve is the new personality in footwear—simple, clean-looking lines, with a minimum of decorative fiddle-faddle but with a maximum of interest in the leather itself. For instance, here it's lizard, and it influences wallet design, too.

rare notes for the week ends



There's considerable overflow from weekdays onto week ends as far as fabrics are concerned. Flannel and tweed are seen in town, are seen in the country, too. Your tweed jackets can be made of mixtures, blended colors, or shot effects. And if you don't include flannels in your slacks repertoire, you're missing something in life. Try on that miniature plaid sports shirt. It has the new shorter point collar with more moderate spread, and is in its element when worn with an Ascot. You'll also want a small shape sport hat if you don't want to look wind blown. This one has a rough country look to it, narrow brimmed, with a wool (yes, wool) band running around the crown. And get into some sturdy blucher shoes with straight side seams and wing tips.

(For answers to your item queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Shop, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

THE RED-NECKED PEASANT FROM DUBUQUE

by David Karp



THE 20th Century Limited stood in Grand Central Station, and the face that graced a million screens from Byelo, Russia to Secaucus, New Jersey, glared out of the compartment window. The window caught a small golden image of the face and reflected it back into the Viking blue eyes and the cornflower yellow hair of Lisa Leicester. She was at least fifteen pounds thinner off the screen, and she was a few inches taller, and a number of years older, but ordinarily you wouldn't have noticed that. You couldn't miss it now, when she was leaving Grand Central with a young man who looked a bit nervous.

The three of them—Lisa, the young man and Lisa's maid—piled into one cab, the door closed and the young man gave the driver the address, and then Lisa began to let the young man have it.

"Look, Mr. Goldman—"

"Goldberg. Dave Goldberg. Miss Leicester," the young man said, correcting her for the third time in ten minutes.

"As I was saying," Lisa continued icily, "when a contract star comes to New York she doesn't expect to be met by some young cab—"

"Mr. Haines was awfully sorry that he couldn't meet you, Miss Leicester. As a matter of fact—"

"As I was saying—" Lisa turned her cold and classic profile firmly away from Mr. Goldberg—"she expects that the director of the New York publicity office would at least be on hand to meet her at Grand Central. Furthermore that he would arrange for the press to be present at the station with photographers—"

"We've arranged for an interview with an afternoon paper, Miss Leicester—"

"This is the third time that you've interrupted me, Mr. Goldberg. Now either I'm going to speak or you'll get the hell out of this cab." This time Lisa turned on Dave Goldberg the full force of her famous fuss and he began to wonder whether his parents had been right when they had suggested that he (*Continued on page 138*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HENRY HABERMAN

Put a new roof over your head

A roof's no roof unless it's tight—be sure, be safe

Advice, we agree, is cheap. But here's one bit of help from roofing experts that may save you money. "Don't," they insist, "wait until your roof leaks before replacing it." Delay until that gentle wet stuff comes plip-plopping through the ceiling, and you'll pay not only the roofer, but possibly the painter, plasterer, upholsterer and the electrician (it may short the house wiring).

You can tell when the old roof is about to vote repeal. If it's of wood, shingles may be curled, split, missing, rotted. When it rains, look for damp stains on the roof underside. Asphalt-shingle roofs lose granules; butt corners may break off; roof colors may appear dull and lifeless. Again, there may be damp stains on the underside.

Even the most durable materials—copper, slate, tile, asbestos-cement—may need attention from time to time. Copper seams may open up. Slate, tile and other rigid shingles may split or break from excessively high winds. And if they've been incorrectly installed, you may have trouble from rusting or broken nails.

In fact, any roofing can be improperly applied. Which brings us to our next point. Stay away from the sharpies. Beware of the cost-cutters. Remember, you're buying more than a new roof—you're buying a safe, dry home. Deal with a contractor whose references are AAA, who has done jobs in your neighborhood satisfactorily, who's in business to stay. Some fly-by-night operators go through a town like a rash and then skip to new, green fields before their sloppy jobs blow loose.

On these pages we give you a bird's-eye survey of the wide choice of roofing materials now available. You'll see several bright new roofings here that are so new that they are not yet widely distributed, such as translucent corrugated plastic panels, white cement shingles and built-up roofs surfaced with white marble chips. In fact, there's a trend towards white and very light pastel shades in roofing today—inspired, no doubt, by the handsome white roofs and tinted walls of Bermuda and Florida.



1 ALUMINUM

Silvery reflective roof of standing seam aluminum thwarts the weather and the sun beat (it insulates). Very light in weight; leave it natural or paint it.

2 ROLL ROOFING

Asphalt-saturated felt surfaced with colorful mineral granules and applied in horizontal strips. Low in cost. Added advantage: easy for the hi-yo to apply.

3 WOOD SHINGLES

America's oldest roofing. Now made chiefly from red cedar. Light in weight. It will last for years if protected regularly with creosote stains or paint.

4 PLASTIC PANELS

Sheets of corrugated translucent plastic make handsome porch roofs that keep out the weather, but not the daylight. The panels come in a variety of colors.

5 MISSION TILES

Barrel-shaped tiles with the romantic aura of Old Spain. Best used on stone and stucco houses. Their heavy weight calls for sturdy roof structure.

6 MARBLE CHIPS

White marble chips, or other light-colored granules, are embedded in a continuous asphalt built-up roof to produce a striking glistening white surface.

7 WHITE CONCRETE SHINGLES

Made chiefly in Florida, these good-looking, thick-butted, snow-white shingles are being eagerly bought for use on house roofs in many other states.

8 CLAY SHINGLE TILES

Clay shingles that are textured to resemble antique shakes, slate and tiles. They're made in many colors, as well as in white, for use on Florida-type roofs.

9 HAND-SPLIT SHAKES

Husky cedar shingles with varied butts, ranging in thickness from $\frac{1}{2}$" to $1\frac{1}{4}$". The handsome shaggy surface is good for years. Natural or in colors.

10 SLATE

As strong as stone—which it is. Available in many colors; in black, reds, greens, purple and green. And in many butt thicknesses, from $\frac{3}{16}$ to our inch.

11 COPPER

When available, this lightweight, durable roofing goes handsomely with practically any architecture. In most atmospheres, it acquires a green patina.

12 TERNE-COATED SHEETS

Sheet metal dipped in an alloy of lead and tin, seamed and soldered on the job to form a watertight shield over the entire roof. And it's fireproof.

13 BUILT-UP ROOF

Most of the flat roofs that are out to be walked on are covered with built-up roofing, consisting of several layers of asphalt felt with a top spread of slag.

14 ASPHALT SHINGLES

The most popular roofing material of all. Light in weight and low in cost, colorful, asphalt shingles also protect the roof against air-borne sparks.

15 ASBESTOS-CEMENT SHINGLES

Asbestos fibers, cement and mineral colors are combined to make a tough, rigid, fireproof shingle which is suitable for any style of pitched roof.

JULIE R. VON STERNBERG, R.A., ARCHITECT
RENDERINGS BY LEONARD SHORTALL



Surely the supernatural
is sheer bunk
But if that's true,
explain the case of the scientific Mr. Blaine

Minutes out of TIME

by Harold Sinclair

Now that he was actually here in Masterman's office Blaine was acutely embarrassed—with the special embarrassment of the man who finds himself in a stupid position and knows too well that it is entirely his own fault.

This Masterman would probably put in an appearance any moment now and Blaine couldn't think of a single rational reason for being here. Probably it would be best just to blurt out as much of the simple truth as was necessary and then retreat as gracefully as possible. He hadn't given his name and the street door was less than twenty feet away, but it didn't occur to him that he could just get up and walk out now, without waiting for Masterman.

He thought he had never seen surroundings of such severity. On the brick wall outside the street door a small, highly polished brass plate read: ELI MASTERMAN. Nothing else. An expressionless Negro in a white mess jacket had answered the ring, and seemed not in the least surprised when Blaine said he would like to see Masterman but had no appointment. The Negro merely said, "If you will come this way, please," and led him down the narrow, empty hall to this room.

The office was of ordinary size. There were closed Venetian blinds on a pair of windows, a closed door opposite the one Blaine had entered. There was an expensive plastic-topped desk with a padded-leather chair behind it and Blaine sat nervously in a chair in front of the desk in another leather chair. On the wall behind the desk was a large but silent clock, its red second hand moving in sudden jerks otherwise the walls were bare. So was the desk top. There was not even an ash tray or wastebasket.

The Negro said, "Masterman will see you presently," and Blaine noted he didn't say Mister or Doctor, just Masterman. He tried not to watch the clock, and the five-minute wait seemed unbearably long.

The man who entered was short and thick-set, and his head was egg-bald. His eyebrows were a heavy black and under them his eyes were a startling electric blue. His skin was a deep brown which could have been either race or sun tan. He might have been either Burmese, or a California sun addict.

"Good evening. I see Masterman. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing." Blaine had a cigarette in his fingers but remembered there was no ash tray. "Nothing, really. That is to say—"

"Nothing?" Masterman's eyebrows moved upward over so little. "Rather odd. You asked for me, you are here waiting. You are selling something perhaps?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I've decided that, no matter how silly it may sound to you, I had better tell you exactly how I happen to be here. I certainly owe you that for my intrusion. Then I'll pay your fee and take no more of your time."

"Well, at least yours is a somewhat novel introduction. Mr—?"

"Blaine—Tracey Blaine. I'm a consulting engineer by profession. Quite by chance I had dinner tonight, at my club, with an acquaintance I hadn't seen for some time—Robert Duylers."

"Ah, yes. I remember him well. A very interesting person."

"In some ways perhaps. Well, he knew I had spent a couple of years in India during the war, and I had told him that more as a time killer than anything else, I had spent a great deal of time studying the so-called occult-hypnotism, fakirism in general, that sort of thing. As I say, I'm a trained engineer and all that stuff was, and is, in my studied opinion, nothing but bunk."

Masterman smiled faintly. "You are at least forthright, Mr. Blaine, though I fail to see quite what it has to do with me."

"Duylers told me then—I am not a close friend of his, you understand—of some of the—well, mental troubles he'd had. He insisted that his alleged cure at your hands, when all orthodox treatments had failed, was something not to be explained in any ordinary way. He was vehement about it, especially when I told him that the so-called supernatural was sheer bunk."

"I'm a little surprised that an engineer should choose such terms. Mr. Blaine. It seems elementary to point out that things we term orthodox today would have been considered witchcraft a century ago."

"I'm not interested in that."

"You seem at great pains to demonstrate that fact to an utter stranger, but just where does your interest enter into a matter which obviously is between Mr. Duylers and myself?"

"He insisted on giving me your name and address in case—*he* said—I ever needed your help. A possibility which is, of course, preposterous. I started home by a route I don't usually follow—I seldom go to the club for dinner—and found myself passing your house. I noticed the name plate. As I said, I was only interested—but never mind that. I don't know what I really did have in mind. I had no right to intrude on you, none at all. I apologize. So if you'll tell me your consulting fee, I'll be glad to pay it and be on my way."

Masterman leaned forward, his strong fingers clasped on the bare desk top. "You interest me intensely, Mr. Blaine, but you haven't told me at all why you came here. Surely you realize that simple truth."

"I apologized for the intrusion," Blaine said stiffly. "I'm quite willing to pay you any reasonable fee. I've frankly admitted my error, or whatever you choose to call it, and I felt I owed you an explanation. What more can I do?"

Masterman seemed to ignore all that. "You are obviously an intelligent man, Mr. Blaine, and I would like to help you—that is what I am here for. But you will have to give a little more data, if I am to be of use."

"I don't need or want any 'help' of any kind, Mr. Masterman, least of all the kind mentioned by Duylers." Blaine said half-angrily. "Call my visit here simply a foolish notion if you like." If he had ever seriously intended asking Masterman about these strange lapses of memory that seemed to be recurring more frequently, the intent was all gone now.

"In science there are, in the ordinary sense, no 'foolish' notions. Would you care to undertake a little experiment with me, Mr. Blaine?"

"Certainly not!" Blaine glanced at the clock; saw that it stood at two minutes of eight. "I've admitted I'm a certain kind of fool and there's no use prolonging this. Your fee—"

"There is no fee. I have done nothing for you, though I would like to, believe me—"

"Good enough, then." Blaine said abruptly. "I apologize again for the intrusion. I can find my way out."

Masterman merely nodded silently and made no move to rise as Blaine got up and went out the door into the bare hall. If Masterman was in any way disturbed at the odd encounter he certainly didn't show it.

The walk from Masterman's office to Blaine's apartment was only a matter of ten minutes, and it was easier to walk than look for a cab.

The desk clerk nodded meaningfully to someone as Blaine entered, and a man sitting near the desk rose and approached. Another man who had been waiting near the lobby's rear entrance, the one which led to basement car storage, came over and joined them.

"Blaine? Tracey Blaine?" the first man said.

"That's right. Something I can do for you?"

"We hope so." The man flipped open a card case and Blaine saw a badge pinned inside. "I'm John Kelly, Hum- (*Continued on page 121*)

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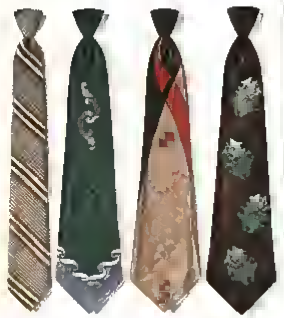


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The Gipper Didn't Die

Continued from page 67

president of the university. Gipp was a Congregational minister's son and his upbringing had been Puritan, but he was too sophisticated for schoolboy pleasures. He spent his off-field time in gaming joints and would bet a hundred dollars on the flip of a coin.

At Hullie and Mikes, a South Bend hangout, the Gipper ran racks in Kelly pool the way he sliced off-tackle. He paid his own way through Notre Dame on his card, billiards and dice winnings. Players low on funds could always count on a loan from Gipp—in fact, he financed several boys through Notre Dame. Traveling professional sharks learned to avoid him like the cops. He could beat them with either the pool cue or the pasteboards.

He gambled on his football genius, too. Between the halves of Gipp's last Army game with Notre Dame trailing 17-14, Rockne delivered one of his most impassioned locker-room speeches. When he was finished he looked around to note the effect. The Irish were fighting mad—all but Gipp, who was lounging against a door, bored.

"I don't suppose you have the slightest interest in this game," Rockne shot out.

"You're wrong there," Gipp said. "I've got five hundred bet on this game. Rock, and I don't intend to blow it."

It was Gipp's greatest game. He ran back a punt thirty yards, threw a forty-yard touchdown pass to Roger Kiley and kicked the extra point, then returned another punt 55 yards with eight sprawling Cadets in his wake. He gained 286 yards running and another 96 passing for a total of 382—more than the entire Army team. Notre Dame's 27-17 triumph "made" the young Rockne as a top-flight coach.

In high school Gipp had been a baseball star, a kid outfielder who got offers from both Chicago big-league clubs. He came to the Catholic university because he had friends there and because Notre Dame had a good baseball team. Rockne, then an unbrilliant chemistry professor and assistant coach to Jesse Harper, saw a rangy boy in street shoes kicking footballs fifty yards on the practice field behind Bronson Hall in the Autumn of 1916. Rockne had to work on him to get him out for the freshman team. "He knew nothing of football," Rockne said later. "I wasn't much interested in learning and let me know that he was doing it only as a favor."

Gipp first showed his Merriwell touch in the freshman game against Western State Normal. The score was tied in the final three minutes, and Gipp was ordered to punt. "What?" he yipped. "Settle for a tie?" Dropping back, he thumped a 62-yard drop kick over the crossbar. Thirty-six years later it still stands as one of the four longest in the collegiate record book.

Rockne then sent Gipp to masquerade as Army's All-American Elmer Oliphant in a practice game against the hard-jawed varsity. Crude as he was, Gipp tore 80 yards through the regulars. From then on he was the Gipper and the happy Rockne had a cross to bear.

Only special handling by Rockne, who became head coach in 1918, brought out the best in the indifferent, withdrawn Gipp. He was often in trouble with the Notre Dame faculty, and Rockne had to work on him to keep him in school. His academic major was law, but it didn't much interest him. In the Spring of 1919 he was fired from college for missing too many classes. He asked for a special oral examination.

Rockne was the first to speak to Gipp when he emerged from the two-hour grilling. "How did it go, George?"

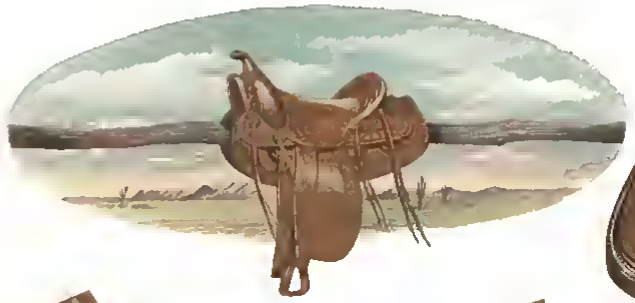
"Passed," Gipp said without

Continued on page 103



"Your mother informs me that you're not getting any younger"

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The Gipper Didn't Die

Continued from page 100

emotion, and walked on.

It developed that he had surprised the professors with what he knew. He had a fine mind—when he wanted to use it—and he got a little help from fellow classmates. Father O'Donnell once told an after-dinner audience that in his class the student sitting on Gipp's right got fifty per cent of the lecture. The student on Gipp's left got fifty per cent—and between the two hero-worshipers George managed to get a hundred per cent. But even the faculty was finally converted to the belief that the team silent ballplayer was as much a part of Notre Dame as the Golden Dome.

By Gipp's last season the Notre Dame Athletic Association—once too poor to replace torn uniforms—had more game bids than it could fill, and the Irish were on their way as football's top box-office attraction. Of Gipp's last 20 games Notre Dame won 19, tied one, scored 506 points to 97 for the opposition.

With Gipp passing and running and kicking, the Irish took a 16-7 win over Nebraska, crushed Army blanked Purdue 28-0 and snatched a last-minute victory from Indiana. The shoulder injury kept Gipp benched for most of the Northwestern game next-to-last on the schedule. But it was "Gipp Day" at South Bend and fans set up a steady roar: "Gipp! Gipp! Gipp!" Rockne reluctantly sent him in for a few plays.

Nobody knew that he had come from a sickbed to the stadium, and nobody could have guessed as he ran the team with his usual efficiency and threw a 45-yard touchdown pass. But when he left the game he looked haggard.

During a team banquet two weeks later, Buck Shaw saw Gipp leaving quietly before the final speeches. Shaw followed him to the Hotel Oliver lobby and asked, "What's wrong, George?"

"My throat," Gipp said as his hand went up to loosen his collar. "Feels sore."

Then it was only tonsillitis but soon it was worse. For three weeks in the hospital Gipp battled streptococcus infection and pneumonia—while transfusions from his teammates prolonged his life. On December 14, 1920 he began to sink. Mrs. Matthew Gipp sat fearlessly at the bedside as stoic as her son. A message came that Walter Camp had picked him as Notre Dame's first All-American. Rockne was bending over the bed when somebody blurted: "It must be tough for him to go."

Gipp heard. "What's tough about it?" he whispered. "I'm not afraid."

Then he made the famous request. "Some time when things are going wrong when the breaks are beating the boys," he told Rockne, "tell them to go in and win one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be but I'll know about it and I'll be happy."

The canny Knute used many tricks to fire a team—but this one only once. In 1928—strong Army had a weak Irish team on the run at the Polo Grounds. As the team got ready to leave the dressing room for the second half, Rockne gave them Gipp's message. The players wept openly. Notre Dame came out in an exalted mood—"a flivver that wrecked the omnibus of Army," as Westbrook Pegler put it. Fifty thousand watched wrulemingly as Jack Chevigny plunged across for the first of two winning touchdowns, crying: "There's one for the Gipper!"

In a way they still win them for the Gipper because Gipp is a bright light in Notre Dame's blazing background of victory. He is still one of us a very real part of our winning tradition," says Frank Leahy, coach of today's South Bend daredevils. "No—the Gipper didn't die." #

Continued from page 67



"His spirit is crushed. He found out that his mother-in-law is belting against him"

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Continued from page 43

glasses, and his nose is shaped by many generations of aristocratic pride. Baruch, at 82, remains elegant in an almost forgotten sense. Slip a white tie and a set of tails on him and he can still steal the visual show from any young buck in the room. He dresses impeccably even when he is wearing his favorite Charehill-type sport coat, and the vitality which leaps and crackles from his personality is amazing in one so close to the 100 mark. In most respects, Baruch does not look, talk or act like an *old* man.

He loves to talk. His brain picks constantly at some new problem, some fresh challenge, and he formulates his solutions best when he kicks the ideas around to an interested listener. While he talks—and he is gifted with almost total recall for names, events, places, dates, personalities—he is apt to range from quail-shooting to the last big ball he attended in Paris to the high price of hamburger. But the Baruch mind keeps its focus on the busy structure of the subject at hand, and eventually lights with the precision of a duck on a June bug, on a succinct answer.

Bernie Baruch's approach to national and international problems is a simple one. It is the one he used to make enough millions of dollars to become one of the country's richest self-made men before he was forty, without sacrificing a shred of a proud integrity in the process. (Baruch is a man who once identified himself to a Congressional committee which was investigating him as a "speculator," instead of "banker" or "investment counsel." His distaste for seeking special favor is so great that he refused to protest recently when the state of South Carolina cut the daily limit on quail in Baruch's county from 15 to 10 and shortened the season by four weeks. Baruch has owned the quail and painstakingly developed a large portion of the county for 50 years, but his pride prevented a phone call which would have restored full shape to the sport he treasures above any other recreation.)

Baruch's simple formula on making money was simply to buy low and sell high, contenting himself with a reasonable profit instead of striving for a kill. He thinks that making money is merely a special knack, calling for special qualities. All his big operations save one, on which he got hurt, were made only after exhaustive perusal of the *facts* of the company in which he was interested. Once satisfied that the basic structure of a risk was sound, he plunged his money and invariably came out with a whacking profit.

"Anybody can make money if he knows what he's doing," he is fond of saying. "It's a special aptitude, like playing baseball or drawing pictures or writing books. But people who don't know what they're doing never ought to mess with the market. They don't buy until the smart people have already set the course of whatever venture they're interested in. And they don't get out until all the wise ones have jumped in front of them. The amateurs come in late and stay late. They don't buy or sell until the stock market hits the front pages and believe me, when the market makes the front pages it's too late for the amateurs to do anything about it."

"The trouble with making money and running governments," says he, "is people don't like to hear unpleasant facts. They like to hear Pollyanna-talk. People hate the truth when it works a hardship on them. A lot of people think I'm an unpleasant old person because I tell 'em unpleasant truths. People don't like truth, if it hurts. They don't like self-denial today even if they can win with it tomorrow. They close their ears to unpleasant truths."

Baruch's position as a prophet of unpleasant truths has become magnified in myriad ways. One of his first unpleasant forecasts of disaster was the crash in 1929, when he quietly crawled out near the top of the market and advised friends to take their paper winnings and sock them away in four per cent bonds or convert them into cash and real property. He has counseled preparedness for almost every crisis since, ranging from World War II to the storm to inflation to possible war with Russia. He was for holding onto high taxes when Congress cut them; he was against all-out cash aid to Europe without direction of spending; he was for stockpiling; he was for rigid over-all controls months before the first puny efforts were inaugurated. Most of what he advocated ran contrary to the public wish and the political grain.

But Baruch's contrariness, which can approach orneriness on occasion, has never shrunken his stature as a prognosticator of the likely-to-occur except in minuscule cases such as his abandonment as privy counselor by Mr. Truman. This is largely because Baruch is and has been recognized as a man who has no possible personal ax to whet on the grindstone of expediency.

Consider: He has been a very rich man for 50 years. He has walked in high honor, here and abroad, for most of that time. He has owned the ear and the friendship of the titans of his age. He is socially secure. There is literally nothing he personally craves he hasn't already got.

And he is famed for his love of country. His favorite remark, one he employs half-a-dozen times a week as a heavily sarcastic, "This is a terrible place to live, ain't it?"

Bernie Baruch is a man who can get mad real fond, and one of

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Prophet Without Portfolio

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the targets of his recurrent wrath is the do-good school of social all-to-everybody thinking. By the extreme liberal contingent he is regarded as a reactionary old moss-back when in reality he walked along most of the basic social reforms that the modern statists from Roosevelt to Truman have employed as their special and pet projects.

Last spring he was growling over some fresh speech of Harry Truman's in which it appeared that the Fair Dealers had invented man's immunity to men, and were blackjacking labor and agriculture into abject appreciation of the political nobility involved.

"Damned bunch of Johnny-come-latelies," he was snapping. "I was pioneering most of the stuff they're so proud of before they ever heard of it. You'd think they invented the whole idea of better working conditions and legal assistance for the working man."

The record shows actually that Baruch jumped into the field of aiding youth a few years before the psychiatrists and politicians seized on the young as a likely target. Baruch has spent some 60 years in active work for boys' clubs.

He also furnished a good hunk of money for the first housing projects to spring up in our time. He supported Woodrow Wilson in the then fresh approach to the basic dignity of man particularly in respect to the Adamson eight-hour law. He attacked child labor through his Southern friends in the Congress and was a strong proponent of a better break for the farmer. He wrote a document that is popularly called the Magna Carta of Agriculture. He was helped put over the classic McNary-Haugen bill, killed first by Coolidge thanks by Hoover, and was personally responsible for placing the equality-for-agriculture plank in the Democratic platform.

He has been snapping at the heels of the doctors for better and more advanced medical care for the masses for 10 years or so and has spent millions of his own money to further medical advances. For more than a score of years he has advocated a floor under wages and a ceiling over hours. He was the only man around the Roosevelt inner-circle during the last war who bitterly fought the conscription of labor.

"Johnny-come-latelies," he repeated. "Carried away by their own promises, regardless of economic law or the human equation."

"Society," he says, "usually divides itself into three broad groups. At one end—the left end—are those who burn with a passion to change everything as quickly as they can if not quicker. At the other, the right end, are those who want things just as they are. In the middle are people like Woodrow Wilson, to whose school I belong, who believe in intelligent progress and who seek to guide it.

"What differentiates these three groups is their attitude to that vital element of life—time. The left-enders feel their panting hot on their necks. The right-enders use time to fight rear-guard actions all the way. The *middlers*—and sometimes both left and right call us *muddlers*—seek to come to terms with time, preserving the best of the past and discarding the outworn and moving on to a better future."

Whether he is speaking of the sluggish action of American doctors to fight off the onslaught of socialized medicine or the sluggishness of America's rearming program, Baruch always rides hard on the practical. In a recent speech before the Army War College he charged that $20,000,000,000—billions, but, not millions—of American money had been "poured into the pathway of inflation since the Korean war began." He breaks this down into a per capita cost of $133 for every soul in the nation which suddenly assumes a horrifying practicality unacquainted with the fat round rows of zeros in which we have become accustomed.



"A little voice kept urging me on and on—how did I know he was a cereal-agent?"

His wrath at fuzzy-headed impracticality and at sluggish practice of what seems the simple expedient rises to Homeric proportions when he thinks of waste and what the prevention of waste might achieve in accomplishment for the general betterment of man's ability to help himself.

"Maybe I am an optimist," he will say, "but even the fumblers and the fools haven't hurt this land very much. I was down in South Carolina lately to see my flowers grow, and I looked at the roads and the towns and thought about how much everything had improved since I was a boy—how the general lot of the colored man has improved, how the land had bettered itself through the effort of man, and I still don't think we're going to hell in a hand-

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Prophet Without Portfolio

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basket. Your grandfather's land is still there. It is better than when he saw it—better than when I first saw it."

He believes that even with its defects and occasional abuses, the government of America is the most nearly perfect method of rule ever contrived by the hand of man and he fiercely resents any infringement or threat of infringement on its skeletal structure. He believes that any country which would allow B. M. Baruch, the son of an immigrant to amass fame, great fortune and a secure niche in the respect of nearly all his fellow-countrymen must be one hell of a fine country. On a platform of selfless patriotism, Baruch still stands squarely and almost alone. Especially amidst the assorted stenches released by the scandalous doings of the past two years, his old-fashioned ethical fragrance has been piercingly manifest as a result of his divorcement from active participation in the government.

In recent years the man who "no longer advised Presidents" has lived a life that almost rivals his old friend Eleanor Roosevelt's in its constant activity. The advance of old age not only has not cut heavily into his energy; rather, since he turned seventy, Baruch seems to have drawn on some extra physical force. He is in better health today than four years ago, he was in better health then than six years before that.

He eats as heartily as a field hand. He loves simple foods and he especially fancies the homely hog-and-hominy victuals of his South Carolina youth. He will knock off as many as three different desserts and is forever eating candy or some other sweet between meals. His nurse, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl named Elizabeth Navarro, has to rap him on the knuckles to keep him away from the nut dish. He adores nuts and they aren't supposed to be good for him.

Baruch used to be a cigar-smoker but gave up smoking in his sixties. He was never much of a drinker and owns to have been under the influence of liquor only once in his life—when he was very young and when his father administered a rebuke he never forgot. He will today occasionally take a glass of wine on festive occasions and has a habit of nibbling on his nurse's pre-dinner old-fashioned.

He takes a fantastic amount of exercise for a man of his age, and seems to thrive on it. Three months of every twelve are spent in one of his two homes in South Carolina—the big house on Waccamaw Neck near Georgetown which has housed the great of four decades and which is still one of the few surviving landmarks of a baronial way of life which is to be impossible henceforth, since few men could make enough money to maintain it, let alone buy it.

In recent years, however, he has spent less and less time in the big place, preferring a small house some 40 miles away—a house he built for his nurse and which he calls Little Hobcaw. Little Hobcaw is in the midst of his quail-shooting preserves and embodies most of the necessary luxury of the larger place on a miniature scale. Its chief advantage is that he does not have to ride nearly 100 miles a day to indulge in his consuming passion, which is shooting quail.

Baruch the hunter is something to make you marvel. The quail, the Carolina bobwhite, is a difficult bird to hit for a young man, and for a man past eighty who is deaf and who hunts without his hearing aid, strenuous hunting at all is a near impossibility. Yet six days a week, three months a year, Baruch bundles up in warm clothes, dons a red hunting cap, and forks a horse. For two to three hours each afternoon he sets forth with a *remuda* of nine mules and dogs in search of the swift little bird. He dismounts and remounts as much as 30 to 40 times a day, and walks a mat of several miles through reasonably thick brush. His eye is still sharp and his reflexes amazing, because Baruch usually manages to better the score of his guests, most of whom are half his age.

"I think I would be dead today if it weren't for quail," he told me once after a particularly satisfactory hunt. "Certainly hunting them for the last 50 years has added an immeasurable span to my life. I know of no thrill that can compare with watching a good dog work and nothing to touch the satisfaction of having shot well in fine weather. Remember one thing, my boy: never kid a man about two things, his prowess with women and his skill with a shotgun. Personally, I back up any and all lies that a man can tell about how good he is with the girls and guns."

Very few events are important enough to pull Baruch away from Little Hobcaw from the time the season opens around Thanksgiving until the flowers start to bloom in late March and April. The rest of the time he divides between his apartment on East 66th Street and his office on Madison Avenue in New York, the Carleton Hotel in Washington, Saratoga when the horses run and almost-annual trips to Europe in the summertime. He is still a passionate horse bettor, although his wagers are relatively small amounts. He bet $32,000 on a horse once that lost by a scant whisker, and has inclined to favor slightly less extravagant votes of equine confidence since.

Baruch is a great admirer of the airplane. He flies whenever he can, wherever he can, since he budgets his energy as carefully as he ever eased a corporation when he was prowling for a stock coup. The cost of comfort does not appall him. When he charters a plane to fly from New York to his home in South Carolina he figures that he gets back his investment in lack of fatigue and extra sleep on his own bed. "It's quick and it's comfortable," he is apt to say with a grin. "And besides, I still get a couple of bucks."

A great many old people have difficulty sleeping, but B. M. B. sleeps as well as he eats, which is very well indeed. He is a great catnapper. He does not watch the clock on bedtime hours. He is no stranger to midnight and manages to stay abed until nine or ten in the morning. He likes to read himself to sleep with mounds and mounds of Western pulp, but his daylight reading is catholic to a point of incredibility. His bible is still an ancient, quintessent tome called *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madnesses of Crowds* in which he has written the foreword for a revived edition. His interest in the madness of crowds probably feeds on the fact that he has made a lifelong career of running in the opposition direction.

Baruch's basic wants are attended by servants of ancient standing. Since the retirement of Lacey, his old and trusted valet, the job of keeping him sartorially sharp has fallen to Elizabeth Navarro. Navarro helps him dress, laces his boots, gives him a rubdown every morning, quarrels with him over his diet, shoots his vitamins into him, ties his ties, plays cards with him, serves as his official hostess, drives him around in the station wagon when the chauffeur is otherwise engaged, occasionally rides with him when he hunts, carries his giving-away money, travels with him nearly everywhere he goes, looks in on him three or four times a night to see if he is sleeping well, helps him with the correspondence and generally makes herself handy in other aspects of his care and comfort. Miss Navarro was recommended to him nearly a decade ago by Billy Rose, a long-time friend. Her constant surveillance is generally credited for his fantastic physical condition today.

Mr. Baruch generally maintains a sunny twinkle in his frosty eye, since his digestion is amazing, his step firm and his sleep sound. But he will admit that he can get mad, and when he gets mad, he can holler. He is no stranger to physical violence, when sufficiently aroused, since he was very handy as a boxer when he was a young man and he still religiously watches the fights on television.

His last act of violence occurred when he was 66. His cab driver got into an altercation with another cabby, who brutally and purposefully slammed the door on Baruch's hacker's hand. The old gentleman chided the driver for his wanton cruelty, and the door-slammer retorted profanely. Whereupon the elder statesman climbed out of his cab, strode over to the belligerent cabbie and knocked him as stiff as a plank with one punch, woefully jamming the knuckles of the older statesman's fist.

A policeman came by about that time and hurried over to investigate the melee. Recognizing Mr. Baruch, he asked him if there was anything that he could do for him.

"Yeah," said the old gentleman, massaging his knuckles. "Pick the sonufabitch up so I can hit him again."

Mr. Baruch is not generally an advocate of violence, but he does feel that there are times when a good sock in the snoot is better than a thousand words. In recent years there were some whispers of the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in his beloved South Carolina, and Bernard Baruch is not fond of night-riding lynch law. Very quietly the old gentleman unlimbered a massive Purdey 10-gauge shotgun, which he once used to shoot ducks, and bought a box of buckshot. He opened the box of buckshot and he loaded the huge, double-barreled gun against his bed.

Once in a while Bernard Mannes Baruch, elder statesman, looks at the big blunderbuss with an air of quiet satisfaction. His biggest preachment to the people of American has been preparedness and strength against aggression. He has earned his credo into his own home, which he regards as man's quintessential castle. It is a leadpipe cinch that any masked molester of Bernard M. Baruch's personal retinue or property will receive a charge of buckshot in the seat of the pants, a practical approach to the problem of aggression he has been advocating for years, if on a somewhat grander scale. ❋

(The concluding installment of Bernard Baruch, Esq.: Prophet Without Portfolio will appear in the November issue.)

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Marguerite of TV

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good and her part was really a big one. I'd gladly give her a ten-week leave—it would be a boost for her. I read the script and it was perfect for her, so I told her to grab the chance.

That night she talked it over with her husband, Graves McDonald, and the next day she told me she wouldn't accept the offer. "I would have to sing with Mario Lanza," she said.

"What," I asked, "is the matter with Lanza? He's one of the best-known singers in the country."

"Poof! Did he ever sing at the Met? La Scala? Vienna? Covent Garden? No! Nowhere." And that disposed of the movies.

Marguerite's first interest was always opera, from what I've gathered. She started singing at the age of nine in her home town, New Orleans, and she took lessons from two of the local opera experts—Ferdinand Dunkley of Loyola University of New Orleans and Pasquale Amato of Louisiana State University. She paid her way through opera lessons by singing at four churches every Sunday—one Catholic, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, one Methodist. She was a finalist in a singing contest held by the New Orleans Federated Music Clubs and won herself a radio program over one of the local stations. She was a Queen of the Mardi Gras and a cheerleader in college.

Her opera debut was at the New York City Center as Nedda, in Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*. Her first part at the Met was Rosalinde, in Strauss' *Fledermaus*.

When she's away from music she makes like the active American Girl. She swims and plays golf, rides horseback and collects china pigs and silver jewelry. She also collects prizes for her singing, for her looks (she was voted "the most beautiful girl in opera") and for the way she dresses (last year the Fashion Academy picked her as one of the ten best-dressed women"). She's sung in six opera houses in lots of operettas, on Broadway twice—in Benjamin Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* and with Burgess Meredith in *Happy as Larry*—and, of course, in television.

In our first year of opera we ran through the repertory of familiar arias, and then Old Dobbin Necessity sent us fearfully to unfamiliar works. We cut the operatic section to five minutes to make sure we wouldn't lose any of our audience, and we went even further in fitting action to the songs—sometimes where there wasn't any action at that moment in the opera. Marguerite was a little restive about these matters, but we had the advantage that she was a woman before she was an opera singer. Once we arranged a program of two solos and a duet from Puccini's *La Tosca* and the ruining order didn't give Marguerite time to make the traditional costume changes. We offered her a choice of violating tradition or else, and she decided to concentrate on else.

She kept her temper through it all and occasionally volunteered for services above and beyond the call of duty. A striking example of her gallantry is the face of fire came when we had gondola trouble. Our scene was a Venetian locale, and the necessary set was a monster. When we added the gondola we found that we were cracking the New York fire laws—between them the gondola and the set took up more space than the law allowed. So we had to cut off the back of the gondola. The girl whom Marguerite was supposed to get. What was left was pretty and Venetian, but not big enough for a chair. For a while we were afraid we would have to scrap the idea.

Marguerite and Paul Du Pont, our costume designer, solved the problem. Saturday night when Marguerite came on she wore a three-legged stool strapped under her flowing gown. She sang, she backed off to the gondola, did a little entrisy to get her skirt out of the way and sat down on her private accommodation. The applause from the NBC studio audience was nothing to the cheer she got from the cast. ■



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Tension Can Kill You

Continued from page 56

stress of battle, developed a full-fledged ulcer.

To cure such cases good hospitals use both a doctor and a psychiatrist. A man with an ulcer obviously needs more than psychotherapy—he needs diet, perhaps drugs, perhaps an operation. He needs rest, perhaps a new job, perhaps a change in his home life. The doctors must treat not just the stomach or the mind but the whole man. Not all ulcers are caused by bad life situations. But more and more doctors believe that they must always investigate the patient's life situation—even in infectious diseases such as tuberculosis.

Unbearable situations will often bring on skin diseases. For example, a 41-year-old man who had suffered long painful attacks of hives was cured when he learned why he got them. He had undergone his first attack in March 1948, when his son and his father-in-law were ill. Further attacks had come at times when he couldn't solve some problem on his job as a factory "trouble-shooter."

First the doctors changed his diet; it didn't help. (It rarely does—hive sufferers have lived on nothing but water for days without getting relief.) Then they tried psychotherapy. They discovered that many of his attacks had occurred at work when he felt some unjust demand had been made on him and that on the two occasions when he had talked back to his boss he had not developed hives. They talked to his wife, who described him as a "Grade A resenter"; then they suggested to him that his attacks came only when he was bottling up his resentments. At first the patient resisted the idea, but after six conferences he began to improve, and by his fourteenth visit he was speaking his mind and had stopped itching after arguments.

Dr. Jed H. Irvine of New York City noticed seven years ago that many of his arthritis patients developed tender muscles and arthritis when under emotional strain. He followed three hundred such cases and discovered that he could diagnose emotional tension in his patients by testing their necks, shoulders, arms and thighs for muscle soreness. He found also that some of his patients lost not only their muscular difficulties but the pains of arthritis under psychotherapy.

Psychotherapy is not a long psychoanalysis, it's a hurry-up method of getting the patient to talk out his difficulties. "We have to make patients understand that their sickness is intimately linked with their emotions," a doctor said recently. "We tell them about it, then try to get them to talk to us. If that doesn't work we may bring on an attack of diabetes—or migraine or ulcers or whatever it is—and show them by laboratory tests that their blood, livers, stomachs, hearts and other organs are directly affected by what's said and done to them. Sometimes," he continued, "we literally have to make them sick in order to cure them."

Sometimes tension gets so bad that it temporarily "cures" a disease which was started by another tension. In a Dutch concentration camp, for example, a group of businessmen suffering from ulcers were locked up together. The conditions in the camp were horrible. The men fought over food, toadied to their German jailers, stole, lived in constant fear of informers. But these new worries were so different from the business worries that had brought on their ulcers that every one of them lost the symptoms of his disease while he was in the camp. When they went back to their businesses, however, they went back to their ulcers.

A lady psychiatrist who is responsible for the mental health of 15,000 office workers in one of our largest companies has a practical way of attacking tension which is to her an everyday problem. "There are three things I try on nervous employees," she said. "The first is simple rest and relaxation. If that doesn't work I use my own type of psychotherapy, which includes everything I can think of to get the man to talk out his problem. If *that* doesn't work I try moving him into a different department where he'll work under somebody with a more relaxed personality. You'd be surprised how important personalities are. I'd never dare to discuss it professionally because I don't have the scientific evidence to back it up. But I can tell you this—it is a fact that some people make other people sick."

Obviously, understanding cannot cure a case of hypertension that has gone into the irreversible stage in which the heart is permanently enlarged. But it can take the strain off a weakened heart by relaxing the blood vessels and allowing blood to circulate more easily.

The best a man can do for himself is to prevent disease by recognizing in advance the physical effects of stresses and strains in his daily life. Disease resulting from tension does not come suddenly. All through a man's life there are signs and portents to tell him which organs of his body are most endangered by tension. Then, either alone or with the help of a doctor, a man can avoid the dangerous tensions that may make him sick. In most cases he can learn to relax.

Mild, noncompetitive exercises such as golf are often recommended as relaxation. "But don't imagine that golf or painting or any one hobby is a cure for everyone," a doctor said recently. "Some man get more tense playing golf than working in the office. They go at the game with the same competitive drive that causes their tension. One man can relax by walking up and down his office, another may take a trip around the world—and still not lose his tension."

Most doctors don't believe much in self-help, certainly not after a man is sick, but one has proved that relaxation can be learned by most people if they try hard enough. Dr. Edmund Jacobson, who wrote *Progressive Relaxation* for the medical profession and *You Must Relax!* for everybody else, holds that a man who can control a muscle can also relax it, and that the way to control it is to tense it until it hurts. Then every time it tenses unconsciously you can relax it consciously.

Jacobson suggests that you lie comfortably on your back on a cot or bed with your arms at your sides and your legs not crossed. Then one by one you can tense your muscles and relax them—the biceps, triceps, hand flexors, hand extensors, elevators of shoulders, even the face muscles of smiling and frowning, of mouth opening and of swallowing.

As a doctor Jacobson is careful not to make any large claims for his theories. But his relaxation methods have shown positive results on patients with a wide variety of disorders such as convulsive tic, mucous colitis, asthma, chronic insomnia and Graves' disease.

To see how planned relaxation is used to help cure speech difficulties, I visited recently at the National Hospital for Speech Disorders. The Relaxation Clinic was held in a large room filled with rows of steamer chairs. The class consisted of men and boys (very few women suffer from speech disorders). It was led by a young man named Murry Snyder.

The class settled down on steamer chairs and the teacher walked around pulling down the shades. "Ease back," Snyder said, "all the way back."

I lay back until my chair was horizontal.

"Let's see how free of tension we can become," Snyder said. "Allow your eyes to close, your toes to point out."

His voice was resonant and pleasant and somewhere between a baritone and a bass. He told me later that he had learned to speak in a relaxing way especially for this work and that he had found it useful outside the class, too. People said it was a real pleasure to talk with him, no matter what he had to say.

"Don't cross your arms," Snyder said to the class; "just rest heavily in your chair." The steamer chairs creaked. "It's such a comfortable feeling to grow relaxed, a feeling that you can handle any problem, any situation that offers challenge, tension. Let's picture we're floating . . . on a cloud . . . on a magic carpet."

His voice seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer, and I found it increasingly difficult to take notes. "Think of a winding river . . . a soft, clear day . . . anything that separates you from thoughts of tension."

At this point there was a distinct snore from somewhere in the room and I had an overwhelming desire to go to sleep. Still talking, Snyder went over to a radio-phonograph and started a record, Liszt's *Liebestraum*. Later he played Debussy's *Claire de Lune* and read a bit of Wordsworth ("I wandered lonely as a cloud"). Before I knew it the half-hour was over and Snyder was pulling up the blinds.

After the class Snyder told me that the hospital has for many years used relaxation as a treatment for speech disorders and with fine success. Many patients keep right on with the system even after they're discharged.

The ability to relax is always a useful quality and in some people it's vital. "If you go through life under tension," as a doctor said recently, "you're like an automobile steadily racing its motor at full throttle, in high gear, with the clutch out and the brake on. Sooner or later something lets go—and there are damned few spare parts to repair a human body." ✠

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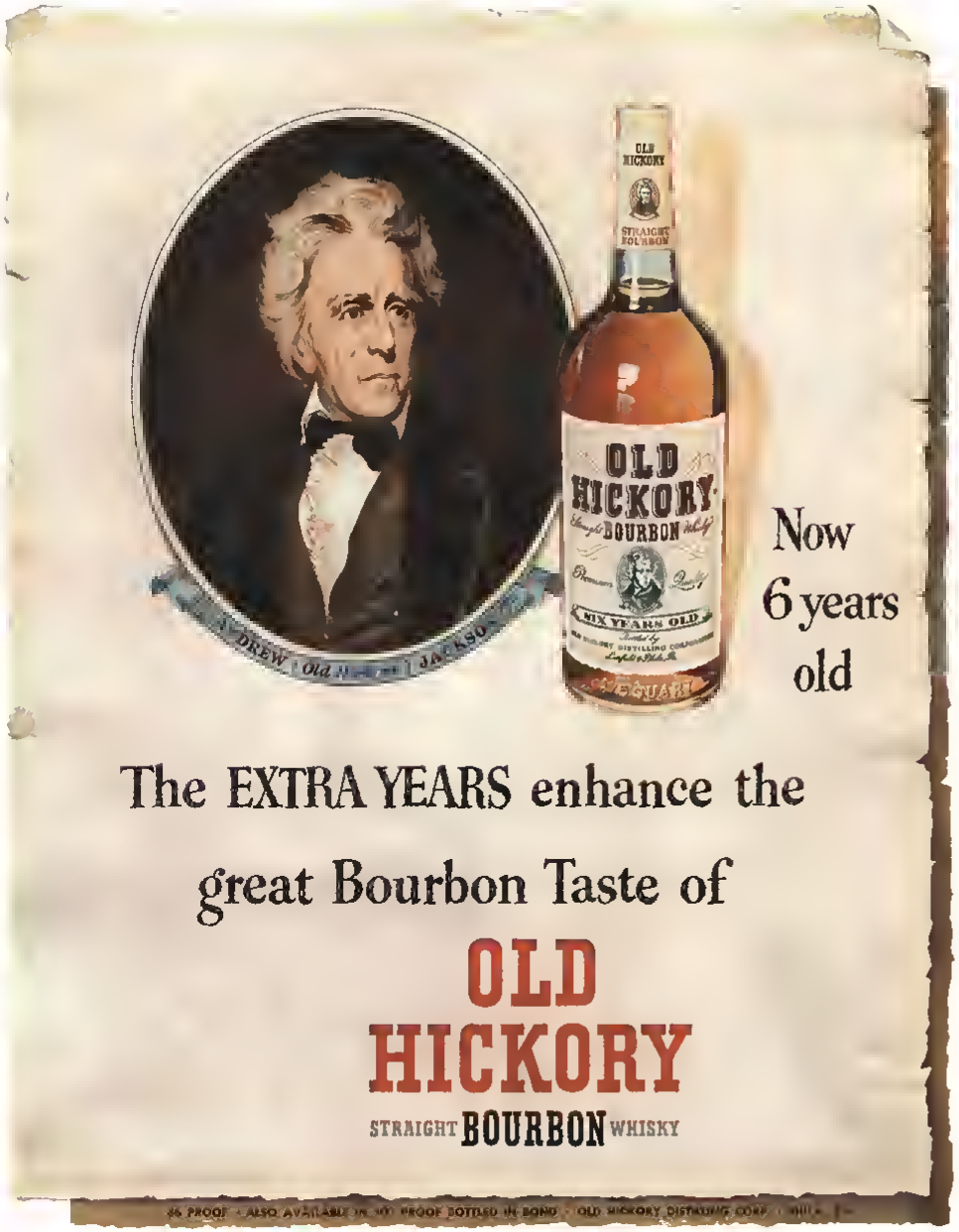


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Don Juan Miscarried

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at himself he decided that tonight he would wear the new corset he had bought in Paris—*for* Paris, indeed, never dreaming this place would require it. It made one a bit trimmer, younger looking—but it was natural to be a little stout at fifty-five. Then he took off his tan and white shoes and his tweed jacket, put on the rayon dressing gown and lay down on the bed for a good nap. *I should be fresh for the evening,* he thought. Tired one would fail—but he could not contemplate failure; he needed confidence, confidence.

Gradually then—perhaps because he was now gliding toward the uncertainties of sleep—the situation grew to enormous and terrifying size. He was lost; he felt in the deep wood of his own loneliness, the trees that hedged him about were his failures, tall grown and dark. Where could one go, what could one do to escape? The little man, solitary, unwanted, supported on the treacherous ground of his own self-perpetrating illusions, the quaking bog of self-opinion. Into this half waking nightmare appeared the figure of Mrs. Grayson—or not of Mrs. Grayson herself, but of her opinion of him gratefully personified, as though through her he might find escape, might unbuild the ground beneath him into the solidity of expectation, might find his way out of the multiplicity of trees. Was it not late to re-estimate, to re-orient? Must not there be some hero somehow the means to justify the conception?

But the evening went well from the beginning. They had the cocktails and a good Burgundy for dinner—nothing like a good Burgundy, he thought, to mellow the outlook, to ease people out of ordinary inhibitions into relaxed companionship. He found it simple to guide the conversation to encourage Mrs. Grayson to talk of herself, and it soon became apparent to him how pleased she was with his interest. Later he thought it would raise back to him—breathed upon the waters became a delicious milk-fraulle—in the form of her attention to him, but the important word was 'later.' Such reciprocated attention must not be wasted in Miss Hoppner's presence; she must be eliminated as quickly as possible. But with anyone so inexperienced so gauche as she, it was only a question of excluding her by very carefully, at intervals, including her. From time to time he would turn to Miss Hoppner and say 'But here we are jabbering away and monopolizing the conversation, and we haven't heard what Miss Hoppner thinks.' The result would be, of course, to embarrass her and to separate her from them. It was almost too easy.

How typical it is, he thought, for a woman like Mrs. Grayson to choose a Miss Hoppner as a foil! And yet how very intelligent of her to select her foil from an age so much less than her own! Now more and more, as they sat in the small salon to take their after-dinner *café-filtres* and cognacs—Miss Hoppner didn't take the brandy—he was aware of Mrs. Grayson's attention to himself and aware also that perhaps unconsciously she was playing the same game with the younger woman.

"Darling Edna," Mrs. Grayson said. "I do hope we're not talking of things that are only of interest to our age—if Mr. Connally will forgive me including him with myself!"

"I'm afraid I could give you twenty years and still owe you some," he said. "Awful to think what I'd have to give Miss Hoppner!"

"Oh dear me," Mrs. Grayson said with a laugh. "That is flattery carried to excess. Isn't it, Edna?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Hoppner. "I mean no. No, what I mean is ... oh, you've got me all confused," she said. "What I mean is that I wasn't thinking about age at all."

"Good," said Connally. "It was my fault to bring it up."

"You didn't," said Mrs. Grayson. "I did. But I do so dislike people who try to pretend that they're younger than they are, don't you?"

"Yes, I do indeed," Connally said.

"As though they could eliminate their own past," Mrs. Grayson continued. "Set the clock stupidly back."

"And cross off all the experience—the experiences—they've been at such pains to have," he said. "All the campaigns lost toward knowledge, all the victories won toward wisdom and—well accomplishment, shall we say?"

"That's it exactly," said Mrs. Grayson. "Exactly! How well you put it!"

Miss Hoppner looked at her watch and said: "My goodness! It's past ten o'clock!"—as though thought Connally she had just discovered the law of gravity. "I must go up now; I've some letters to write. I hope you'll both forgive me."

"Of course we will," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I'll see you in the morning," Miss Hoppner said. "I'll drop a line to that hotel at Bayonne for rooms. And I'll write Mungum to send your dress direct to the hunt."

"Oh, good, how sweet of you, Edna," said Mrs. Grayson, and turning to Connally she said: "She does all the arrangements, she's simply marvelous. I don't know what would become of me without her."

"Good night," said Connally, and he rose and shook hands with Miss Hoppner and smiled. "I'm

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Don Juan Miscarried

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sorry that you have to go."

"I'll be up soon myself," said Mrs. Grayson. "Sweet dreams, dear."

When Miss Hoppner had left them, Connolly sat down again and said, "Now we shall have another brandy...you and I."

"Oh, but that will be too much for me," Mrs. Grayson said. "I've such a light head! You have another, do I don't dare. And I must join Edna soon. I'm keeping you up far too long."

"You're not keeping me up at all," said Connolly. "I never retire early. And I shall order you another brandy, it will do you good."

"I'll talk *far* too much," Mrs. Grayson said.

"Good!" said Connolly...and he put his head out of the door of the salon and ordered the drinks. When he had seated himself again, he said, "What sort of dreams will Miss Hoppner dream?

"I don't know," Mrs. Grayson said. "I really don't know. She is so sweet and so *good*. She is quite perfect for me as a companion. But I can't discover any ambition in her other than to be constantly kind and good-natured. At moments I could wish she were less so, if you understand me?"

"I do," he said. "And what you say interests me, for I had rather guessed at—just as a first, ununiformed estimate—that she might be like that. It's one of my hobbies to try to guess what people, particularly women, are like."

"I imagine you're good at it," Mrs. Grayson said. "And that frightens me a little. For what will have been your estimate of *me*?

Connolly smiled at her a little quizzically, his head cocked to one side. He took a sip of the brandy and said, "Ah! You shouldn't have much trouble in guessing that. Too much evidence to help you."

"Is there?" she said. "But I'd like to know *your* answer just the same. Feminine curiosity."

"This is such a poor place to talk of such things," he said. "So awfully exposed. You feel you are constantly overheard, and too many of them at least understand English, don't they? It's like talking in front of children: you never know how much they have taken in."

"You have children?" Mrs. Grayson asked.

"No," he said. "No. I never married."

"I find that extraordinary," she said.

"I believe I know myself too well," he said. "A rather dangerous knowledge. I am quite sure I'd have made a very bad husband indeed. I recognize in myself qualities—susceptibilities—that would make a marriage very difficult."

"But you can't stop there," Mrs. Grayson said. "You've now proposed two intriguing questions, and you must at least answer one of them."

"It would take too long," he said. "Things like that are not said in a sentence, are they? Here it grows late. I'm keeping you from your beauty sleep, and the place—" he waved his hand at the uncomfortable wooden armchairs, the tiny salon partly open on the main hallway of the hotel—"this place is wholly unconducive to such conversation, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," she said. "But I shan't sleep if you don't. And, to tell you the truth, I am really starved for a little conversation that is not of the sort I can get from Edna. She is simply wonderful, so knowledgeable about French history, about architecture, an ideal companion for touring. But—there it ends, you see."

"Yes," he said. "I understand. The absence of cocktails."

"How clever of you!" said Mrs. Grayson.

"It surprises me," he said, "to see a woman of your sort traveling with another woman of her sort. I'd sooner expect to see you with a very attractive man."

"My attractive man died," she said. "It was a sad blow. We went everywhere together. Life was fuller then. But now—" she made a small gesture—"I don't quite dare to travel alone. I am a bit timid. A woman alone."

"But surely," he said, "there is always danger for a woman of your looks."

"Oh," she said. "Thank you. But one learns to cope with the sort of danger you mean, if I understand you. It's not that. It's the having been looked after...tickets, hotels, arrangements, customs—rather that sort of thing."

"I see," he said. "Yes. You'd have to know how to deal with the rest of it. To reject—or to accept."

"But you," she said a little hurriedly, "you haven't replied to my need for answers. There's your estimate of me and there's your suggestion."

"See here," he said, leaning forward slightly, lowering his voice. "Couldn't we dine elsewhere? Tomorrow? Go in to the *Faisan d'Or*, an excellent spot at Morbihan—or would Miss Hoppner's feelings be hurt if you ran off with me and left her alone?"

"Oh no," she said. "We ironed all that out at the start. The bother is, she never wants to go anywhere herself."

"Good," he said. "Tomorrow, then. I'll be ready to leave here at about half-past seven, and I'll drive you in. Is that convenient?"

"Yes," she said. "Excellent." She sipped her brandy and put down the glass, still half full. "And now I *must* leave you. I don't want to be exhausted tomorrow, and I've promised Edna we'd go on a tour to Quimper. Such trips are a little fatiguing. But do give me at least a hint before I go—about your riddles! Or my mind will refuse me sleep."

"For the estimate," said Connolly, picking his words with great care, "the hint is that we are to dine at *Le Faisan d'Or* without the benefit of Miss Hoppner's company. For the fact of my bachelorhood, the hint must be that when one has discovered in oneself a particular capacity—perhaps you won't mind if I use the concerted word "power"—one accepts the limitations imposed by its existence."

"Oh, but that's more of a riddle than before!" she cried.

"Put it another way, then," he said. "I am too kind. I'm hideously weakly good-natured really, to a point where it becomes a true defect of character. Can you see how that sort of man might fear the consequences of a particular effect on people?"

"No," she said, "but it's fascinating. Do go on!"

"No," he said. "Not now. Not *here*. Let's save it until tomorrow, shall we?"

"Very well," she said, and she rose. "But that is what I shall dream about!"

"That might be part of the trouble," he said. "Good night. I hope the dreams may be sweet ones."

"Sweet, with a question mark," she said.

After they had finished the cocktails and the excellent dinner and the wine that he had taken the trouble to order in advance, and while they were having their coffee and liqueurs, Connolly led the conversation back to the personal note he had carefully avoided until then. It had been fun to avoid it, to put it off, to insist on the pleasant general talk that he knew quite well how to produce of the sort that included the names—so casually introduced—of his better-known, his occasionally aristocratic acquaintances and the diversions that he was aware one would have shared with them. It created the proper background to further talk and deliriously postponed what he—and he guessed, his companion—wished to talk about. It was he realized with pleasure, this postponement, carrying within it always the seed of future possibilities that constituted the keenest pleasure in life for it existed separately of its goals, beyond disappointment. He found time to congratulate himself that he was still capable of generating, without too great an effort, the situations favorable to it. The half-dream of the previous afternoon was forgotten now. He seized on the first pause to jump with calculated abruptness into his subject.

"I suppose you know—you must know," he said, "that you are so extremely attractive a woman."

The abruptness had its effect. For Mrs. Grayson was so startled she had time to say only, "Oh, how very nice that is to hear!"

"That was the estimate I made yesterday," he said. "I see now that it was entirely correct."

"Well," she said, "that's so reassuring. After being a widow at my age for four years, I need that sort of reassurance."

"Nonsense," he said. "And because it's nonsense it poses for you the question that you wanted me to answer last night. Why are we both single? Why have you not remarried? You will I know be too intelligent to try to tell me you haven't had opportunities. Or have you found outside of marriage what you did not find within it?"

"No," she said. "No. On the contrary. But you don't really want to hear about that, do you?"

"Yes, emphatically," he said. "It fascinates me."

"But it's hard to say."

"Not to me," said Connolly. "Or I've made a grave mistake in my own self-estimate. Not difficult to say to me."

She looked up at him a little startled again, and she said, "No. That's true. It's almost too easy to say to you. It frightens me a little. I told you I was timid."

"I understand," he said.

"I had an attractive husband," she said. "We got along well very well, and I think it must have been obvious."

"It always is," said Connolly.

"I suppose," she said. "I guess I could say it was an unpleasure, this postponement, car-

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romanon marriage an the whole."

'Something to be proud of, then,' he said.

"Yes," she said. "And I was proud of it, very. And the result of that was peculiar—I mean the result of happiness—the effect on the men I knew and met."

"Yes," he said. "Of course it was."

"Do you know what it was?" she said.

'In this case it requires no special knowledge," he said. "Of your male acquaintances, they all wanted you. They wanted—forgive my frankness—to go to bed with you because you were happily married."

"Oh," she said. "How did you know? How did *you* know?"

'It's simple," he said. 'Every man wants what is apparently unobtainable—it proves to him if he *can* obtain it, his singular power.

"I never thought of that," she said. "But it's true. But true or not, it makes a woman made me, distrust men. I liked my marriage and I wanted to keep it—well a marriage, you see what I mean?"

"Very clearly," he said. "How did you react?"

'I learned oh so very soon to reject to reprise. It has become the habit of my life. If you'll forgive me for saying it, I have become adept through constant—well reasonably constant—practice. I don't mean that I'm so inhuman I don't want any sign that I'm still attractive—to an attractive man. But now you see, even when the—oh let's call it by its simple name—when passes are made at me I know they could usually be led into marriage. couldn't they? Now that I'm available so to speak?"

"Yes, they could be," he said slowly.

'And so," she said, "because of that earlier habit, I reject them even more quickly. It would be such a big gamble, wouldn't it—to expect a second marriage as good as the first—and all the early stories of marriage now forgeries!"

"Yes," he said. "But how very refreshing! At least it is extraordinarily refreshing to me in my odd experience to find such a woman."

'Oh how nice!" she said, her face lighting up—with relief, he thought. "The nicest thing you've said yet."

"But must you think only in terms of marriage?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid so," she said. "Perhaps that stems from my long timidity."

"It limits you then," he said. "And it limits others sadly. You must leave many broken hearts behind you."

'It's sweet—and flattering—of you to put it that way," she said. "But I do hope that what I've confessed won't spoil your estimate of me!" and she turned her face away and laughed uneasily.

"Good heavens no," said Connolly. "We are made the way we're made. We can only be like that to be true. Anything else is false—and that's always unattractive. As I've said before, it's the apparently unobtainable that seems always the most desirable."

'Oh," she said. "I see what you mean. But now please, we have waited long enough. Tell me the answer to you!"

"I suppose it's my turn," he said. "But it's hard not to explain it, but to find the words that will make it clear to you and yet not shock you."

"I am not a child," she said. "You would find it hard to shock me. And if you could—" she leaned forward a little, her eyes bright with something very like eagerness—'perhaps I'd rather like it. Is that an awful thing to say? Edna is *so* drab at times!"

"Yes," he said. 'Very well. It's just this. I am as I said to you last night too amiable. I'm a man who hates to say no. Not to men you understand—I can do that—but to women. That sounds very queer doesn't it?" It leads toward something else that must sound hideously conceited. But I'm not being conceited. I think. I am trying to describe myself truthfully. It is like saying that one is six feet tall that one has blue eyes. These are facts, one can say them without embarrassment. Why should we feel embarrassed to say that we have other characteristics equally not of our own choice or doing? Do you follow me?"

'Oh yes," she said.

'Good," said Connolly.

He could feel the old excitement rising within him. With this woman, it would be necessary to dress up the story a little more, to heighten it, but that was not difficult. The base fact was always the same: there was always a *quid pro quo*. Marriage itself was usually the exacted payment. At the top of the social heap the exaction had to be more subtly rendered: he supposed. But were they not all the same woman all? *Sisters under the skin*, he thought, smiling inwardly. *Under the skin. The real imagined.*

"People, some people are good at business," he said. "Or they're good at art, or they have a natural seat and good hands on a horse. I am to put it simply, one of those odd men who are—without any pride in it, in my case, simply because of something over which I can have no control—desirable to women. It is a curse. I hope you will forgive my frankness, eliminate the idea of conceit."

"Yes," she said. "I understand. I understand—*entirely*."

Yes, thought Connolly. *I think you do or you wouldn't be here.*

"It's hard to contend with it," he said.

'It *must* be," Mrs. Grayson said. "But what happens? I mean, well, what happens when it happens?"

This was it: this was the point, the groundwork laid, the interest generated, the intimacy created, the atmosphere established to harbor the reasoning (and thus the relying, though only of the mind) and perhaps to lead them unawares to the end of the garden. He was pleased with the image—the garden, the path, the atmosphere—and he decided to use it.

"Do you really want me to particularize?" he said. 'You don't mean particulars, your own imagination and experience will supply them surely." One had to be urged; it was an inescapable part of the process.

Not this way," she said. 'Men proposing, women disposing, yes. Not reversed in this way. This is so utterly out of my experience."

"Are you saying that women don't make the first move and romantically?" he said, smiling at her, his eyes on hers, knowing he was now almost in love with her with the sequiescence.

"No," she said softly. "Oh no. But I don't think that's quite what you're talking about. Something more—more active?"

'Much more active," he said. 'Beyond my imagination, then. It must be rather terrific."

"At first yes," he said. "Then one begins to accept it. And one should learn to deal with it. I never have. That's my failing."

"How?" she said. "Do make all this clear. Give an example."

"Names of course I can't give," he said. "But two examples will do anonymously. The first was the wife of a dear friend. I didn't know her well, he'd married her only about six months before. I went to visit them at their country place in Virginia—" the story created itself smoothly in his mind—"and because I was so fond of him I hoped I'd like her too. You know how that is, the inevitable fear one has when a friend marries, that the other party to the marriage will ultimately refuse the claim to friendship on was in another?"

'Yes," she said.

"I hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours, a most beautiful place, when she took me out after dinner to see the pool she was building at the end of the garden. There was a moon—" he shrugged his shoulders— the conventional setting, but my God! Well she simply flung herself at me. Wholly. What can one do? The woman scorned. The very good-looking woman scorned, indeed. An odd dilemma, isn't it? Refuse and you wreck the friendship or to put it better she will take pains to wreck it. Arrrgt—I hope I need not particularize—and something inside of you knows you have put up the barrier yourself. How very sweet. And it was sweet," he said looking down at his hands. Then he looked up suddenly and said 'I used all the arguments I could muster—friendship, the exposed place, the great dangers—everything. It was in vain. So I gave in—to the immediate sweetness. How can one deal with an urgent a demand as that. My experience had taught me it was always urgent. A rose arbor—I have never again been able to find pleasure in roses."

Mrs. Grayson ran her tongue lightly once over her lips and took a sip of her liqueur. Not looking at him she said. But my God how awful for you! But wasn't she wasn't she rather a—a *peculiar* sort of woman?

"I wish I could think so," he said. "I can't. It has happened too often. I cannot believe any longer that a peculiar destiny throws me always with peculiar women. No. Some I have watched as they struggled against it. Sometimes I simply left in the hope that would solve it. It didn't always work. They would follow. One of them a woman with a conscience, a true lady, like yourself, did struggle against it. But she followed me when I left for home at Newport took the Fall River Boat I was taking although she was river enough after to let me see her following. When the boat was well off from the dock and I had gone to bed, carelessly, incredibly leaving my door unlocked she came into my cabin locked the door behind her and—but I'll spare you. And again I lacked the ultimate wisdom—or is it cour-

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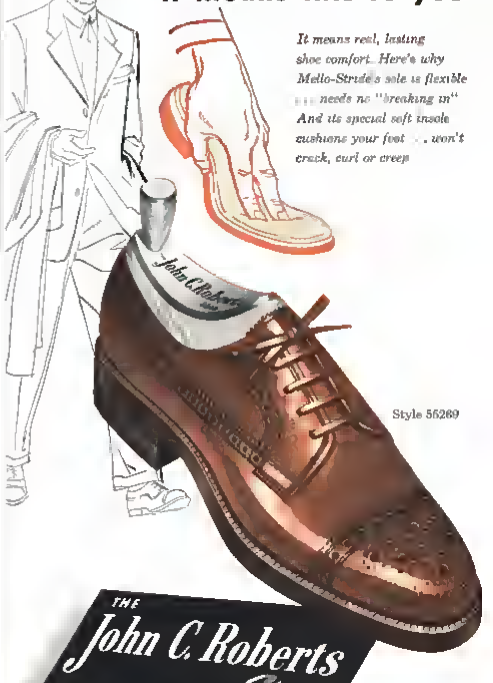
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Don Juan Miscarried

Continued from page 113

age or character?—to say a flat and decisive no. It seemed so little to give at the moment, so much apparently, to withhold.

"But does this happen to you often?" Mrs. Grayson said, a slight tremor to her voice. "You see, I ask because it is all so alien to me, you understand that?"

"Ah, yes," he said. "You have learned to say no—properly. I have not. And it has happened often. Too often. Now I flee from it. It is this, do you see, that makes me know I should not be a decent husband. How terrible it would be to find oneself yielding to the pressures one has, however unconsciously, newfangledly generated—at what cost to the woman one had married!"

"I see," said Mrs. Grayson. "Do they . . . I mean, do they generally pursue you for long?"

"Until I have the courage, develop the courage to break it off. Or until I run away. I retired young from my business so as to be free to run away. That is also why I am here, in this little hotel instead of—" he shuddered slightly—"Deauville."

"But that is tragic," she said. "Something that could have been channeled is wasted, diverted into—I don't know how to say it."

"No," he said. "Neither do I. And let's not try."

He rose then, because his instinct told him to do so. A point had been reached that could be destructively passed.

"I'm sure I should take you back," he said. "It's getting late."

As though she were not answering him at all, but were deep in her own thoughts, she said, "Yes. Very well. Thank you."

Mrs. Grayson made only one remark on the drive home. "It is the story of Don Juan, in a sense. But he was a lover, and we should have other words for love."

"Don Juan," he said. "Yes, but without his wanting to be. I have already characterized it as a curse, haven't I?"

Although she didn't answer him, he was neither surprised nor troubled by her silence. There was between them a communicating tension, a sense of waiting. It lasted unbroken, delicious, like the headiness and the aftertaste of fine wine, all the way to the hotel, to the door of her room.

He knew then that, in one sense, he had only to reach out to her to have her. But he knew he could not do it, that he did not know, had never known, how to overleap the barrier of his reconnoted imagined self. And, with an almost feminine clarity of intuition, he realized that if he made the gesture she would be compelled to reject it. Would she not have to avoid, at all costs now, the implication that she was one of the band of "peculiar" women? Her very pose, the way she stood so as to avoid looking at him, told him that what they had together created a vicarious excitement, new unrest deoy them a reality.

"Good night," he said. "It has been a wonderful evening. It was sweet of you to listen." Because he could not bring himself to face a too-accustomed ending, he added, "I am sorry it seems to be over."

"Yes," she said, still not looking at his eyes. "Good night. I have enjoyed it—and I shall grieve for you deeply. Good night."

In his own room, undressing, taking off the uncomfortable corset, Connilly knew that he would leave tomorrow according to plan. But leave for what, toward what? To run away, as in the recounting? But to run away from something that was finished, to finish nothing. He was surprised to find that he was not really disappointed; he had always been able to foresee, however vaguely, such disappointments. As to Mrs. Grayson, that was now a dead end, yet he had enjoyed with her that which he had wanted more greatly than herself. How long he thought in piercing bitterness, seeing himself now in the mirror of his mind, unsorsetted—how long could one subsist on such an appetite? What ward for love? #

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"Now you're telling me!"

Minutes out of Time

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inside Bureau, and my partner here is Mike Irons."

"Well, glad to know you," Blaine said with a certain natural surprise. "Some special reason for this visit? I don't have much business with the Police Department." He recalled unnecessarily, that they had been waiting at both doors.

Quite a bit of reason, Mr. Blaine," Kelly said. "Would it surprise you too much if we told you your wife has been—well, murdered?" He watched Blaine carefully, one hand at his chin.

"Look," Blaine said. "I don't suppose this is any kind of joke, but whatever it is it doesn't make any sense. My wife is out on Long Island, visiting her sister, for perfectly good reasons of her own. She isn't due back here for an hour, maybe two or three."

"I was afraid it would be this way," Kelly said, a little wearily. "It usually is. Let's take a ride up to your apartment, Blaine. Maybe up there you'll change your mind about a few things."

The casually flippant elevator boy stared woodenly at his control panel as he took them up to the seventh floor, and Blaine recalled that the desk clerk hadn't spoken to him, either. There seemed to be an air of catastrophe about the place.

At Blaine's door there was a uniformed officer who stood aside for them to enter. The door, Blaine noted, was already unlocked.

There was only one wrong note in the otherwise immaculate living room. Lucille lay sprawled on the sofa, her face turned into the crushed pillow, one slim leg dragging on the floor, its foot turned under and around at a seemingly impossible angle.

Blaine knew without going any closer that it was Lucille—the gown, the shoes, the ashy-colored hair cut a certain way. Not that any of those things mattered. When you lived with a person long enough and intimately enough you *knew*.

Kelly waved a careless hand. "Your wife, Blaine?"

Blaine's hands and knees trembled violently. He nodded because he couldn't speak.

Kelly picked up the end of the blue silk necktie which passed around the woman's neck and dangled alongside the sofa. "This yours, too?"

Again Blaine nodded. There was no mistaking that expensive foulard job Lucille had given him for Christmas.

"You might as well sit down," Kelly said. "It's gonna take a little time for us to pick up all the loose ends around here. You can see how all this might look to us, Blaine—right now, anyway. It's your apartment and your wife. She's strangled with one of your neckties. You got any answers?"

"I don't even know as much about—about this as you fellows seem to," Blaine said. "I just got here. I know—that is—I didn't think my wife would be here."

"Why?"

She phoned me at the office about one. She said her sister in Roslawn—that's Long Island—was ill and that she was driving out there, that she probably would be late and that I'd better stay downtown for dinner. So I did—ate at the City Club."

Kelly nodded. "We can check that if we need to. The desk says, though, that she didn't get any calls today. We asked, you see."

"But—"

"Yeah. I know, that's what you say you did—which could mean several different things. She did call *you*; the desk downstairs has the record on that one."

"How did you know about this?" Blaine asked, utterly calmly.

"The bureau got a blind call about five o'clock. Irons and I got here about a half-hour later—gave us time to check on a number of things, Blaine. The door was looked when we got here. We got in with the floor master key from the office. Nothing has been kicked around. We were partly waiting for you."

"Surely you don't think *I* had something to do with—with this?"

"Now how," Kelly said dryly, "would we get a strange notion like that? Who ever heard of such a thing? Imagine."

"If I did, would I come back here, like this?" Blaine argued.

Kelly shrugged. "Do you know lots stranger things than that have happened? But you know the answer to that one. We don't—yet. We waited a reasonable time to see whether you would show up. It didn't look like anything was missing here. I mean, nothing that looked like a man might be figuring on being gone for a long time. But after all, Blaine, you're an interested party in this, whether you had anything to do with it or not."

"You know, Blaine—" Irons spoke for the first time—"you don't look to me much like a man who's upset by what you found when you got home."

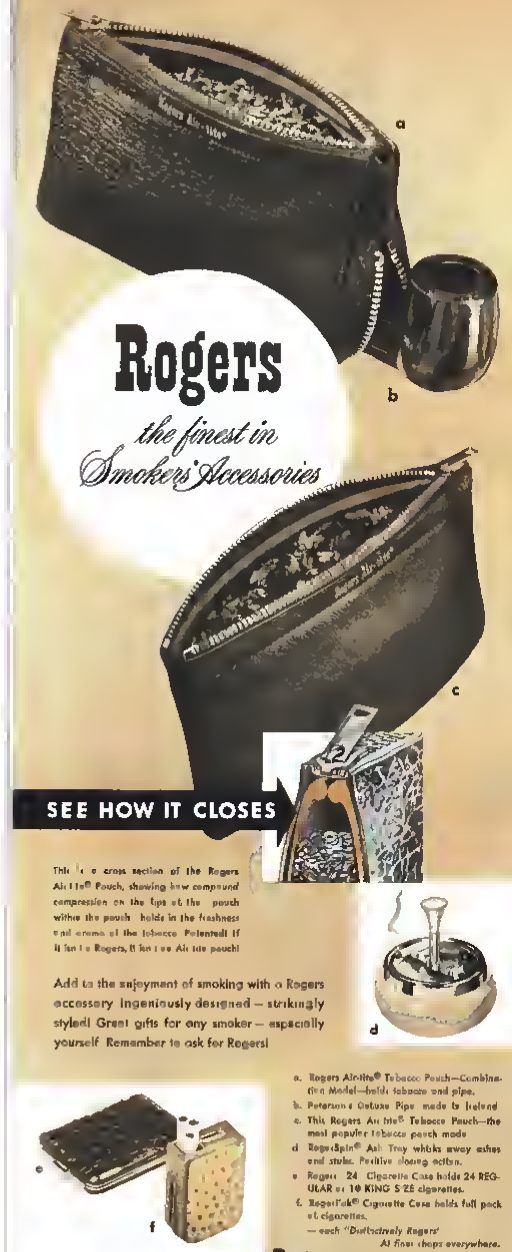
Blaine whirled on him angrily. "What the devil do you know about how I feel? I'm just trying to act like I had a little common sense. Do you want me to wring my hands?"

"Let it lay, Mike," Kelly said. "Your wife drove out a little after one, Blaine. We don't know when she came back."

"The attendant in car storage would know that."

"No," Kelly shook his head. "Not necessarily—he says. There's room for a hundred cars down there. As a tenant you've got your own regular stall. He doesn't have to check anybody in or out. He's got other work to do and says a dozen cars can come and go without him knowing it unless they want service. He

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Minutes out of Time

Continued from page 121

knew that she left and that's all."

"The elevator boy would know, then."

"Wrong again. He says he hauled her down, but not back. She must have walked up. The stairwell is enclosed with a fire door at each floor. She could walk up without anybody seeing her, clear up from the basement. She must have—the car's down there."

"Walk from the basement to the seventh floor?" Blaine scoffed. "Try again, Kelly."

"She got here," Kelly said with dogged patience. "Anybody can walk up eight flights if they have a good enough reason, Blaine. You know of anyone who might have a reason to do this?"

"Not a soul. I can't even imagine it."

"Well, we have to ask. What about you, and her? You get along all right?"

Blaine hesitated a fractional moment. "Well, we haven't been getting along any too well just recently, but we weren't at each other's throats—" He choked over the unintended word and bit his lower lip until it showed white.

"Hmm. Well, I suppose you account for yourself."

"Just how do you mean?"

"If you weren't here, then you must have been somewhere else. You know, what is vulgarly called an alibi. Let's say from the time she phoned you—we'll grant she did—until five-thirty, which was when we took over. Your office?"

"Well, no," Blaine said a little hesitantly. "Not exactly. I'm with Horne and Yorke, consulting engineers, Larkin Building, on Eighteenth Street. We had a client in town from Denver. He had to catch a three o'clock plane from Idlewild Airport, and there were some last-minute details that had to be talked over with him personally. I was just leaving when Lucille called. I went over to Idlewild and had lunch with this man in the airport restaurant. We finished our business at lunch and afterward—"

"And then?" Kelly prompted.

"Well, I returned to the office."

"We can give that a routine check in the morning."

"Well, I don't know," Blaine said dubiously. "You see, there wasn't anybody in the office when I got back."

Kelly frowned. "Come again. I didn't quite get that one."

"It was five-thirty when I got there, and everybody was gone. The office closes at five. I let myself in with my own key."

"It's just a detail. Irons put in—but why did you go back at all if the office was closed?"

"There were letters on my desk—technical matters—that had to be checked over and signed. I mulled them myself."

"Let me get this perfectly straight," Kelly said. "You left Idlewild when the three o'clock plane pulled out, but you didn't get back to Eighteenth Street until five-thirty or thereabouts. Just how do you account for that?"

"Well—" doggedly—"I don't *account* for it as you choose to put it."

"Now look," Kelly said, still patient but still stalking. "You left your office after one, went to Idlewild Airport, ate some lunch, even if it was only a sandwich, and talked over some business. You did all that in something less than two hours, which is perfectly possible and reasonable. Then you turn around and tell us it took you two hours and a half just to make the trip back to your office. Well?"

"It just took that long for the trip, that's all. I wasn't feeling so good and I wasn't in any hurry."

"Even though you had mail to attend to at the office?"

"What difference did it make? I had my own key and I was in no hurry to get home, anyway. I dawdled around, had a couple of drinks and watched a few innings of baseball on the television."

"Where?"

"I honestly don't remember, Kelly. Just a place in Queens."

"Anybody that can vouch for the fact that you didn't leave the airport until three or after? That you didn't, for instance, leave maybe even around two-thirty?"

"A lot of people must have seen me there, of course, but I wouldn't know who any of them are. After I left the office I—"

"Never mind that now. I don't know whether you're just plain dumb, Blaine, or trying to take us for a fancy ride, but either way you're working yourself into a corner as far as we're concerned. Let's grant that you were at your office around five-thirty, but that maybe you left the airport any time around two-thirty. That's three hours. Or even say you left at three—that's still two hours and a half. A man can do a lot of things in that time if they're important to him, say like killing somebody."

"You're crazy!" Blaine said hoarsely. "Great God! Why would I kill my *wife*?"

"Why does anybody?" Kelly said wearily. "We've been asking you that, Blaine, one way and another, ever since you came in."

"Do you think I don't know my alibi's weak? Why would I tell you these things if they weren't the simple truth?"

"I dunno," Kelly said. "I don't know why people tell me a lot of the things they do, especially in murder cases."

"Why, I couldn't even get in here without somebody seeing—"

"Aw, cut it out. Your wife did," Kelly said harshly. "So why couldn't you? Let's tie it all up this way. You two were the only ones with a key to the apartment." He let his eyes drift around the immaculate room. "There was no rough stuff. The door wasn't busted and neither was anything."

Continued on page 124



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Minutes out of Time

Continued from page 122

else. Whoever did the job was able to get very, very close to her without making her suspicious. You haven't got a smell of an alibi for the time during which she had to be killed. For my money, it all adds up to you. We would like to know *why*. You may as well tell us. We'll find the answer sooner or later anyway."

Blaine could feel sweat running down his face, but he couldn't wipe it off. "Listen, Kelly, all this doesn't make sense. There's some insane mistake here, and you're wasting time on me when you might be doing something—"

"Yeah?" Kelly said woodenly. "We gave you every chance in the world. We're not geniuses, Blaine, but we can add two and two." He swung around. "Mike, call medical and tell 'em we're through here. They can come on up and do their chores. Blaine, we'll have to take you down to the bureau and book you—suspicion of murder for the present."

"If you won't listen to sense," Blaine said desperately, "you've got to let me call my lawyer. I've got a right to do that."

"Sure you have, but not now. You can call your lawyer *after* you've been officially booked for something, not before."

Irons put down the phone and said, "All set down at medical, Jack. You ready?"

On the sidewalk below, Kelly said, "The car's across the street and down the block. You get it, Mike. Go around the block the other way and pick us up here."

For the first time, now that he was on his way to Centre Street, Blaine was acutely desperately aware of the horror that had happened to him. He was trapped, walled in, where there was neither reason nor logic. He had to do something, anything, get time to unravel this hall of unreason, to sort out his jellied wits. A little time, he told himself, was all he needed. Two hours, even one!

Down the street a car backfired and Kelly automatically jerked his head away. Moving like an animal, without thinking, Blaine struck at the hard line of Kelly's jaw, and Kelly crumpled like a collapsing sack.

Blaine was running before Kelly dropped. Forty yards to the corner—around an that side of the block the darkness would be thicker and the traffic lighter. Cross in the middle of the block, where an alley began, down the alley to a point where a narrow vacant lot led to the next street.

He dodged between two parked cars and faced abruptly into a blinding light that came from everywhere and nowhere. Then he began falling, interminably....

Masterman's fingers drummed on his padded chair arm and his face was as expressionless as ever.

Blaine's body was drenched with moisture and his hands had crushed the featherweight hat which lay in his lap. His was breathing heavily, as though he had run a long distance. Then his eyes strayed to the white face of the wall clock. It stood at exactly eight o'clock! His tongue moistened dry lips.

"My God, man!" he said thickly. "You had no *right* to do that, Masterman! Nobody has!"

"And why not Mr. Blaine?" Masterman said coldly. "You came here and took my time of your own volition. And see how little of *your* time I have asked for a minor experiment—two minutes out of eternity. Many people would give a very great deal for a glimpse into the future. Or would they, Mr. Blaine?"

"You've no right to—to insinuate such damnable fakery into any man's mind!"

Masterman shrugged over so slightly. "Fakery? Come now, Mr. Blaine. You had a reason for coming here, even if you still don't know what that reason is. There is always a reason, however obscure, for every action. I took the small liberty of demonstrating a portion of my—well, abilities, let us say. But let me tell you something, for your own information. *I put nothing into your mind which did not already have a valid existence somewhere!*"

Blaine rose abruptly. "Sheer bunk! Vaudeville bunk!"

"As you will, Mr. Blaine. In any event, if you decide what it was you required of me, you will know where to find me now."

Blaine almost slammed the door behind him, but not quite. The attendant was nowhere in sight and he let himself out through the street door.

Of all possible silly excursions, this had been the silliest. It was so utterly fantastic he could hardly believe it himself, even while he could still look back and see Masterman's narrow house. Still, the man had at least one honest point. Blaine *had* gone there of his own free will.

It was only a ten-minute walk to the apartment and he decided to walk rather than look for a cab. Maybe the walk would sort out his wits a little.

Luella might be back by now—not that it made any particular difference. It was just that in the circumstances she was in his mind more than she might have been.

The desk clerk nodded meaningfully to someone as Blaine entered and a man sitting near the desk rose and approached. Another man who had been waiting near the lobby's rear entrance, the one which led to basement car storage, joined them.

"Blaine? Tracey Blaine?" the first man said quietly.

"That's right—Something I can do for you?" Blaine could feel cold walls of fear closing in.

"Walk easy." The man flipped open a card case and Blaine saw a badge pinned inside. "I'm John Kelly, Homicide Bureau...." ■

Continued from page 98

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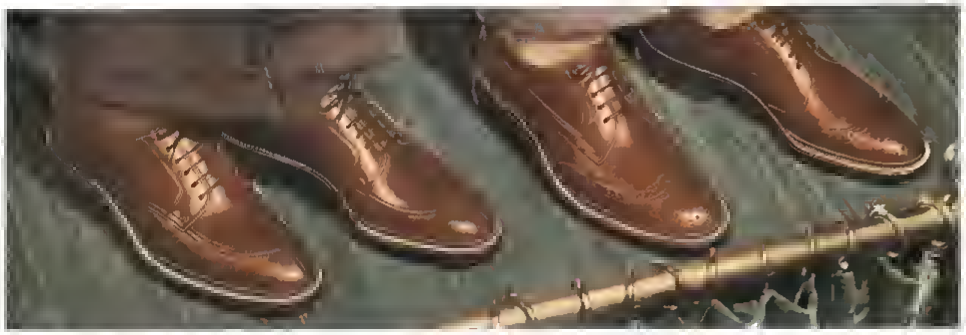
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Bargain at Moon Dance

Continued from page 72

nose, and finally he sighed and said, "That Slade!"

Just the sound of the name brought Slade to my eye. I saw him slouched in front of the bar, and I saw him and his string coming down the grade from the buttes, the wheel horses held snug and the rest lined out pretty, and then the string leveling off and Slade's whip lifting hair from a horse that wasn't up in the collar. I had heard it said that Slade could make a horse scream with that whip. Slade's name wasn't Freighter, of course, but that's what the town called him because that was what he was.

"I don't think it's any good to send him a bill, Mr. Baumer," I said. "He can't even read."

"He could pay, yet."

"He don't pay anybody," I said.

"I think he hate me," Mr. Baumer went on. "That is the thing. He hate me for coming out from this country. I come here, sixteen years old, and learn to read and write, and I make a business, and so I think he hate me."

"He hates everybody." I told him.

Mr. Baumer shook his head. "But not to pinch the nose. Not to call Dutchie."

The side door squeaked open, but it was only Cully Coleman coming in from a trip, so I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Baumer, but you shouldn't have trusted him in the first place."

"I know," he answered, looking at me with his misty eyes. "A man make mistakes. I think some do not trust him, so he will pay me because I do. And I do not know him well then. He only came back to town three, four months ago, from being away since before I go into business."

"People who knew him before could have told you," I said.

A man make mistakes," he explained again.

"It's not my business, Mr. Baumer, but I would forget this bill."

His eyes rested on my face for a long minute, as if they didn't see me but the problem itself. He said, "It is not twenty-two dollars and fifty cents now. Al—It is not that any more."

"What is it?"

He took a little time to answer. Then he brought his two hands up as if to help him shape the words. "It is the thing. You see it is the thing."

I wasn't quite sure what he meant.

He took his pencil from behind the ear where he had put it and studied the point of it. "That Slade. He steal whisky and call it evaporation. His sneak things from his load. A thief he is. And too big for me."

I said, "I got no time for him, Mr. Baumer, but I guess there never was a freighter didn't steal whisky. That's what I hear."

It was true, too. From the railroad to Moon Dance was fifty miles and a little better—a two-day haul in good weather, any length of time in bad. Any freight string bound home with a load had to be out at least one night. When a freighter had his stock tended to and maybe a little fire going against the dark, he'd tackle a barrel of whisky or grain alcohol if he had one aboard consigned to Hirsch Brothers or Mr. Baumer's or the Moon Dance Saloon or the Gold Leaf Bar. He'd drive a hoop out of place bore a little hole with nail or bit, and draw off what he wanted. Then he'd plug the hole with a whittled peg and pound the hoop back. That was evaporation. Nobody complained much. With freighters you generally took what they gave you within reason.

"Moore steals it, too," I told Mr. Baumer. "Moore was Mr. Baumer's freighter."

Yah," he said, and that was all but I stood there for a minute thinking there might be something more. I could see thought swimming in his eyes above that little bull of chin. Then a customer came in, and I had to go wait on him.

Nothing happened for a month, nothing between Mr. Baumer and Slade that is, but fall drew on toward winter and the first flight of ducks headed south, and Mr. Baumer hired Miss Lizzie Webb to help with the just-beginning Christmas trade, and here it was, the first week in October, and he and I walked up the street again with the monthly bills. He always sent them out. I guess he had to. A bigger store like Hirsches would wait on the ranchers until their beef or wool went to market.

Up to a point things looked and happened almost the same as they had before, so much the same that I had the crazy feeling I was going through that time again. There was a wagon and a rig tied up at Hirsches' rack and a saddle horse standing hipshot in front of the harness shop. A few more people were on the street now, not many, and lamps had been lit against the shortened day.

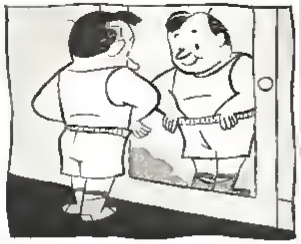
It was dark enough that I didn't make out Slade right away. He was just a figure that came out of the yellow wash of light from the Moon Dance Saloon and stood on the boardwalk and with his head made the little motion of spitting. Then I recognized the lean, raw shape of him and the muscles flowing down into the sloped shoulders, and in the soft-hug darkness I filled the picture in—the dark skin and the flat cheeks and the peevish eyes and the mustache growing rank.

There was Slade and here was Mr. Baumer with his bills and here was me, just as before, just like in the second go-round of a bad dream. I felt like turning back, being embarrassed and half-

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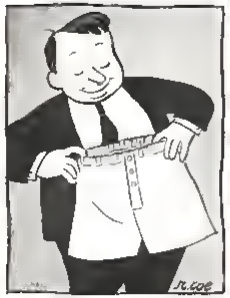
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THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP FASTENERS THAT END BUTTON BOTHER!

Bargain at Moon Dance

(Continued from page 127)

scared by trouble even when it wasn't mine. *Please* I said to myself *don't stop Mr Baumer! Don't bite off anything! Please short sighted the way you are don't catch sight of him at all!* I held up and stepped around behind Mr Baumer and came up on the outside so as to be between him and Slade where maybe I'd cut off his view.

But it wasn't any use. All along I think I knew it was no use not the praying or the walking between or anything. The act had to play itself out.

Mr Baumer looked across the front of me and saw Slade and hesitated in his step and came to a stop. Then in his slow business way, his chin held firm against his mouth, he began lingering through the bills squinting to make out the names. Slade had turned and was watching him, munching on a cud of tobacco like a waiting bull.

"You look, Al," Mr Baumer said without lifting his face from the white bills. "I cannot see so good."

So I looked and while I was looking Slade must have moved. The next I knew Mr Baumer was staggering ahead, the envelopes spilling out of his hands. There had been a thump, the clap of a heavy hand swung hard on his back.

Slade said "Haryu, Dutchie?"

Mr Baumer caught his balance and turned around, the bills he had trampled shining white between the two of them, and at Slade's feet the hat that Mr Baumer had stumbled out from under.

Slade picked up the hat and scuffed through the bills and held it out. "Cold to be goin without a sky-piece," he said.

Mr Baumer hadn't spoken a word. The lamp shine from inside the bar caught his eyes, and in them it seemed to me a light came and went as anger and the uselessness of it took turns in his head.

Two men had come up on us and stood watching. One of them was Angus McDonald, who owned the Ranchers Bank and the other was Doctor King. He had his bag in his hand.

Two others were drifting up but I didn't have time to tell who. The light came in Mr Baumer's eyes and he took a step ahead and swung. I could have hit harder myself. The fist landed on Slade's cheek without hardly so much as jogging his head but it let hell loose in the man. I didn't know he could move so fast. He slid in like a practiced fighter and let Mr. Baumer have it full in the face.

Mr Baumer slammed over on his back but he wasn't out. He started lifting himself. Slade leaped ahead and brought a boot heel down on the hand he was lifting himself by. I heard meat and bone under that heel and saw Mr Baumer fall back and try to roll away.

Things had happened so fast that not until then did anyone have a chance to get between them. Now Mr. McDonald pushed at Slade's chest, saying, "That's enough. Freighter. That's enough now," and Doctor King lined up too, and another man I didn't know, and I took a place and we formed a kind of screen between them. Doctor King turned and bent to look at Mr. Baumer.

"Damn fool hit me first," Slade said.

"That's enough." Mr McDonald told him again while Slade looked at all of us as if he'd spit on us for a nickel. Mr McDonald went on, using a half-friendly tone and I knew it was because he didn't want to take Slade on any more than the rest of us did. "You go on home and sleep it off, Freighter. That's the ticket."

Slade just snorted. From behind us Doctor King said, "I think you've broken this man's hand."

"Lucky for him I didn't kill him," Slade answered. "Damn Dutch penny-pincher!" He fingered the chew out of his mouth. "Maybe he'll know enough to leave me alone now."

Doctor King had Mr Baumer on his feet. "I'll take him to the office," he said.

Blood was draining from Mr Baumer's nose and roaming the curve of his lip and dripping from the sides of his chin. He held his hurt right hand in his other hand, but he didn't look beaten even then, not the way a man who has given up looks beaten. Maybe that was why Slade said, with a show of that first fierce anger,

"You stay away from me! Hear? Stay clear away, or you'll get more of the same!"

Doctor King led Mr. Baumer away. Slade went back into the bar and the other men walked off talking about the fight. I got down and picked up the bills because I knew Mr Baumer would want me to and mailed them at the post office dirty as they were. It made me sure someway that Slade's bill was one of the few that wasn't marked up. The cleanness of it seemed to say that there was no getting the best of him.

Mr Baumer had his hand in a sling the next day and wasn't much good at waiting on the trade. I had to hustle all afternoon and so didn't have a chance to talk to him even if he had wanted to talk. Mostly he stood at his desk and once passing it I saw he was practicing writing with his left hand. His nose and the edges of the cheeks around it were swollen some.

At closing time I said, "Look Mr Baumer I can lay out of school a few days until your hand of get straightened out here."

"No," he answered as if to wave the subject away. "I get somebody else. You go to school. It's good to learn."

I had a half-notion to say that learning hadn't helped him much with Slade. Instead I blurted out that I would have the law on Slade.

"The law?" he asked.

"The sheriff or somebody."

"No Al," he said. "You would not."

I asked why.

The law, it is not for plain fights," he said. "Shooting? Robbing? Yes, the law come quick. The plain fights they are too many. They not count enough."

He was right. I said, "Well, I'd do something, anyhow."

Yes," he answered with a slow nod of his head. "Something you would do. Al." He didn't tell me what.

Within a couple of days he got another man to clerk for him—it was Ed Heupel who was always finding and losing jobs—and we made out. Mr Baumer took his hand from the sling in a couple or three weeks but with the taps and all it still wasn't any use to him. From what you could see of the fingers below the tape it looked as if it never would be.

He spent most of his time at the high desk sending me or Ed out on the errands he used to run like posting and getting the mail. Sometimes I wondered if that was because he was afraid of meeting Slade. He could just as well have gone himself. He wasted a lot of hours just looking at nothing though I will have to say he worked hard at learning to write left-handed.

Then a month and a half before Christmas he hired Slade to haul his freight for him.

Ed Heupel told me about the deal when I showed up for work. "Yessir," he said, resting his foot on a crate in the storeroom where we were supposed to be working. "I tell you how throwed in with Slade. Told me this morning to go out and locate him if I could and bring him in. Slade was at the saloon o' course and says to hell with Dutchie, but I told him this was honest-to-God business, like Baumer had told me to and there was a quart of whisky right there in the store for him if he'd come and get it. He was out of money, I reckon, because the quart fetched him."

"What did they say?" I asked him.

"Search me. There was two or three people in the store and Baumer told me to wait on 'em and he and Slade palavered back by the desk."

"How do you know they made a deal?"

Ed spread his hands out. "Bout noon Moore came in with his string and I heard Baumer say he was makin' a change. Moore didn't like it too good either."

It was a hard thing to believe, but there one day was Slade with a pile of stuff for the Moon Dance Mercantile Company and that was proof enough with something left for Scot.

Mr. Baumer never opened the subject up with me, though I gave him plenty of chances. And I didn't feel like asking. He didn't talk much these days but went around absent-minded feeling sick and then if the fingers that curled yellow and stiff out of the bandage like the toes on the leg of a dead chicken. Even on our walks home he kept his thoughts to himself.

I felt different about him now, and was sore inside. Not that I blamed him exactly. A hundred and thirty-five pounds wasn't much to throw against two hundred. And who could tell what Slade would do on a bellyful of whisky? He had promised Mr Baumer more of the same; hadn't he? But I didn't feel good. I couldn't look up to Mr Baumer like I used to and still wanted to. I didn't have the beginning of an answer when men cracked jokes or shook their heads in sympathy with Mr Baumer, saying Slade had made him come to time.

Slade hauled in a load for the store and another, and Christmas time was drawing on and trade heavy, and the winter that had started early and then pulled back

Continued on page 130



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Bargain at Moon Dance

Continued from page 129

came on again. There was a blizzard and then it still rold and another blizzard nod afterwand a sunshine that was leesbine on the drifted snow. I was glad to be busy selling nyershines and sheeplined coats nod rotts and socks as thick as saddle blankets and Christmas candy out of buskets nod hickory nuts and the fresh onnages that the people in our town never saw except when Santa Claus was coming.

One afternoon when I hit out from chss the thermometer on the school porch read 42 below. But you didn't have to look at it to know how cold the weather was. Your nose and fingers nod toes and ears and the bones inside you told you. The snow cried when you stepped on it.

I got to the store and took my things off and ormfied my hands at the stove for a minute so's to get life enough in them to tie a pared. Mr Baumer—he was always polite to me—said, "Hello Al. Not so murh to do today. Too rold for enstomers." He shuddered a little, as if he hadn't got the shill off even yet, and rubbed his brokon hand with the good one. "I've need Christmas goods," he said, looking out the window to the furrows that wheels had made in the soow-basked street and I knew he was thinking of Slade's string, inbound from the railroad and the time it raught take even Slade to travel those hard miles.

Slade never made it at all.

Less than an hour later our old freighter Moore came in, his beard white sed stiff with frost. He didn't speak at first but looked around and clranped to the stove and took off his heavy nutts, holding his news inside him.

Then he said, not pleasantly, "Your new man's dead, Baumer."

"My new man?" Mr. Baumer said.

"Who the hell do you think? Slade. He's dead."

All Mr Baumer rould say was "Dead!"

"Froze to death, I figger," Moore told him while Cally Coleman and Ed Hempel and Miss Lizzie and I and a couple of customers stepped closer.

"Not Slade," Mr Baumer said. "He know too much to freeze."

"Maybe so, but he sure's God's froze now. I got him in the wagon."

We stood looking at one another and at Moore. Moore was enjoying his news, enjoying feeding it out bit by bit so's to hold the stage. "Heart ought've give out for all I know."

The sule door swung open letting in a rlond of cold and three men who stood like as waiting on Moore. I movrd a little and looked through the window and saw Slade's freight outfit tied outside with more mee around it. Two of them were on a wheel of one of the wagons, looking inside.

Had a extra man, so I brought your stuff in," Moore went on. "Figgered you'd be glad to pay for it."

"Not Slade," Mr. Baumer said again.

"You ran take a look at him."

Mr Baumer shook his head.

"Someone's takin' word to Connor to bring his hearse. Anyhow, I told 'im to. I carted old Slade this far. Conor can have him now."

Moore pulled on his mutts. "Found him there by the Deep Creek crossin', huddled up in the snow an his fire out." He moved toward the door. "I'll see to the horses but your stuff'll have to set there. I got more'n enough work to do at Hirsches."

Mr Baumer just nodded.

I put on my rost and went out and worted my tarn and climbed on a wagon wheel and looked insule, and there was Slade piled on some bags of bran. Maybe because of being frozen his face was whiter than I ever saw it, whiter and deader, too, though it never had been lively. Only the mustache seemed still alive, sprouting thick like grasswood from a knob. Slade was doubled up all right, as if he had died and stiffened leaning forward to a chair.

I got down from the wheel and Cally and then Ed climbed up. Moore was unhitching, tossing off his pieces of information while he did so. Pretty soon Mr. Conor came up with his old hearse and he and Moore tumbled Slade into it and the team that was as old as the hearse made off, the tires squeaking in the snow. The people trailed in away with it, their breaths leaving little ribbons of mist in the air. It was beginning to get dark.

Mr Baumer came out of the side door of the store bundled up and called to Cally and Ed and me. "We unload," he said. "Already is late. Al better you get a couple lanterns now."

We did a fast job, setting the stuff out of the wagons onto the platform and then carrying it or rolling it on the one truck that the store owned and stowing it inside the store according to where Mr Baumer's good hand pointed.

A barrel was one of the last things to go in. I edged it up and Cally nosed the truck nodrr it, and then I let it fall back. "Mr Baumer," I said, "we'll never sell all this, will we?"

"Yah," he answered. "Sure we sell it. I got it cheap. A bargain. All so I buy it."

I looked at the barrelhond again. There in big stenciled letters I saw: "Wood Alrohol—Deadly Poison."

"Harry now," Mr Baumer said. "Is late." For a flash and no longer I saw through the mist in his eyes saw you might say, that hilly chin repeated there. "Then ve go home. Al. Is good to know to read." ##

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The Heavenly World Series

Continued from page 61

Judge said. "Evers is leading off."

Evers singled and scored on Delahanty's double and the game went on. Now the pitchers and pinch-hitters were announced steadily, and the great names hooted out on the P.A. system, Rube Waddell and Jeff Tesreau, Cap Anson and Kid Elberfeld, Pinky Hargrave came in to catch for the Americans. Addie Joss was pitching for the Americans, Harry Steinfeldt was pinch-hitting, Amos Rusie was pitching for the Nationals and Covrleski came in to pitch for the Americans. The Lord said, "What is the record for a game, Judge?"

"Twenty-six innings," the Judge said, "and I certainly hope this doesn't go that long."

"Or longer," the Lord mused, half to himself.

But the game went on into the twentieth inning, then the twenty-first as more men tried their luck against pitchers and hits enjoyed to all fields, only to fall short of home as double plays and magnificent catches cut off the threats. Eric McNair came in to play short for the Americans. Bob Veach to pinch-hit and Big Ed Walsh to pitch. McGraw sent his old outfielder Ross Young up to bat, then Jake Dunbert. Vic Willis came on to pitch for the Nationals in the twenty-second inning, and Chesbro was on the mound for the Americans. On went the game. Ruth opened the twenty-fourth by flying out and Cobrg hit to the same outerfield spot. The Lord said, "Two away, no danger now," and shook his head in surprise as Harry Heilmann drove a home run far into the left-field stands. The Americans scored no more, and Keeler popped out for the Nationals in their half of the inning. "Now it's over," the Lord said and Delahanty doubled. "I'm not certain," the Lord added. "I shall cease to predict."

Ross Young singled to score Delahanty and tie it up again. The Nationals could score no more, and the twenty-fifth inning came on. The Americans failed and the Nationals failed, and as Donahue came on to pitch for the Nationals in the twenty-sixth Judge Landis said, "This time the record. Lord—"

"I trust it won't be broken," the Lord said wearily.

Fielder Jones, first up in the twenty-sixth, singled sharply to left field and the Babe, taking into mourning swing at the ball, played it running and dumped another single into left field pushing Jones to second. Lou Gehrig ran up a two-two count and drilled one into center field scoring Jones and sending Ruth to second. McGraw called time and stalked to the mound while McGinnity came from the bull pen to relieve Donahue. The Lord said, "It looks mighty bad, Judge," and wondered how long it would take to clear the traffic rrush leaving the stadium.

McGinnity took his warm-up pitches, shifted his chew to the left cheek, and delivered one ball to Heilmann. That was hit like a bullet past the mound and then the crowd was up and roaring as Tinker made a diving catch, kicked second base to double the Babe and flipped over to first, doubling Gehrig and completing a triple play to end the inning. The Nationals rushed in while the crowd went wild, and the Lord said, "I am unmanne to anything else, Judge."

Judge Landis wiped his glistening forehead with a fine lawn kerchief and said meekly. "Me, too."

"But they got one run," the Lord said. "That may do it."

"Well—" the Judge said, and lapsed into silence.

Big Jim Delahanty singled and Jim Collins sleshed another hit into right center that carried Delahanty to third. Huggins was up on the dugout step as Chesbro pitched to Ross Young, Young dropped a bunt along the third-base line and beat it out as Delahanty scored and Collins slid into second. "The Lord said, "Ted again . . . can they do it this time?"

Huggins called time and Pennock came on from the Americans' bull pen. "Was saving him for tomorrow," the Judge explained. "Huggins is getting desperate."

Pennock finished his throw and faced Chance. The first baseman took a ball, a strike and swung hard on the next pitch. The Lord saw a flash of white toward shortstop then the American fans were going wild as McNair rollared the line drive raced over and tagged second and threw to Gehrig for another triple play. McGraw was close to a conniption fit as the Americans ran off the field to bat in their half of the twenty-seventh and Judge Landis simply murmured. "It's a new record, sir," and glanced apprehensively at the Lord.

The triple play seemed to shake McGinnity. McNair walked and Wingo laced a double down the left-field line sending McNair to third base. McGraw ordered the intentional pass to Hargrave and while McGinnity pitched wide to Pinky John looked down the line toward his bull pen. On the Americans side Mike Haggins turned from the dugout step and motioned to someone and as the pinch-hitter rose to the bat rack and moved toward the circle the P.A. system announced: "Tony Lazzeri batting for Pennock."

"I was beginning to wonder when Huggins would use him," the Lord said.

"Takes me back a good many years," Judge Landis said absently. "I remember that day in 1926 when . . . Lord look!"

Lazzeri was in the box and McGraw was calling time and from

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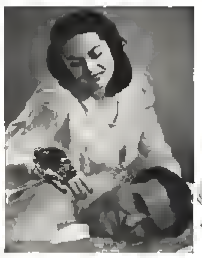
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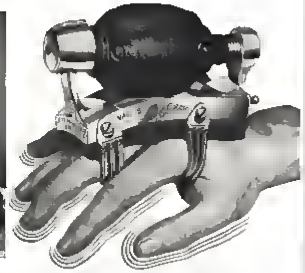
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The Heavenly World Series

Continued from page 131

the shadows down the left-field line a bent-shouldered man was making the long walk to the mound. McGraw was coming out to join him, and the P. A. system blared again: 'Coming in to pitch for the Nationals . . . Grover Alexander!'

I remember that day, too," the Lord said. "Everything has happened now. Judge."

"Except the finish," Judge Landis said. "I wonder what will happen."

Old Pete came on and took the ball from McGraw, and inside eight leisurely throws to the plate, took a hitch in his baggy pants and faced Lazzeri with the bases full and none out. And the stadium was silent in this moment, sitting back and watching, unable to find more shouts or claps after an inch dreams now faced with a scene once played and being repeated before their awed gaze. Both teams were on their feet, lining their dugout rails, and the press box was a sea of faces pressed against the wire high above the field.

"I wonder—" the Lord murmured. "I just wonder if it will happen again."

Alexander delivered and the ball was a streak, white and fast, on the inside corner and dipping across the plate for a strike. Pete took the ball again and strolled, and threw, and Lazzeri swung and the sound was sharp and decisive in the stillness. The ball was over third and winging deep down the line toward the left-field stands, going-going and gone into a waving ocean of outstretched hands, and then the foul, and the third-base umpire was signaling fair, and Bill Klem was throwing his mask to the ground and glaring toward them in helpless, confused rage.

"Fair," Judge Landis said.

"Foul!" murmured the Lord.

"*Fair!*" Hinggins was shouting, raising toward the plate, and from the Nationals' dugout, screaming "*Foul! Foul!*" came John McGraw. Home plate was a mass of red faces and waving arms as McGraw, Clarke and Stallings swarmed around Klem, and Hinggins danced up and down with furious rage, shrieking "Fair!" at the top of his lungs. Now the players were joining the argument, and McGraw had his nose against Klem's, and the other umpires were running in, waving their arms. McGraw roared something and Lazzeri gave him a shove, and then it started.

"I knew it," the Lord said.

"*Stop!*" Judge Landis bellowed. "*Stop, I say!*"

"Such language," someone said behind the Lord. The Lord turned and saw Ban Johnson grinning at him from the next box. The Lord found time to smile in return, an understanding grin at Ban Johnson, who had suspected all along what might happen. "I'd better do it, eh?" the Lord asked.

"Figured it from the start," answered Ban.

The Lord turned and called, "All right, boys!" and the fight stopped immediately. All faced the Lord with sheepish eyes downcast. The Lord said, "All of you come over here . . . that's fine, boys. Now listen to me . . . Ball was it fair or foul?"

"Lord," Klem said, "I've got good maps. One said fair, the other foul. What can I say?"

"Exactly," the Lord said gently. "And what about the argument . . . which league is the best. One says the American, another the National. And you have played twenty-six innings of wonderful baseball and no one has won the first game. Even when I brought back time gone each of you to this series as you were in your top year on earth. You promised there would be no arguments, no strong words exchanged, no hot tempers, but you see— the Lord smiled—"it is impossible to play the game without a good rhubarb now and then and heaven is no place for that. Gentlemen, you can never settle the argument for one simple reason: neither league is better than the other. You are both the best in baseball, you will always be so. Should we continue, nothing would be proved. I doubt if we could ever finish the series. So I am calling it off as of this moment—"

Lord," John McGraw said penitently, "I'm sorry."

"Jobe," the Lord said, "don't be sorry. You acted as you always did, with complete honesty and good clean anger. Never be ashamed of yourself, John. Or any of you. The series is off. There'll be no more of this in heaven; I couldn't stand it."

The announcement went out to the crowd and the Lord left the stadium with Judge Landis and Ban Johnson. John McGraw slumped disconsolately beside Uncle Wilbert in the dugout shade and was heard to mutter "I still say we was beat the cars off them bushers . . ." ❋

Continued from page 51



"Are you sure this isn't just a summer affair?"

Esquire's

Fashion Finds

REGISTRATION for the fall term brings a late rush to the dean's office at colleges across the country. It also brings a late run on clothing stores to replace the clothes that barely made it through the spring and to pick up whatever new items that the budget bolstered by summer jobs (with an occasional lift from the family) can afford. Individuality gets some expression, but the strong hand of tradition generally governs the choice.

The dark Jet grey flannel suit qualifies for most purposes on and off the campus. The jacket is the





Right combination. Collegian and his date step out in a pair of classic dress buttoned blue blazers

three-button single-breasted style with natural-width shoulders. Striped flannels and glen urquhart plaid suits are the second and third choices.

Separate jackets and slacks make a popular combination both for dates and daily classes. Most generally accepted is the three-button single-breasted design in modest tweed such as the barleycorn weaves, herringbone and small all-over patterns. The latest idea, introduced in the September issue of Esquire, is a sports jacket with a belted back. A number of undergraduates have had this style made up in gabardine and other lighter weight fabrics. The currently adopted tweeds are especially suited to the belted model, which represents a major change in undergraduate's clothes. For slacks, Jet grey and dark grey-brown flannel will blend with the brownish tones of the jackets. Another favorite is the tan cotton drill slack, either plain or brushed surface finish.

For stadium and winter wear collegians in the cold zones wisely choose the belted coat of gabardine or tweed shell with mouton or pile-fabric collar. The insulation provided by a pile or quilted lining spells comfort with adequate protection.

For the spring and early fall single-breasted tweed topcoats are favored in either the raglan style with military collar or the set-in sleeve model with notched

Continued on page 134



Sindict case: Light jacket over dark slacks with pinned, round-collared Oxford shirt, striped tie

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Esquire's Foshion Finds

Continued from page 133

lapels. Both are well adapted to the herringbone, diagonal and checked tweed fabrics in brown or grey.

Waistcoats and sweaters are now more popular than ever. Scar-



Casual wear. Lightweight cotton jacket (left), or the round-neck Shetland pullover in natural tone

let flannel and Tattersall-checked flannel waistcoats can brighten an outfit and give added warmth to the wearer. The most popular sweaters are cashmere and Shetland pullovers which appear mainly in solid colors. If the wearer prefers something with a little more flair, the Argyle plaid will give him a lift both in color and design. Corduroy shirts make a nice background in colors ranging from beige to bright cheeks with a variety of plaids and solid colors in between.

Other bright accessories include the tartan shirts that come in wool, brushed cotton and blended-fiber fabrics.

Hats of various types are becoming essential parts of the wardrobe. The pork-pie felt, the



Comfort with a flair. A long muffler of warm knitted wool with broad stripes in college colors

khaki and the dark brown soap brim all have their proponents. The novel Deerstalker, with round crown and visor fore and aft, is a fun hat that many men may want to wear. Caps, appearing in a variety of tweeds and lighter fabrics, are being worn more and more by men who like the rustic appeal of revived convention in this attractive, comfortable and casual form of headwear.

Stripes are coming in more strongly in neckwear, particularly in woven rep and knitted ties. Dark color grounds such as blue, black or maroon set off narrow diagonal markings of light blue, grey, or gold. Bow ties are appearing more frequently in reps and figured foulards.

As a backdrop for the ties, the most popular choice is an Oxford shirt with button-down or pinned rounded collar. To the plain whites and solid colors are now added the narrow candy stripes. Clips in a variety of designs such as bar and sports motifs secure the ties.

The majority of undergraduates wear belts rather than braces. Pigskin, dark cordovan, and striped ribbon are principal styles. To anchor the daytime outfit, ribbed or Argyle plaid socks in



Tweed trend. The round-crown hat of Harris tweed with a narrow brim that's turned down all the way around

bright hues make a nice team with grained leather or cordovan shoes. And for those who prefer a more casual effect, moccasins and plain white bucks are still attractively correct.

For formal parties, a single-breasted dinner jacket with a shawl collar is the one most men are choosing. Complementary accessories include the pleated-front dress shirt with attached collar, narrow midnight blue bow tie, cummerbund to match, black socks and black patent leather evening shoes. ##



Warm clothes for a cold stadium. A scarlet waistcoat and a piped overcoat with mouton collar



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South Africa: Adventure Unlimited

Continued from page 69

you're in a comfortable hotel lounging on the bar for the traditional African "sundowner" cocktail, you'll hear stories of the Africa that used to be—of days when big game swarmed all through these lands, and the only conservation program was carried through with the rifle, and was designed to conserve man.

Souvenir-shopping in Zulu villages, you'll pick up some of the love language of the beads, used by native maidens to communicate with the young men with whom they have "an understanding." They wear the beads which are about the size of a small dish on their heads and various colors convey various messages. Here's an abridgment of the lexicon:

Green: "I love you all right, but [black border] I am angry with you and it's getting me thin."

Pink: "You are like a spendthrift. Apparently you've sent no money home and you have no cattle for my lobola [Broadly, to pay for me.] People are talking about it at the dipping tank."

Red: "All this is making me angry, and my heart is very troubled over you."

White: "I am still going to wait for you although you have done this thing."

Blue: "If you don't do anything about it, however, I shall fly like a dove right away."

Yellow: "When I have flown there will be no more hope for anything. All will be over. [Postscript] As I said before my heart is angry and sore."

You won't have to take off on foot with native bearers to visit the inside of Africa. In South Africa native villages with ancient ways of life lie only a few hundred yards away from highways on which cars roar by at sixty miles an hour. Trains such as the South African Railway's famed "Blue Train" serve cocktails and fine meals in beautifully decorated, streamlined cars while the engine winds its way through back country opened up less than a century ago. Luxurious motor coaches quickly cross the veld which cost the Voortrekkers agonizing years on creaking oxcarts and covered wagons during the Great Trek of the 1830's. And you'll be able to see the great beasts of the plains and the hills right from the front seat of your car in the various game preserves scattered throughout the Union.

The most famous of these preserves is Kruger National Park, and here you'll hit the top of your visit to South Africa. Here is a world of thrills—Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, a mile wide and twice the height of Niagara; magnificent mountain scenery; miles of splendid beaches; lovely wine country; fabulous diamond mines at Kimberley and gold mines near Johannesburg—but Kruger beats them all.

This tremendous game preserve got its start in 1898 when President Paul Kruger of the Transvaal Republic set aside part of what is now the national park for the protection of all wild life. The Boer War interrupted its development, but other sections were added in the early part of this century, and the area, two hundred miles long by forty miles wide, was declared a national park in 1926. The following year the first three cars ventured humorously into the animal kingdom. Since all the adventuresome pioneers came back uneaten, 180 cars followed in 1928. More than seventeen thousand cars drove through the gates in 1951.

Today the Kruger National Park is crisscrossed by a thousand miles of roads. There are a number of entrances to the park, but the most convenient ones—if you're arriving from Johannesburg, two hundred seventy miles away by rail and less by road—is the Pretorious Kop rest camp, which can be visited all year round. The park has fourteen other camps, all with thatched huts; comfortable cottages; a store, restaurant and plenty of servants to unload your baggage and see to your comfort. Admission to the park is $1.40. A bungalow costs between $5.60 and $7.00 a night—it's even less in comfortable huts—and meals in the park restaurants average about fifty-six cents for breakfast, sixty-three cents for lunch, and seventy cents for dinner.

Or, if you're in a safarilike mood, the park has excellent camping facilities, and attendants will even make up your campfire for you. A bed in a tent costs about fifty-three cents. You'll have to supply your own cooking utensils and dishes though, if you want to camp out. Grilling your meat in the embers of a wood fire, while the roar of lions comes from beyond the flames, you'll feel at least like Dr. Livingstone.

In fact, you'll feel the call of the wild almost as soon as you pass through the gates into a park where the animals may wander about but you're confined. The first rule is that the visitor must stay in his car between camps. It's for his own protection, since for some reason the animals never seem to encounter cars with man, their ancient enemy. Lions have been seen studying their reflections in a car's shining sides, peering curiously into the windows, and licking the headlights—but have never been known to charge a car. Once a man steps out of his car, though, he becomes the loathsome little beast who stands on his hind legs while his forelegs explode and spit death, a guy to be exterminated and forthwith.

Some screwball tourists do get out of their cars. They're usually sorry. One group that got off cheap dismounted to take pictures of themselves draped over some rocks, looking very nonchalant. Their carefree mood lasted until they had the pictures developed, when they saw that a lion had been in the bush in the background, not thirty feet away, watching and licking his chops.

Other park rules are just as sensible. The speed limit is twenty-five miles an hour, which makes sense because you can't see any game if you go faster than that, and the dust you'd raise from the good, but unpaved roads would spoil things for other visitors—and what would you do if you rounded a curve at high speed and found a herd of elephants in the road? But the park rangers probably won't fine you for going more than twenty-five if a herd of elephants charges your car, since that's about their cruising speed when they get going.

In addition to lion and elephant you'll see thousands of buck and antelope, including the graceful impala and the magnificent sable or kudu bull. If you've got quick eyes you'll spot the cheetah, the fastest of all animals. You'll soon get accustomed to the sight of zebra, and their constant companions the wildebeest, and you'll come across leopard, waterbuck, baboon, hyena and hundreds of species of rare and beautiful birds. You'll visit the hippo pool and at scores of river fords and water holes you'll see crocodiles, lying like half-submerged logs, waiting for some absent-minded animal to take a drink without casing the joint first.

Park attendants will fill you in on the lore of the jungle. You'll learn that the big cats like to hunt at night, which is why you must be in camp within half an hour of sunset. You'll discover early morning and late afternoon are the best times to see game because most animals like to rest in the heat of midday. With your camera—equipped perhaps with a telephoto lens—you'll experience all the thrills and excitement of the hunter without destroying any life in this African Garden of Eden.

It's a dream vacation all right—this trip to Africa—but it's a dream that can easily come true. Thanks to the magic of air travel, Americans can visit South Africa on their two-week vacations. The new jet service puts Johannesburg only twenty-three hours from London, with twelve or thirteen hours required for the flight between New York and London, you can be peering at a pride of lions through your rangefinder only three days after hopping aboard your plane at Idlewild.

Even so, South Africa is one of those really special junkets you'll probably want to save for a time when you've got a month or so for hitting the high spots. It's a trip you'll want to look forward to—and plan—and gloat over for a long, long time.

(And for more information on how to make your dream trip to South Africa come true, read Vacation Now on page 28.) ❋

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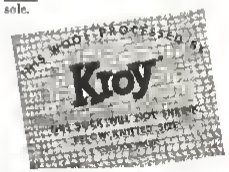


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Continued from page 94

take up the study of accounting.

"I'm sorry," he said in a tiny voice.

"I'm sorry, too," Lisa said and took his hand the way a small child might take her mother's hand to beg forgiveness. For a moment they looked into one another's eyes—through Mr. Goldberg's horn-rimmed glasses and Dave Goldberg felt a kind of golden warmth and pity. He had never held a real actress' hand before. Then the cab jarred to a halt in front of the Pierre, and Lisa's hand whipped away. In a few dazzling moments Dave Goldberg found himself alone catching just a glimpse of Lisa's famous silken legs as she crossed to the Pierre's Sixty-first Street entrance.

Upstairs in her suite, Lisa flung her mink stole onto the sofa and plopped into an easy chair. Clara, her maid, swiftly and silently went about unpacking the suitcases and traveling trunk.

"Clara," Lisa said quietly from the depths of her chair.

Clara glided silently into the sitting room. "Yes, Miss Leicester?"

"I want a bath," she said with a tiny pout. "And don't put in those apple-blossom salts."

"But those are the only salts that we brought with us, Miss Leicester."

Lisa snapped up in her seat. "I said I didn't want those crummy salts! I'm as filthy as a coal miner! Put in some Bab-O and Brillo pads and don't give me any arguments!" Lisa sank back and felt her heart pounding. She knew that she mustn't shout any more. It made her heart work too hard. Hadn't that nice Doctor MacLeod told her that? But what could she do if she were surrounded by idiots like Goldberg and Clara? What could she do when men like Flanes schemed against her and secret telegrams were sent back and forth between Hollywood and New York and she was met at Grand Central Station like a barrel of bananas and trucked over to the Pierre? God, how smart you had to be in this business. When Sam Goldwyn had founded her back in the '30s he had spent nearly a million dollars in promotion to introduce her to the American public—fifty thousand dollars alone to teach people that Leicester was pronounced "Lester." She had half a mind to call Sam right now and break her contract with those other swine.

She reached for the phone and called Teddy Ware instead. Good, honest Teddy who had handled her for Goldwyn in New York.

"Teddy? This is—no, you guess—your cockney flower, stupid!"

"Yes. Yes! Just about half an hour ago—haven't even had my bath. As grimy as a collier. . . . Yes. Yes! Oh, Teddy, they're treating me like so much yard goods. . . . Oh, you darling, you do know! But what am I to do? They have me strangled by contract. . . . No, no, no, we mustn't talk about that. It's absolute treason! You might think I'm insane, dear, but they may have the very wire tapped. . . . Oh, Teddy, you don't know how difficult and scheming and brutal they've been. . . . But everyone in Hollywood knows dear. . . . Didn't they have that poor little Janes girl's teeth all filed down so they could put caps on her? And Sir Harvey, probably the greatest character actor the screen has ever known, playing the third lead with that unspeakable dog. . . . Oh, Teddy, I'm miserable! . . . Yes, my last picture was a stinker. Oh, that's so kind of you, Teddy. I don't know what made me leave, dear, funny old Sam. I loved him like a father, Teddy. I still do. . . . Did he really say that about me? When? . . . Oh, God, there are some nice people in the industry and he's one of them. No. . . . No, no, absolutely not. . . . You mustn't come here, Teddy. . . . No! . . . No! . . . No! I must insist—no, Teddy! How absolutely glandular! Stop it! . . . Yes, darling. I'll call you. . . . All right. . . . about five. . . . No, we can't have dinner. . . . I shall be much too busy. . . . Yes. . . . I'll call you. . . . Yes, dear. . . . Yes. . . ."

She hung up while he was still talking, later, when she called him, she would tell him that they had been disconnected by the stupid operator.

Without waiting for any possible call back she went into the bedroom, stripped to the skin and entered the bathroom on naked tiny feet. The tub wasn't quite full, so she squatted, and trembled away from the cold porcelain and looked at her face in the mirror that had been placed before her. All her things were spread out with surgical cleanliness and precision on a glass tray that lay across the tub. There were her tweezers, her comb, her brush, her nail file, her cuticle scissors, orange sticks, bobbins, perfume, powder and powder glove. All of it had been carefully sterilized by Clara, who had a horror of germs.

The mirror, cleverly clamped onto the glass tray, had an ordinary reflecting face and an obverse face a magnifier which pitilessly revealed small pores as craters, wrinkles as troughs and a fine blonde hair as a young tree.

"Yun re old old old," she whispered to herself, not loudly enough to be heard over the well-bred hiss of water from the faucets. Her bony shoulders, wide and razor-sharp, might be fashionable, but there was an odd suggestion of famine about them, a hint that long, tight throat which

Continued on page 140

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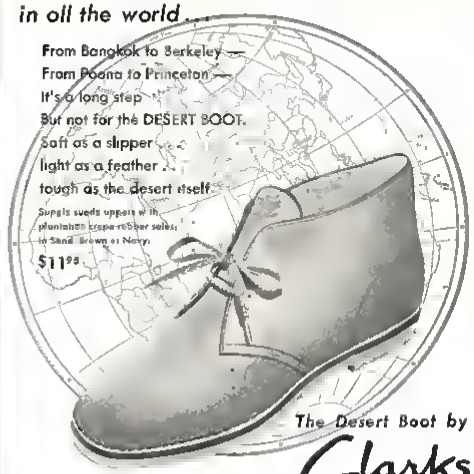
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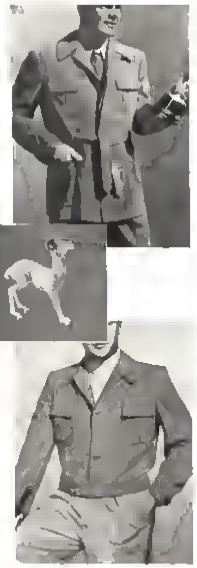
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Red-necked Peasant from Dubuque

Continued from page 139

she caressed now with long, damp fingers. Her blue eyes, normally as beautiful and senseless as quiet mountain lakes, stared with haggard wonder at herself. A shudder went through her that was not entirely the lingering chill of the tub.

There was just so much that she could face. There was just so much that she could take. Thirty-seven and unmarried, her money spent in crazy bits of ways: the house in Pacific Palisades, the car smashed just outside Stockton, the small factory now in bankruptcy—ten cents on the dollar from that, if she was lucky. Then all the relatives—the cockeyed, obscure, cockney relatives who had to have the mad that, and their children with the wild pretensions. Why did Bert Haffinch's daughter have to study music at the Sorbonne? And Uncle Gregory, wanting to go to Australia now that Britain had all those Socialists. You might say Lisa had strangled a man's ambitions in the Labour Government. If I were to start over in a place like say, Australia? Just a small place—raising sheep—there's a demand for wool and fabric you know. Just a small place, Uncle Gregory wanted—ten thousand acres. Even she knew that was more than a small place—even in Australia. Hadn't she paid thirty thousand dollars a few years ago for a few acres in Pennsylvania, with a barn that was sagging to the ground and filled with bats and cobwebs. Just a little place.

She rested back in the tub and whispered, "Oh, God," and remembered that her contract was up this month. That was why they had sent her to New York—to keep her out of the way. They had handed her third lead in *Whispering Hills* and that was the third time. The first time she should have screamed and howled and kicked, but she'd let Stanton that swine talk her into it with his brittle chatter about "character acting." Stanislavsky method. "development." The second time they'd dare it by putting out the news she'd had the first time. And the time they hadn't even had the hypocritical rumpessy to ask her about it. Oh, the swine, the oily clever, devilish swine. They knew all the tricks. They would kick her out of pictures—kick her out without so much as a fare-thee-well.

She cried now, cried with a curious, catching, exhausted crying like a child ending a long siege of tears.

Once there came a tiny tapping at the door and she paused, terrified in the midst of a sob. "Yes?" she managed, and felt oddly frozen and vulnerable in her nakedness.

"Are you all right, Miss Leicester?"

"Yes," she said quickly, as if anxious to get back to her weeping. "There are some gentlemen to see you," Clara called.

More than ever she felt vulnerable, and she had a sudden, horrifying moment of insanity when she believed that the men might crash into the room and stare down at her, naked and shaking in the tub. She hastily got up and upset the glass tray; it smashed to the floor with a loud sound and flying splinters of glass.

"Miss Leicester!" Clara cried. "Are you all right? What was that? Did you break something?"

Lisa's throat was clogged with fear. "Yes! Yes. I'm all right. I'm perfectly all right! I shall be out directly! Don't come in!" Her last words were almost tearful. A great trembling began in her thighs and she heard the absurd sound of her teeth chattering, and she became so frightened of moving from her spot, because of all the glass that she began to cry into her tightly clenched fist.

It was some time before she came out dressed pale and very quiet. She knew Humes at once and it did something to see a familiar face—even the face of a man who schemed against her. There was a lumpy little man with glasses, the reporter from the afternoon paper, and there was another man, a tall, heavy, red-necked man whom she had never seen before, she suspected that he had nothing to do with the movies or with newspapers or with any of the other five arts.

She was quite right. Humes introduced him as Harold Devers from Vonnsberg, Illinois, and Lisa had Clara order drinks for all from room service.

The little reporter asked questions and Humes wandered about the room, occasionally consulting his watch. Harold Devers from Vonnsberg, Illinois, seemed to have no reason at all for being there. He sipped his drink and watched Lisa with frank, admiring directness. Lisa, who was accustomed to people staring at her, turned her best profile and crossed her legs. She knew that she was showing Mr. Harold Devers too much leg, but she bitterly felt the-hell-with-that-and-let-him-tell-the-Rotarians-back-in-Vonnsberg-he-saw-it-clear-up-to-there.

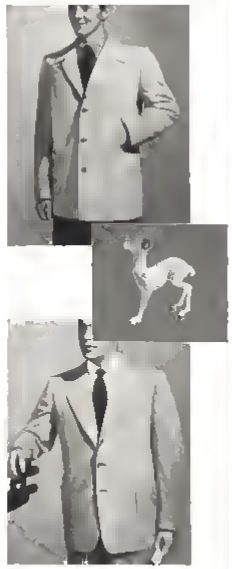
Finally the little man asked her, "Tell me, Lisa, what do you wear in bed?"

Lisa uncrossed her legs and started to swear and then recovered. "I've been asked a lot of questions in my life, Mr. Dresher, and especially during the years that I've been in the cinema, but this is the most insulting—"

The little man looked a bit confused and glanced unsurely at Humes, who shrugged elaborately, and turned his back.

Lisa paused suddenly suspicious. "Mr. Dresher," she said, "let me see your press card."

Dresher hesitated, then produced it. Lisa read it and handed it back. "When," she asked "is this article going to appear?"



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"Well," Dresher began apologetically, "I thought Larry Humes explained it to you. This is my own idea—a free-lance piece."

"Did they assign it to you, Mr. Dresher? It so happens that I know a few people up at the movie magazine so watch your lies."

"I wasn't going to lie to you, Miss Leicester. It's just my own idea—strictly on spec—I—"

Lisa got up coldly. "Get the hell out of here," she said, and was careful to keep her voice even, her pulse from racing.

Dresher rose a bit uncertainly, then recovering he said, "On second thought the idea stinks to me. I don't even know why I bothered Humes for it. It seems to me Miss Leicester you might learn a little courtesy from other great stars of the screen. They still have the common touch—"

"You don't know how common I can be, Mr. Dresher," Lisa hissed dangerously and reached for the neck of the bottle of scotch. Dresher backed out of the room without saying anything.

"That isn't the way to treat the press, Lisa," Humes said coldly.

"That rotten sneaking little penny-a-liner? He misrepresented himself. What did you do but help him palm himself off on me? What kind of a job are you doing here?" His eyes were blazing but behind them she was nearly ready to cry.

Humes looked at her calmly, checked his watch and said, "I'm trying hard to do the best job I can. I don't think they'll be very happy on the Coast to hear about your lack of co-operation."

"Yes, threaten me, you rotten, crummy little snoop! Go on and send you nasty little notes to the Coast telling them Lisa Leicester has been very uncooperative." Lisa advanced on Humes, spitting the words but he was already walking out on her. When she heard the door open she raised her voice to a shriek. "You bloody, bloody, bloody—out!" The door slammed and she felt a sudden alarming weakness.

She sank down on the Nile-green conch and stared into Mr. Harold Devers' ruddy face.

"You have a temper like my mother's," he said quietly.

"I suppose that's just dandy isn't it?" Lisa sneered, her angry, throbbing face against the couch.

"No," he said. "No, it's not dandy at all. It was attractive in my mother the same way that it's attractive to you. Neither of you wanted her individuality insulted. But I wouldn't say it was dandy. Attractive—but not pretty—"

"Who are you?"

"You should know. I've made a great deal of money out of you."

"Lots of people have. Lots of people I've never met. How did you make your share?"

"Don't pity yourself. You made money out of me, too."

"I did? How? How much?"

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Continued on page 142

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Red-necked Peasant from Dubuque

Continued from page 141

thirds cents, in fact."

"And what were these goods?"

"Dolls. Little plastic dolls with eyes that were painted Prussian Blue and hair that was real hair even though we had to dye it that tricky blonde off-shade of yours."

"I never heard of those dolls."

Mr. Harold Devers grinned, took out a flat silver cigarette case and offered it to her opened. She waved it away. "How much did you make?" she asked searching her mind for some sum that she might have mislaid—some magical cached sum that might solve everything.

"I made quite a bit. So did you. About forty thousand dollars, all told, I guess."

Lisa groaned. "Oh *that!* I remember now. I spent that ages ago! Eons ago!"

"Yes, it was quite some time ago. And I spent all of it, too. And I've made more money from it. Quite a great deal more. Only not dolls—not any more."

"Morally, I suppose," she said with a wry smile. "I should be entitled to some of the money you're making now, too."

He smiled at that and she noticed that his teeth were white and even and pleasant. "Well, you're entitled to a free dinner. At least that. Want to claim it?"

Maybe because she was miserable maybe because he seemed nicer than she had thought he would be—but she accepted.

They ate in an unfashionable place in the West Seventies near his unfashionable hotel and bit by bit he told her about himself. He was a widower, his only child, a girl, was a junior at the University of Chicago. His owned an eight-room house in Wannsberg and another house near Lisa's in Pennsylvania. But he had paid much less for his place and the photograph he produced from his wallet showed a neat clean pleasant farm with an old but freshly painted house and tidy barn. She moaned to him about the money she had paid and the rotting mountain she had bought.

"You need someone to take care of such things for you," he said.

"Ye gods. I've had half-a-dozen managers and personal reps and agents and I have haven't taken care of anything but their commissions and salaries."

"That is what I meant," he said and smiled again, his neat pleasant clean smile. It gave her a little shock to realize what he did mean, she was flustered for the first time in years.

"Stop stoking goo-goo eyes at me and have some more coffee," she said, feeling half-pleased and half-disturbed. No man had come that close to an honorable proposal since Franzl and he had been all smashed up with whiskey at the time he had undressed and the Viennese were notorious for what they said when they were drunk.

They walked hand in hand down to 59th Street and then sauntered across Central Park South to the Pierre. They had talked quietly along the way and she had begun to tell him the well-rehearsed story of her life. She knew from experience that there were spots in it where she had to let him make the ordinary wisecracks, and she gave him the openings, but he didn't take them. In a way it threw her off and disturbed her still further. Mr. Devers listened with the kind of attention that was overwhelming and yet reassuring. Her head in his felt comfortably small and weak and the only time he grabbed for her was when they were about to cross the street and a car came shooting out of the park.

When they reached the Pierre the disturbance and the confusion in Lisa's own mind had reached such a state that she didn't know what to say. His faced her and she could see that his face had once been lean and sensitive and even pale. Now there were laugh wrinkles around his eyes and his eyebrows were shaggy, and for all his height and weight he still had a kind of even-footed grace. She got the notion that he was probably a quaint and courtly dancer who wore white gloves when he waltzed.

"Well I won't say that it hasn't been lovely because it—" she paused and gagged on the flip cruelty. It seemed senseless, there was no reason in the world why she should want to hurt him. In fact there were good reasons why she should not, and one of them was the very patient and open and vulnerable look in his face.

"It has been nice, hasn't it?" he asked and she carefully searched his voice and his face for any trace of sarcasm. There was none. Just the quiet sincere voice and the open smiling face of a very nice man who owned a factory in Veausberg, Illinois and had a daughter in the University of Chicago. There had been so many wise and so many clever and so many brutish men. There had been quacks, sadists with cruel mouths, tortured men and men who tortured others, but there hadn't been any with quiet gray eyes, even, clean teeth and a double-breasted gray suit that looked as staid and dull as the financial page of the *Times*. She wondered what might happen if she invited him up to her suite. Would he offer a few drinks, go galloping humpily around the apartment with a silly, evil smirk in those nice gray eyes and a sticky, intimate touch in those strong hands? With a sense of weariness she remembered that she hadn't been a saint herself—it was a little too much to expect of small-town manufacturers who were in New York meeting actresses for the first time in their lives.

"Would you like to come up for a drink?" She asked it mechanically, woodenly waiting for the change in his eyes. He glanced down at his wrist watch. "I'm sorry. I'd like to, but I'm expecting a phone call from my daughter back at the hotel in about half an hour. I'd like to get that. But I do want to have lunch with you tomorrow. At Sardi's. My daughter told me to be sure and have lunch at Sardi's. Will you take me there?"

Lisa stared at him. "Yes, yes, of course." And he was gone.

The next morning Lisa was particularly careful with her clothing. She picked a simple neat tailored suit and tied a black net bow in her hair. She laughed at herself several times as she stared into her mirror and when Mr. Devers called, and she heard his apologetic voice she felt suddenly lost. He would be late at Sardi's. Would she go there by herself and wait? She said she would, and she did, telling the headwaiter that she was expecting a Mr. Harold Devers.

She wanted a cocktail but decided against it. Whatever her nerves did now they could do on their own. She wasn't going to leave herself reeking of whiskey.

"Hello, English—"

It was Teddy Ware and for once she didn't want to see the glib Mr. Ware. But he came over bringing his drink with him.

"Look, Teddy, I'm expecting somebody—he wouldn't understand if you—"

"Nonsense, English. Everybody knows Teddy Ware kisses only two women, his mother and his wife. I'm as pure as Ivory soap—I flout."

"Nevertheless." Lisa said firmly. "He wouldn't understand. Please be nice and go away."

"Who is this suspicious puss?"

"You wouldn't know him."

"I know everybody who is anybody, and quite a few nobodies."

"He's a very nice somebody and you don't know him. So—" Lisa saw Mr. Devers and suppressed the desire to wave. Harold was talking to someone who had his back to her but the back looked like Larry Haines. Teddy followed her eyes and thousand. "Oh."

There was something in the way he said it that made Lisa turn her head and look at Teddy. "What do you mean 'oh?'"

Teddy stared at her a moment as if deciding. "I told you I knew everybody I know him too."

A vague fear ran through her. "You just think you do—"

"Mr. Harold Devers—I think—of Vaussberg, Illinois?" Teddy said. She nodded mutely and tried to escape a swiftly rising treacherous sense of shame.

"Are you really interested in the goof?"

"He's not a goof." Lisa said calmly but severely as if to beat back the unnecessary shame.

"For Pete's sakes! I've met the guy, honey. He's strictly from the tall corn country. Nice and dull and smug. How'd you wake

Continued on page 144

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Red-necked Peasant from Dubuque

Continued from page 143

up You've been around in this business If you think you're going to hook up with this guy—forget it You're show people—he isn't You two don't even *think* alike He'll never let you go on in pictures, Lisa.'

What pictures' she said

Teddy's face underwent a swift and subtle change Okay—so things aren't looking good for you right now But that won't last You're a valuable property, Lisa One quirk script and you're right up there on top again All you have to do is to wait it out'

'I can't wait it out You need money to do that I'm stony'

'For a few lousy bucks' Teddy looked at her shocked 'Give up everything? The work, the people the business? You're too real to me, Lisa You're not going to sell yourself to some lousy red-necked peasant from Dubuque for a home a garden and cold chicken on Sunday night'

'Sometimes you have to face facts' Lisa said softly, her throat thick with misery The reproach was directed more at God than at Teddy Were but Teddy was in Sardi's and he had the floor

'Think it over, kid' Teddy said and squeezed her cold fingers as he got up and left forgetting his drink Lisa watched him go. Striding away Teddy crossed in front of Mr Harold Dovers who was coming toward Lisa smiling It was as though two parts of her life had crossed

Sometimes God gives long-green years for the growth to maturity, and sometimes He gives instants brief of desperate moments When Mr Harold Dovers was thirty feet away Lisa saw in her mind the sad little heap of sixteen years of movies—a broken jumbled glittering tangle of places and people and faces and emotions which had never been of any true importance never been more than the illusive gaudy of a party When Mr. Dovers was twenty feet away she tried to see him as the bourbon-lumped stranger Teddy had described—come to take her away from the games and the bright-barred children with their unprobably beautiful faces and gifted hollow grace She waited for the sick miserable hunted feeling, but it didn't come. Between her and the sick misery there was now a screen of serenity that had something to do with the fact that Mr Dovers was no more than ten feet away, smiling that nice smile with his clean teeth and kind eyes And when he was five feet away she quietly stepped off the carousel ready to be taken home—for when he stood at the table her smile was very sure very certain "I thought you would never get here" she said and the relief in her voice was real beyond any possibility of doubt #

Continued from page 24

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Continued from page 53

table was as complete as it would ever be and the President had been asking for it His secretary Miss Robbins would need most of tomorrow morning to type up the requisite number of copies for inter-office distribution Miss Robbins sensing the respect Bentham had for them was very slow and careful when copying numbers He dropped the table in his out-basket and consulted his watch. Five-seventeen. Time for one last entry in the horn chart He took a notebook from a desk drawer consulted his watch and listened

For years he had been keeping statistics on automobile-horn sounds. Every day for a thirty-second period between five-fifteen and five-twenty he listened to horns noted the number of separate sounds and marked it in his notebook together with the date and weather. He knew how the blowing of horns was affected by heat rain darkness the approach of holidays He liked to play with the figures the way some men play with postage stamps.

He made his entry, closed the book and replaced it in the drawer (His will explained the horn chart.) He put his watch and fountain pen on the desk swung his chair around and went to the window stopping over the worn spot in the rug buttoning the three buttons on his jacket There would be no awkwardness diminishing out the enormous old-fashioned window that reached almost to the floor He dusted it wide, the horns became louder and then the paper in his basket fluttered to the floor He picked it up and put it back on the desk using his watch to weight it down Suddenly he had a pang of fear was sunrise a proper way out for a man in his situation?

He picked up his phone "Miss Robbins the suicide file please" He sat down heavily at the desk to wait Usually while he waited for Miss Robbins there was something for him to do but now everything was in order He knew how long he would have to wait for the file Miss Robbins wasn't one of your super-efficient secretaries but she could be trusted to get her work done at a satisfactory steady pace She was no better or worse at her job than she had been two weeks after he hired her twelve years ago when she was twenty-three Miss Robbins had been what he was looking for in a secretary. She wore sensible shoes she lived with her mother in Queens and it was unlikely that she would ever leave to get married. She had lived up to and not beyond, his expectations.

He waited impatiently with his back to the door looking out the vast window He heard Miss Robbins open the door, and when she had taken the five steps necessary to reach the desk he said, "Thank you" He heard her deposit the file, but waited until she had taken the five steps to the door and closed it before he turned around and reached with trembling hands for his answer

The file sustained his worst fears Every chart he had ever compiled denied him the right to suicide Given his health his work the season of the year and other factors such an exit was distastefully improbable He searched vainly for some category into which he could fit without defying the figures but wherever he looked he found that death by suicide would be an insult to his work.

Bentham closed the file His mind raged at this chance that had deprived him of his good life and ruminated until to numberless years of uncertainties. He felt lightheaded He was a shaken man

The door opened and Miss Robbins stuck her head in "If you won't be needing me any more tonight Mr Bentham?" she asked She had asked the same rhetorical question at the end of every business day for twelve years He had never needed her, and the answer had always been

That's all for today, Miss Robbins. Good night

Suddenly he resented the satisfaction she would get from hearing what she expected and going home to her mother in Queens to continue her measured life He hated her spinsterish knowledge of exactly what she would be doing tomorrow and the next day While he—a world authority on the theory of numbers—was living in doubt from breakfast to lunch and lunch to dinner she—who could barely master a page in her typewriter—would know her every action for years ahead, and the counteraction of everyone who touched her life She knew that her boss was kindly and paternal that her mother would have dinner ready for her the minute she got home that she would go in the movies on Mondays and Thursdays when the bill changed at her neighborhood theatre that she would spend her vacation at Timberlane Lodge, from which she would send him his annual postcard He wanted to jar her out of complacency as he had been jarred

He heard himself say "Would you stop over here for just a moment Miss Robbins?" and he watched her walk across to him with that odd walk he had noticed lately.

'I don't have my pad, Mr Bentham she said in a bewildered voice, and turned to leave the room

Never mind your pad, Miss Robbins" he said "I just want to talk to you"

By the time she reached his desk he had found a device to upset her well-ordered life He looked past her thin body and said, "Miss Robbins—Marjorie—we've been in close association here in the office for many years but it's only recently that I've become aware of you as a person I think the real Marjorie Robbins—a very warm attractive sympathetic girl—has finally got through to me and I must confess I'm very much attracted to her He drew a breath and went on 'I wonder if you and I just the two of us might not go away somewhere this week end ?"

She said nothing and the expression on her face didn't change. He said 'I don't mean to go away on business I mean some place like Atlantic City. For relaxation'

She turned quickly and hurried from the room with that same awkward walk Bentham felt sick He had accomplished his purpose but what had been the use of it? It was the least-reasoned thing he had ever done in his life He sighed and looked at his watch. Five thirty five Past quitting time He didn't like to stay past quitting time It was an admission that you hadn't properly organized your working day He put his watch in his vest pocket and slipped his fountain pen to his inside jacket pocket and took a last look at his desk Everything was in order and he would be back in the morning There would be the problem of replacing Miss Robbins if she resigned despite his apology Well new life new secretary All the old strings had run out

The door opened and Miss Robbins walked in Was she the resignation so soon?

"Mr. Bentham" she interrupted "ever since your wife died, I'd hoped—I never thought you'd—but now—"

'Organize your thought, Miss Robbins' he said gently

"You've given me such short notice and everything" she said in a low voice "Do you think I could take a long lunch hour tomorrow to buy a couple of little frocks for mornings?"

"For what mornings Miss Robbins?"

"For—you know—Atlantic City"

"You mean you'll go?" he asked horrified

I think it would be very mature of us to get to know each other better in an informal atmosphere away from the office" she said "Of course I couldn't let my mother know anything about it—she'd die!—but I could tell her that I'm spending the week end at my girl friend's house"

He stepped back in terror and the torn spot in the rug caught his heel He was tipped out the window as if he was doing a back dive He suddenly realized why she walked in that funny way She was wearing high heels He thought briefly about the State's slow progress in outlawing the heavy toll of Industrial Accidents which was five times as serious as Drowning and then he took a last little pleasure in observing his rate of acceleration #



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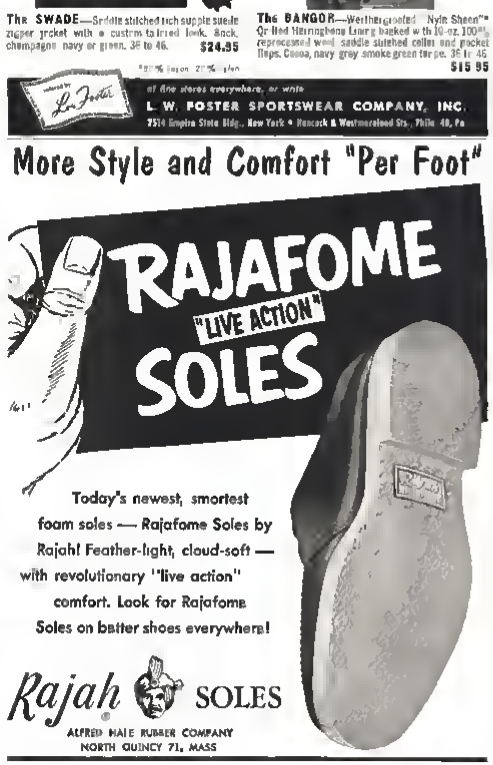
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LE MARMITON 41 East 49th St. The decor is frankly French, and the food is not at this world. Favorite spot for the green and filled tureen de rigueur for $1.75-$6. complete dinners are brimmed at $5. in clude Frog Legs Provençale, Veal Kidneys Flambé au Cognac, Lobster au Gourmet. Excellent and busy bar, good service. Noisy and cheerful. Phone for a dinner table.

MEREURIO'S 106 West 52nd St. Snugly and rosily intimate, with a tiny, busy bar. Host Romeo Salta is a pleasure to know. The food is frankly Italian with many than a slight Hollywood accent, invariably excellent served with a flourish. Prices are reasonable. Phone for r dinner table.

CAFE MONMARTE 74 East 55th St. Ye The Night Cap. Open under new manage ment. Dinner from 6:30 to 10:30 P.M. Italian cuisine with prices from $3 upward. Ice is complete dinner. Tommy Gorman, singer of nostalgic songs, a triple-to-table minstrel appears nightly.

PATIO BRUNO 24 West 56th St. Faithful, dignified and comfortable. The food is a happy combination of French Italian and American cookery. Luncheon from $1.80, complete. Dinners are a la carte with a wide choice of prices from $4 to $4.50. Excellent bar. Phone for a dinner table.

ROBERT 33 West 58th St. Distinguished and dignified, with food that has a special gift to satisfy and please. The Colonial Drum Bar is probably the only bar in New York that bases only have a cash register but it does have fine musical accompaniment from Petit Arne originals and people who appreciate a mixed drink. Tor prices are stiffish but Robert King in the restaurant business is after perfection. Phone for your luncheon or dinner table.

CAFFE VORING 308 East 59th St. Open for dinner only, with r n cuisine specializing Italian food entrées from $2.50. Regular dinners are $2.50 and $3.00 com plete. Busy every night, so splendid re sults location. Good bar. fine food excel lent service.

COPAIN 1st Ave. & 50th St. The small bar irregularly in black and pink, has the services of a smooth maitre d'hotel. Menu is French, fine and reasonably priced. Open for luncheon, dinner and after per with a screed of regulars. Phone for a dinner table.

EL CHICO 80 Grove St. If you like Spanish food if you enjoy a thrilling and exciting floor show and a chance to dance to El Chico's hit you should. Small, cozy, owner has operated this pleasant place for almost three decades. Spanish and Mexican food, courteous service. Spanish wines. Open for dinner and supper. phone for a table. The fee is spanish, compact of d conspicuous.

LAVIN QUARTER 48th St. & Broadway. Thanks to the enterprise and showmanship of host Lou Walters these rather ornate premises are jammed nightly with rasata who demand a floor show a glittering gala and smooth music. Blend in a few stars, a good dance band, spanish food and pot-r ries and you have a pleasant and diverting evening. There is a minimum of $4 on week days $5 on Saturdays and holidays.

RECORDS



Classicals

HANDEL—JUDAS MACCABAEUS. To this reviewer's knowledge the greatest Handel recording ever made. The work itself is of the highest imaginable quality. In its own lighter vein very 60 on flan is The Messiah. It runs more than two hours without r pair and numbers the inversion in fantastically con sistent and brilliant. On the third side within fifteen minutes, come the magnificently irrisive Acacillil chorus and the ravishing soprano aria Arise mighty kings and the glamatic tenor trib Rise calm is man—such as has a work in its form as Handel ever wrote. The performance is superb, revealing a young West Coast tenor William Olvis whose mastery of the Hungarian style is rivelled only by Neddie Nash and whose voice has Handel purposes. In the finest new active and a superb young soprano, Phyllis Mailer who jumps with this re cording into the ranks of the world's great singers. The other soloists, while inevitably below this level r e quite satisfactory. Anybody who wants to know how difficult it is for fifty satisfactory Handel soloists need only pick up a respectably many recordings of the Messiah. The Utah Symphony Orchestra plays perfectly just perfectly and the University of Utah Chorus sings r ith fine tone and complete command of the style. Credit for all this brilliance must go to conductor Maurice Abravanel who clearly has raised a rich and glorious musical grove ir ihr ark of the Latter Day Saints and to the officers of the Handel Society who had the courage to go on to further Dar Enland and were rewarded with this extraordinary recording. Full text (HANDEL SOCIETY 3-52)

CHOPIN—Waltzes. The best performance of Dame Myra Hess ice recorded or in concert hall to meet this listener's ear. The pianist and possibly ultimate, of the great Romantic artist whose death in 1849 at the age of 39 was a tragedy inkstving all the musical world. Her pieces these charming works with the aristocratic aloofness they require without to prevent a manlike sentiment and with flawless pacing, technical impeccable. Her performance of the popular Grande Valse Brillante with its repeated double dotted demisemi quavers is particularly impressive. (COLUMBIA—12

RACH—CHORALE VARIATIONS and Tom of the master's most splendid trifles played by the wonderful Rudy Ulrich Organ. Mr. Ulrich who is currently recording all Bach's works for Urgans. The Variations this should brighten nobody—but Bach is not delightful, and none of the Variations is in any way simple. Mr. Ulrich's performance are literally ideal the choice of registers inappreciable the touch invariably light and correct. (DECCA —12)

TEJERA—THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF MANAUCIA. A great many for records—this one too is extraordinary. Romantic music of its best beautifully chanted and beautifully played or by soloists by members of the Bellata Pilo Lopez. Winner of the Grand Prix du Disque and worth it (WESTMINSTER—12)

Popular:

WOODY HERMAN AND THE HERD. Vols 1 & II. At Carnegie Hall in 1946. Woody Herman and a really big band played with quite incredible. The result, in the opinion of many who were there, was a concert surpassing all jam concerts before or since. A slight bit of the horns is rubbed all by these long playing records of that memorable season, but with r illic imagination you ought to be able to appreciate something of the riotous and roar-bustria that was there. Tell you right Woody and his hard worn all at their peaks, as you'll be pleased by all four sides. As for us we liked Four Brothers, Summicks and Wildroot best. (MGM two LPs.

FRANKIE CARLE. One of the old keyboard maestros plays some of the all times from *Of Thee I Sing* and *Pal Joey*. Two Broadway products all this young and lionkgrowned music in an evening at home. We thirdly for the Steed Why I Could Write a Book (NCA-Victor 1-P)

THE VOICE OF PER. Is or electine year crammed with baroque oratory the people would do well to have a listen to this Decca compilation of excerpts of the Great Man's speeches 1932-1945. This is oratory at its best—and what is more it easily withstands the test of time. Thus, humanity against and neatly organized, here is one of the prime record albums of the year (DECCA LP)

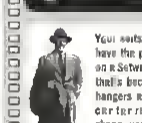
GREEN ARTISTS. Columbia Records have released some with Sarah Vaughan and Coleman Okeh label single records that ought to be extra-special finds to the younger collectors in our midst. Cootie Bale Cab Calloway Louis Armstrong Bessie Smith, and Jimmie Lunceford have two sides each (GREEN LPs)

THEATRE on Broadway

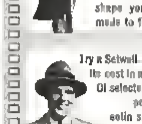


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GOING PLACES WITH Esquire

ANE BING AND I Rodgers and Hammerstein a beautiful new musical play done with the masters' usual imagination and taste. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner (the latter a brilliant Kaul) star in this most charming ballet, make this something you won't want to miss (St. James, 44th St. W. of Broadway; $7.50 top.)

NEW FACES Of 1952 Wit, humor and good-natured satire are combined in this fast, gay revue which boasts no big stars but a group of unknown, highly-talented young people. Kenny Graham, Alice Ghostley and Eartha Kitt are particularly remarkable in this thoroughly enjoyable show. (Royale 45th St. W. of Broadway; $6.00 top.)

VIANDS & POTABLES



VIANDS

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Many male chefs have trouble cutting in the shortening and rolling the biscuits. The clever man uses vegetable oil instead of the usual solid fat, adds a trifle more milk, keeps the dough straight from the mixing bowl to the baking tin, a tablespoon at a time. Result: Stripped biscuits, softly shaped light and extremely good.

LENTIL SOUP

If performs persuasively as a supper dish when served generously with toasted chunks of French bread. With a bowl of green salad, a bottle of red wine at room temperature, a little cheese for dessert, it makes a perfect picture on a blustery evening. Lentils soaked, simmer with a ham bone or hock, a couple of sliced onions, a bay leaf and a little parsley. Cook for a long time, remove bone, force soup through a coarse strainer, return to fire add a glass of red wine 3 drops of tabasco, pepper to taste. Dice ring of garlic sausage, add to the steaming brew. As it reaches the boil, serve in big bowls—eat hearty and the luck of your band to the wind tugging at the windows.

PASHA PAZOOL

At the Colony Restaurant recently J Omula Campery of New York introduced a group of food editors to their Pasha Pazool, a rousing and well-balanced combination of Turkish mascarpone white beans, cooked in a tomato paste with onions, garlic and butter. Parmesan cheese and selected sausage—very stupid it is, too. Moderately priced and available at most grocers it makes a substantial change-of-pace entrée. Among other Omula products are tiny all-pitted olives, delightful as an appetizer or wonderful when cooked with a roast.

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Domestic Cheese with character, made by Mrs. Leavitt of upper New York. The creamy texture and the rich hrvor rn uni form and the cheese is flavorsome. Limited supply. Sold by Maison Glass, 35 East 47th St. N Y C. Prices on request.

NORWEGIAN SARDINES

These sardines are caught in the cold, mineral-spiced waters of Norwegian fjords, lightly smoked over slow burning oak fires, then packed in olive oil or in mustard. They're a little more expensive than domestic sardines, but they have a delicate, appetizing brawn sufficient to justify the price. Fine hi-s appetizers.

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Grown and roasted in Hawaii this coffee has a distinctive flavor with special appeal to coffee lovers who prefer heavy bodied brew. Imported by D. E. Hayden P. O. Box 485, Laguna Beach, California and sold by mail. Two 1-pound packages for $2.00, postpaid.

SARDINE COOKERY

A post card with your name and r ddress, sent c The Maine Sardine Industry, Suite 700 52 Vanderbilt Ave New York City will bring you a free copy of a booklet that tells you I'll about the preparation of Maine Sardines. The booklet has 62 recipes, all handy in the kitchen.

BACON

Worthier fl a bet or cold outside, the breakfast bacon is r must—and there's none better than the beer from Fiddler's Creek Farm, Titusville, New Jersey. Produced from lean pork sides, dry cured, slow smoked in small country smoke houses, the meat has a flavor and smoky tang calculated to arouse the most torpid of morning appetites. Packed in pound units, five in an order priced at approximately $1 a pound.

DISH Of THE MONTH

Chef Paul Blangé of Owen Brennan's Restaurant in New Orleans is the creator of this month r specialty:

Shrimp Blangé

1 small can chopped mushrooms	8 shallots
4 lemon boiled oysters	2 ounces boiled shrimp
8 ounces Burgundy wine	2 pounds boiled Sauce and pepper

Sauté diced shallots in 2 oz butter; add heaping tablespoon of flour and 1 pint of oyster water. Boil and add crab meat, mush rooms, wine. Arrange shrimp on platter cover with sauce serve with boiled rice.

POTABLES

ODY

The lady or gent who takes before dinner Our Old Fashioneds, with the usual assortment of fruit and sugar, is not likely to appreciate the food. Avoid this tragedy by serving potables that are really dry: an estate dry Sherry or Manhattans and Martinis that are flinty dry. Not too many, not too much of all appetizers—just enough preliminary drinks and appetite tickling trifles to send the guests ravenous to the table. That r ine first secret of a successful dinner.

INQUIRY

A reader in Salt Lake City wants a gen ine Southern formula for a mint julep. There are several here are two:

Mint Julep

This one calls for 12-oz. glasses. In the bottom place a generous bowlful of fresh mint leaves, no stems. Add 2 teaspoons granulated sugar and fill with crushed ice. Take a silver spoon and crush the mint by mashing the ice against it. Add 2 oz. of Bourbon. Recrush the glass with two sprigs of fresh mint and r cherry. The final touch is float of 1½-oz. of Brandy which will slowly seep down into the fragrant mixture. Serve with r straw.

This recipe may not follow the traditional pattern but addicts will find it refreshing. Try it before you accuse us of heresy.

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Here's how is served at the Old Absinthe House in New Orleans, by host Owen Brennan. Remember to have the glasses thoroughly chilled before you pour in the drink. 2½ teaspoons sugar; White of 1 egg. Dash of Orange; Dash of vanilla. 1 juice of lime; 4-oz. fresh milk. 2-oz good gin. Shake the ingredients in a shaker filled with ice. Serve in an 8-oz. glass—sip and savor.

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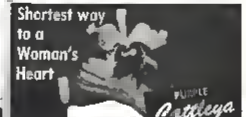
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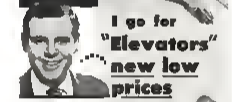


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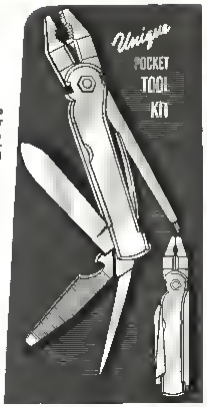
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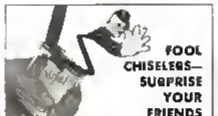


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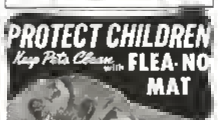
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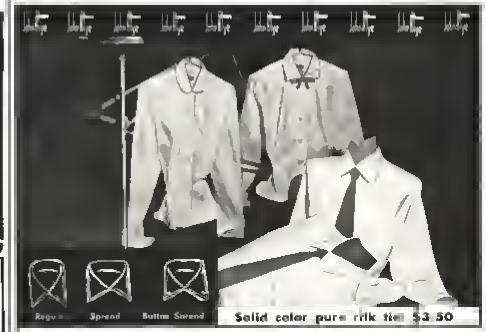
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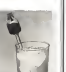
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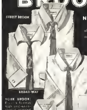
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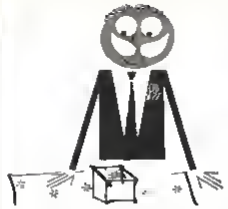
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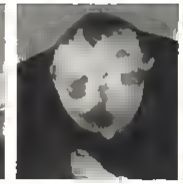
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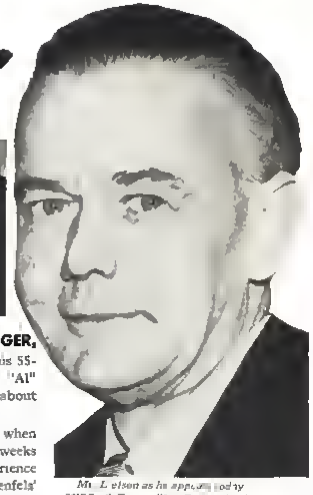
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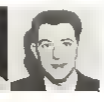
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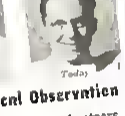
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